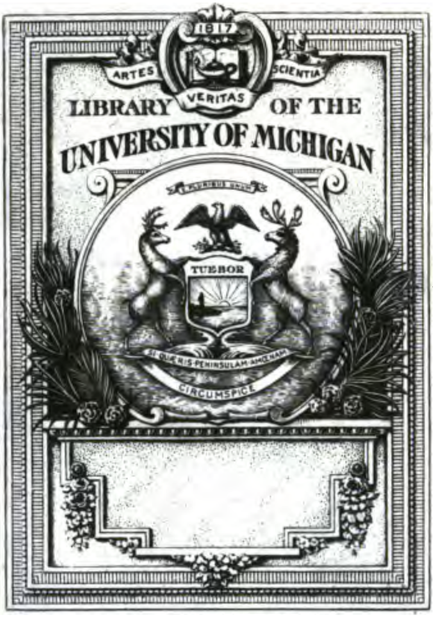

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THE COMPLETE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE POET, EXPLANATORY FOOT-NOTES, CRITICAL NOTES, AND A GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

Harvard Edition.

BY THE

REV. HENRY N. HUDSON, LL.D.

IN TWENTY VOLUMES.

VOL. VI.

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THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

REGISTERED at the Stationers', January 18, 1602, as "an excellent and pleasant-conceited comedy of Sir John Falstaff and the Merry Wives of Windsor." In pursuance of this entry, an imperfect and probably fraudulent edition was published in the course of the same year, and was reprinted in 1619. In this quarto edition, the play is but about half as long as in the authentic copy of 1623, and some of the prose parts are printed so as to look like verse. It is in doubt whether the issue of 1602 was a fair reproduction of the play as originally written, or whether it was printed from a defective and mutilated transcript stealthily taken down by unskilful reporters at the theatre. On the former supposal, of course the play must have been rewritten and greatly improved,—a thing known to have been repeatedly done by the Poet; so that it is nowise unlikely in this case. But, as the question hardly has interest enough to pay the time and labour of discussing it, I shall dismiss it without further remark.

It is to be presumed that every reader of Shakespeare is familiar with the tradition which makes this comedy to have been written at the instance of Queen Elizabeth; who, upon witnessing the performance of *King Henry the Fourth*, was so taken with Falstaff, that she requested the Poet to continue the character through another play, and to represent him in love. This tradition is first heard of in 1702, eighty-six years after the Poet's death; but it was accepted by the candid and careful Rowe; Pope, also, Theobald, and others, made no scruple of receiving it,—men who would not be very apt to let such a matter pass unsifted, or help to give it currency, unless they thought there was good ground for it. Besides, the thing is not at all incredible in itself, either from the alleged circumstances of the case,

or from the character of the Queen; and there are some points in the play that speak not a little in its support. One item of the story is, that the author, hastening to comply with her Majesty's request, wrote the play in the brief space of fourteen days. This has been taken by some as quite discrediting the whole story; but, taking the play as it stands in the copy of 1602, it does not seem to me that fourteen days is too brief a time for Shakespeare to have done the work in, especially with such a motive to quicken him.

This matter has a direct bearing in reference to the date of the writing. *King Henry the Fourth*, the First Part certainly, and probably the Second Part also, was on the stage before 1598. And in the title-page to the first quarto copy of *The Merry Wives*, we have the words, "As it hath been divers times acted by the Right Honourable my Lord Chamberlain's Servants, both before her Majesty and elsewhere." This would naturally infer the play to have been on the stage a considerable time before the date of that issue. And all the *clear* internal evidences of the play itself draw in support of the belief, that the Falstaff of Windsor memory was a continuation from the Falstaff of Eastcheap celebrity. And the whole course of blundering and exposure which Sir John here goes through is such, that I can hardly conceive how the Poet should have framed it, but that he was prompted to do so by some motive external to his own mind. That the free impulse of his genius, without suggestion or inducement from any other source, could have led him to put Falstaff through such a series of uncharacteristic delusions and collapses, is to me wellnigh incredible. So that I can only account for the thing by supposing the man as here exhibited to have been an after-thought sprung in some way from the manner in which an earlier and fairer exhibition of the man had been received.

All which brings the original composition of the play to a point of time somewhere between 1598 and 1601. On the other hand, the play, as we have it, contains at least one passage, inferring, apparently, that the work of revisal must have been done some time after the accession of King James, which was in March, 1603. That passage is the odd reason Mrs. Page gives Mrs.

Ford for declining to share the honour of knighthood with Sir John: "These knights will *hack;* and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry"; which can scarce bear any other sense than as referring to the prodigality with which the King dispensed those honours in the first year of his English reign; knighthood being thereby in a way to grow so *hackneyed*, that it would rather be an honour not to have been dubbed. As for the reasons urged by Knight and Halliwell for dating the first writing as far back as 1593, they seem to me quite too far-fetched and fanciful to be worthy of notice; certainly not worth the cost of sifting, nor even of statement.

Much question has been made as to the particular period of his life in which Sir John prosecuted his adventures at Windsor, whether before or after the incidents of *King Henry the Fourth*, or at some intermediate time. And some perplexity appears to have arisen from confounding the order in which the several plays were written with the order of the events described in them. Now, at the close of the History, Falstaff and his companions are banished the neighborhood of the Court, and put under strong bonds of good behaviour. So that the action of the Comedy cannot well be referred to any point of time after that proceeding. Moreover we have Page speaking of Fenton as having "kept company with the wild Prince and Pointz." Then too, after Falstaff's experiences in the buck-basket and while disguised as "the wise woman of Brentford," we have him speaking of the matter as follows: "If it should come to the ear of the Court, how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been washed and cudgelled, they would melt me out of my fat drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me: I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits till I were as crestfallen as a dried pear." From which it would seem that he still enjoys at Court the odour of his putative heroism in killing Hotspur at the battle of Shrewsbury, with which the First Part of the History closes. The Second Part of the History covers a period of nearly ten years, from July, 1403, to March, 1413; in which time Falstaff may be supposed to have found leisure for the exploits at Windsor.

So that the action of the Comedy might well enough have taken place in one of Sir John's intervals of rest from the toils of war during the time occupied by the Second Part of the History. And this placing of the action is further sustained by the presence of Pistol in the Comedy; who is not heard of at all in the First Part of the History, but spreads himself with characteristic splendour in the Second. Falstaff's boy, Robin, also, is the same, apparently, who figures as his Page in the Second Part of the History. As for the Mrs. Quickly of Windsor, we can hardly identify her in any way with the Hostess of Eastcheap. For, as Gervinus acutely remarks, "not only are her outward circumstances different, but her character also is essentially diverse; similar in natural simplicity indeed, but at the same time docile and skilful, as the credulous wife and widow of Eastcheap never appears." To go no further, the Windsor Quickly is described as a *maid;* which should suffice of itself to mark her off as distinct from the Quickly of Boar's-head Tavern.

In truth, however, I suspect the Poet was not very attentive to the point of making the events of the several plays fadge together. The task of representing Sir John in love was so very different from that of representing him in wit and war, that he might well fall into some discrepancies in the process. And if he had been asked whereabouts in the order of Falstaff's varied exploits he meant those at Windsor to be placed, most likely he would have been himself somewhat puzzled to answer the question.

For the plot and matter of the Comedy, Shakespeare was apparently little indebted to any thing but his own invention. *The Two Lovers of Pisa*, a tale borrowed from the novels of Straparola, and published in Tarlton's *News out of Purgatory*, 1590, is thought to have suggested some of the incidents; and the notion seems probable. In that tale a young gallant falls in love with a jealous old doctor's wife, who is also young, and really encourages the illicit passion. The gallant, not knowing the doctor, takes him for confidant and adviser in the prosecution of his suit, and is thus thwarted in all his plans. The naughty wife conceals her lover, first in a basket of feathers, then between some partitions of the house, and again in a box of deeds and valuable papers. If the Poet had any other obligations, they have not been traced clearly enough to be worth noting.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.
FENTON, a young Gentleman.
SHALLOW, a country Justice.
SLENDER, Cousin to Shallow.
FORD, } Two Gentlemen dwelling at
PAGE, } Windsor.
WILLIAM PAGE, a Boy, Son to Page.
SIR HUGH EVANS, a Welsh Parson.
DOCTOR CAIUS, a French Physician.
Host of the Garter Inn.

BARDOLPH, }
PISTOL, } Followers of Falstaff.
NYM, }
ROBIN, Page to Falstaff.
SIMPLE, Servant to Slender.
RUGBY, Servant to Caius.

MISTRESS FORD.
MISTRESS PAGE.
ANNE PAGE, her Daughter.
MRS. QUICKLY, Servant to Caius.

Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

SCENE.—*Windsor, and the Neighbourhood.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Windsor. Before* PAGE'S *House.*

Enter Justice SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and Sir* HUGH EVANS.

Shal. Sir Hugh,[1] persuade me not; I will make a Star-Chamber matter[2] of it: if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, Esquire.

[1] *Sir* was formerly applied to the inferior clergy as well as to knights. Fuller, in his *Church History:* "Such priests as have *Sir* before their Christian name were men not graduated in the University; being in orders, but not in degrees; while others, entitled *masters*, had commenced in the arts."

[2] The old Court of Star-Chamber had cognizance of such cases. So in Jonson's *Magnetic Lady*, iii. 3: "There is a court above of the Star-Chamber, to punish routs and riots."

Slen. In the county of Gloster, justice of peace and *coram.*[3]

Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and *cust-alorum.*[4]

Slen. Ay, and *rato-lorum* too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself *armigero,* in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, *armigero.*[5]

Shal. Ay, that I do; and have done any time these three hundred years.[6]

Slen. All his successors gone before him have done't; and all his ancestors that come after him may: they may give the dozen white luces in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Evans. The dozen white louses do become an old coat well; it agrees well, passant; it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love.

Shal. The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.[7]

[3] *Coram* is a rustic corruption of *quorum.* A justice of quorum was so called from the words of the commission, *Quorum A. unum esse volumus;* and, as there was no quorum, that is, nothing could be done, without him, he had greater dignity than the others.

[4] It appears something uncertain whether *cust-alorum* is meant as an abbreviation of *custos rotulorum,* keeper of the records, or whether Shallow blunders here, or whether the text is corrupted. At all events, Slender, not understanding the phrase, adds "and *rato-lorum* too"; perhaps, as White says, from some "confused reminiscences" of the official terms.

[5] Shallow, by his coat-of-arms, had the title of *armiger,* that is, *esquire.* His official attestation was *Coram me, Roberto Shallow, armigero;* and his slender nephew, speaking by the book, puts the ablative *armigero* for the nominative *armiger.* In Shakespeare's time, *cousin* was a common term for grandchildren, nephews, nieces, cousins, and even more generally still, for kinsmen.

[6] Shallow here identifies himself with "all his successors gone before him"; an old aristocratic way of speaking. Verplanck tells us that Washington Allston was once the guest of an English nobleman who, though shallow in nothing else, said he came over with William the Conqueror.

[7] The meaning in this passage is not altogether clear. Shallow prides himself on the antiquity of his House. *Luce,* it seems, is an old name for the pike-fish; and a distinction is made between the *fresh* fish and the *salted* or pickled, which latter would naturally be *white.* Sir Hugh blunders, mis-

Slen. I may quarter, coz?

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Evans. It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Evans. Yes, py'r Lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself,[8] in my simple conjectures: but that is all one. If Sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the Church, and will be glad to do my benevolence to make atonements and compremises between you.

Shal. The Council[9] shall hear it; it is a riot.

Evans. It is not meet the Council hear a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot: the Council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your vizaments in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

Evans. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my prain, which peradventure prings goot discretions with it: there is Anne Page, which is daughter to Master George Page, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. Mistress Anne Page! She has brown hair, and speaks small[10] like a woman.

taking *luce* for *louse*, the "familiar beast to man." Then Shallow mistakes Sir Hugh's "familiar beast" for the fresh fish, and proceeds to correct him by saying, "The luce or louse that you speak of is the fresh fish, and so does not become an *old* coat well, such as mine is; for the *salt* fish is an old coat."

[8] To *quarter* is, in heraldic language, to have armorial bearings as an appendage to hereditary arms; as a man, by marrying, may add his wife's titles, if she have any, to his own. Sir Hugh, who must still be talking, mistakes the quartering of Heraldry for the cutting of a thing into four parts.

[9] The Star-Chamber, as mentioned in note 2.

[10] To *speak small* is much the same as old Lear means, when he says over his dead Cordelia, "Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low,—an excellent thing in woman."

Evans. It is that fery person for all the 'orld, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of moneys, and gold, and silver, is her grandsire upon his death's-bed (Got deliver to a joyful resurrections!) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old: it were a goot motion if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between Master Abraham and Mistress Anne Page.

Shal. Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound?

Evans. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Shal. I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

Evans. Seven hundred pounds and possibilities is goot gifts.

Shal. Well, let us see honest Master Page. Is Falstaff there?

Evans. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar as I do despise one that is false, or as I despise one that is not true. The knight, Sir John, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door for Master Page.—[*Knocks.*] What, ho! Got pless your house here!

Page. [*Appearing above.*] Who's there?

Evans. Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and Justice Shallow; and here young Master Slender, that peradventures shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Enter PAGE.

Page. I am glad to see your Worships well. I thank you for my venison, Master Shallow.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you: much good do it your good heart! I wish'd your venison better; it was ill kill'd. How doth good Mistress Page?—and I thank you always with my heart, la; with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good Master Slender.

Slen. How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say he was outrun on Cotsol'.[11]

Page. It could not be judged, sir.

Slen. You'll not confess, you'll not confess.

Shal. That he will not. — 'Tis your fault,[12] 'tis your fault: 'tis a good dog.

Page. A cur, sir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog: can there be more said? he is good and fair. Is Sir John Falstaff here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Evans. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me, Master Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

Shal. If it be confessed, it is not redressed: is not that so, Master Page? He hath wrong'd me; indeed he hath; at a word, he hath; believe me; Robert Shallow, esquire, saith he is wrong'd.

Page. Here comes Sir John.

Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, NYM, *and* PISTOL.

Fal. Now, Master Shallow! you'll complain of me to the King?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kiss'd your keeper's daughter?

[11] The Cotswold hills in Gloucestershire were once famous for rural sports. Shallow in *2 Henry IV.* speaks of "Will Squele, a Cotsol' man," as if it were something of a distinction to be born there.

[12] *Fault* was sometimes used for *misfortune.*—Shallow here very politely tries to arrest the unpleasant course of speech Slender persists in taking.

Shal. Tut, a pin! this shall be answer'd.

Fal. I will answer it straight; I have done all this. That is now answer'd.

Shal. The Council shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you if it were known in counsel:[13] you'll be laugh'd at.

Evans. *Pauca verba,* Sir John, goot worts.

Fal. Good worts![14] good cabbage. — Slender, I broke your head: what matter have you against me?

Slen. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you: and against your cony-catching[15] rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol; they carried me to the tavern and made me drunk, and afterward pick'd my pocket.

Bard. You Banbury cheese![16]

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, Mephostophilus![17]

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say! *pauca, pauca;*[18] slice! that's my humour.

Slen. Where's Simple, my man? — can you tell, cousin?

Evans. Peace, I pray you. — Now let us understand.

13 *In counsel* here means, apparently, *in secret;* Falstaff playing upon the word. The Poet uses *counsel* for *secret* repeatedly.

14 *Worts,* a general name for all kinds of pot-herbs, was sometimes used, as here, in a narrower sense, for coleworts or cabbages.

15 *Cony-catcher* was a common name for cheats and sharpers in the Poet's time. See vol. ii., page 203, note 8.

16 Said in allusion to Slender's thinness. So in *Jack Drum's Entertainment,* 1601: "Put off your clothes, and you are like a *Banbury cheese,* nothing but paring."

17 *Mephistophilus* was the name of a familiar spirit in the old story of Dr. Faustus.

18 Nym's *pauca* means the same as Sir Hugh's *pauca verba,* used a little before, — *few words.* — *Slice!* appears to be Nym's word for *fight!* as using swords is apt to do *slicing* work. Schmidt, however, in his *Shakespeare Lexicon,* takes it in a more literal sense, and as referring to Slender's *thinness;* like Bardolph's "Banbury cheese."

There is three umpires in this matter, as I understand; that is, Master Page, *fidelicet* Master Page; and there is myself, *fidelicet* myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine Host of the Garter.

Page. We three, to hear it and end it between them.

Evans. Fery goot: I will make a prief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards 'ork upon the cause with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistol, —

Pist. He hears with ears.

Evans. The Tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, *He hears with ear?* why, it is affectations.

Fal. Pistol, did you pick Master Slender's purse?

Slen. Ay, by these gloves, did he, — or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else, — of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovel-boards,[19] that cost me two shilling and two pence a-piece of Yead Miller, by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, Pistol?

Evans. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner! — Sir John and master mine,
I combat challenge of this latten bilbo.[20] —
Word of denial in thy labras here;
Word of denial: froth and scum, thou liest!

[19] *Milled*, or *stamped*, sixpences were used as *counters*; said to have been first coined in 1561. — Edward *shovel-boards* were the broad shillings of Edward IV., used for playing the game of *shuffle-board*: the shilling being placed on the edge of the table, and driven at the mark by a stroke of the hand.

[20] Another fling at Slender's slenderness. *Bilbo* is from *Bilboa*, in Spain, famous for the manufacture of swords. — *Latten* was a mixed metal resembling *tin*. — The two words together mean a sword without edge and temper. — *Labras*, in the next line, is Spanish for *lips*. The phrase is a Pistolism for "the lie in thy teeth."

Slen. By these gloves, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be avised,[21] sir, and pass good humours: I will say *marry trap* with you, if you run the nuthook's humour on me;[22] that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then he in the red face had it; for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. What say you, Scarlet and John?

Bard. Why, sir, for my part, I say the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences, —

Evans. It is his five senses: fie, what the ignorance is!

Bard. — and being fap,[23] sir, was, as they say, cashier'd; and so conclusions pass'd the careers.[24]

Slen. Ay, you spake in Latin[25] then too; but 'tis no matter: I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Evans. So Got 'udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.

[21] *Be avised* is but another form for *be advised*, and means *be careful*, *bethink yourself*, or *consider*. Often so.

[22] A *nut-hook* was properly a hook for pulling down the branches of nut-bearing trees, but the word came to be used as a cant term for a *catchpoll*, that is, a bailiff's assistant. — *Marry trap* seems to have been a phrase of triumph when one was caught in his own snare: according to Nares, as much as to say, "By Mary, you are caught."

[23] *Fap* was a slang term for *fuddled*.

[24] To *pass a career* is said to have been a technical phrase for galloping a horse violently to and fro, and then stopping him suddenly at the end of the course. The application here is probably too deep for anybody but Bardolph, unless it refer to the reeling of a drunken man, now this way, now that. *Cashier'd* seems to be Bardolph's word for *robbed; discash'd*.

[25] Slender mistook Pistol's *latten* for *Latin;* and he now thinks that Bardolph speaks the same language.

Enter ANNE PAGE, *with wine; Mistress* FORD *and Mistress* PAGE.

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within.
[*Exit* ANNE PAGE.

Slen. O Heaven! this is Mistress Anne Page.

Page. How now, Mistress Ford!

Fal. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good mistress. [*Kisses her.*

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome.—Come, we have a hot venison-pasty to dinner: come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.
[*Exeunt all but* SHAL., SLEN., *and* EVANS.

Slen. I had rather than forty shillings I had my Book of *Songs and Sonnets*[26] here.—

Enter SIMPLE.

How now, Simple! where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not the *Book of Riddles* about you, have you?

Sim. *Book of Riddles!* why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon All-hallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?[27]

Shal. Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you. A word with you, coz; marry, this, coz: There is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir Hugh here. Do you understand me?

Slen. Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable; if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

[26] A popular book of Shakespeare's time, entitled "*Songes and Sonnettes*, written by the Earle of Surrey and others."

[27] *Michaelmas* is probably Simple's blunder for *Martlemas*. Theobald substituted the latter, not believing that any blunder was intended.—A "*Book of Riddles*, together with proper Questions and witty Proverbs to make pleasant Pastime," was published in 1575.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, sir.

Evans. Give ear to his motions, Master Slender: I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says: I pray you, pardon me; he's a justice of peace in his country,[28] simple though I stand here.

Evans. But that is not the question: the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, sir.

Evans. Marry, is it; the very point of it; to Mistress Anne Page.

Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

Evans. But can you affection the 'oman? Let us command to know that of your mouth or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold that the lips is parcel of the mouth. Therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

Shal. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, sir, I will do as it shall become one that would do reason.

Evans. Nay, Got's lords and His ladies, you must speak positable, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must. Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz: what I do is to pleasure you, coz. Can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, sir, at your request: but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet Heaven may decrease

28 It is not quite clear whether *country* is a blunder of Slender's or a misprint for *county*.

it upon better acquaintance, when we are married and have more occasion to know one another; I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt: but, if you say, *marry her*, I will marry her; that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

Evans. It is a fery discretion answer; save the faul [29] is in the 'ort *dissolutely:* the 'ort is, according to our meaning, *resolutely:* his meaning is goot.

Shal. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hang'd, la.

Shal. Here comes fair Mistress Anne. —

Re-enter ANNE PAGE.

Would I were young for your sake, Mistress Anne!

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your Worships' company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair Mistress Anne.

Evans. 'Od's plessed will! I will not be absence at the grace. [*Exeunt* SHALLOW *and Sir* H. EVANS.

Anne. Will't please your Worship to come in, sir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends [30] you, sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth. — Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go wait upon my cousin Shallow. [*Exit* SIMPLE.] — A justice of peace sometime may be beholding [31] to his friend for a man. I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead: but what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

[29] *Faul* is of course Sir Hugh's pronunciation of *fault.*

[30] The Poet uses to *attend* repeatedly in the sense of to *stay* or *wait for.* So in *Othello,* iii. 3: "Your dinner, and the generous islanders by you invited, do *attend* your presence." See, also, vol. v., page 208, note 16.

[31] *Beholding,* the active form, is always used by Shakespeare, instead of *beholden.* Of course it means *obliged, indebted,* or *under obligation.* See vol. i., page 233, note 24.

Anne. I may not go in without your Worship: they will not sit till you come.

Slen. I'faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you. I bruised my shin th' other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence, — three veneys[32] for a dish of stew'd prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town?

Anne. I think there are, sir; I heard them talk'd of.

Slen. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England. You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me, now. I have seen Sackerson[33] loose twenty times, and have taken him by the chain; but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shriek'd at it, that it pass'd:[34] — but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

Re-enter PAGE.

Page. Come, gentle Master Slender, come; we stay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.

Page. By cock and pie,[35] you shall not choose, sir: come, come.

[32] A *veney* is a fencing-term, used for a *bout* or *turn;* also for a *thrust* or a *pass.* — A *master of fence* is one who has taken a master's degree in the Art of Defence. There were three degrees, Master, Provost, and Scholar.

[33] A celebrated bear shown at Paris-Garden on the Bankside, and probably named from the showman.

[34] Meaning it passed all expression.

[35] This is an old oath of uncertain origin and import. The *Cock* and

Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, sir.

Slen. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go first; truly, la; I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, sir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome. You do yourself wrong, indeed, la. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *An outer Room in* PAGE'S *House.*

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS *and* SIMPLE.

Evans. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius' house which is the way: and there dwells one Mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his try nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

Sim. Well, sir.

Evans. Nay, it is petter yet. Give her this letter; for it is a 'oman that altogether's acquaintance with Mistress Anne Page: and the letter is, to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to Mistress Anne Page. I pray you, be gone: I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and seese to come. [*Exeunt.*

Magpie is said to have been an ancient and favourite alehouse sign; and some find the origin of the phrase in that. Others regard *Cock* as a corruption of the sacred name, and *pie* as referring to the table in the Roman service-book showing the service for the day.

SCENE III. — *A Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF, Host, BARDOLPH, NYM, PISTOL, *and* ROBIN.

Fal. Mine Host of the Garter, —

Host. What says my bully-rook?[1] speak scholarly and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine Host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discard, bully Hercules; cashier: let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a-week.

Host. Thou'rt an emperor, Cæsar, Keisar, and Pheezar.[2] I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector?

Fal. Do so, good mine Host.

Host. I have spoke; let him follow. — Let me see thee froth and lime:[3] I am at a word; follow. [*Exit.*

Fal. Bardolph, follow him. A tapster is a good trade: an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a wither'd serving-man a fresh tapster. Go; adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have desired: I will thrive.

1 *Bully-rook* is explained by Douce as a term for "a hectoring, cheating sharper." But mine Host seems to use it jocularly, and not in the way of reproach; and Coles, in his *Latin and English Dictionary*, explains *Bully-rook* as "*Vir fortis et animosus.*"

2 *Keisar* is an old form of *Cæsar*, the general term for an emperor; *Kings and Keisars* being a common phrase. — *Pheezar* is probably from *pheeze*, an old word meaning to *beat*, to *chastise*, to *humble*. See vol. ii., page 139, note 1.

3 *Frothing* beer and liming *sack*, that is, *Sherry wine*, were tapster's tricks, to make the liquors, old and stale, appear fresh and new. The first was done by putting soap in the tankard before drawing the beer, the other by mixing lime with the sack to make it sparkle in the glass. Mine Host wants a living proof that Bardolph is master of the trade.

Pist. O base Hungarian[4] wight! wilt thou the spigot wield? [*Exit* BARDOLPH.

Nym. He was gotten in drink: is not the humour conceited?

Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this tinder-box: his thefts were too open; his filching was like an unskillful singer, — he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is to steal at a minim's rest.[5]

Pist. *Convey* the wise call it. *Steal!* foh! a fico[6] for the phrase!

Fal. Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why, then let kibes[7] ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy; I must cony-catch; I must shift.

Pist. Young ravens must have food.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight: he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now, Pistol. Indeed, I am in the waist two yards about; but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife: I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves;[8] she

[4] *Hungarian* probably means the same as *Bohemian* in Scott's *Quentin Durward;* that is, a *gipsey*. Bishop Hall, in his *Satires*, plays upon the name in such a way as to infer that it was used for a starved fellow:

> So sharp and meagre, that who should them see,
> Would swear they lately came from *Hungary*.

[5] A *minim* was formerly the shortest note in music. And to do any thing "at a minim's rest" was to do it *promptly* or *nimbly*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, ii. 4, Mercutio, describing how the fiery Tybalt fights: "He rests me his *minim rest*, one, two, and the third in your bosom."

[6] Pistol is so much of a linguist, that he prefers the Spanish *fico* to the English *fig*.

[7] A *kibe* is the well-known *heel-sore*, an ulcerated chilblain.

[8] *Carve* is evidently used here as denoting some sign or gesture of intel-

gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be English'd rightly, is, *I am Sir John Falstaff's.*

Pist. He hath studied her well, and translated her ill, — out of honesty into English.

Nym. The anchor is deep: will that humour pass?

Fal. Now, the report goes she has all the rule of her husband's purse: he hath legions of angels.[9]

Pist. As many devils entertain; and, *To her, boy,* say I.

Nym. The humour rises; it is good: humour me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her: and here another to Page's wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examined my parts with most judicious œilliads;[10] sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the Sun on dunghill shine.

Nym. [*To* PISTOL.] I thank thee for that humour.

Fal. O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention,[11] that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass! Here's another letter to her: she bears the purse too; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheater[12] to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me; they shall be my East and West

ligence and favour. And it appears that the word was often so used. So in Day's *Ile of Gulls,* 1606: "Her amorous glances are her accusers; her very lookes write sonnets in thy commendations; she *carves* thee at board, and cannot sleep for dreaming on thee in bedde." Hunter, Dyce, and White quote various other passages, all inferring the same. See vol. ii., page 89, note 35.

9 *Angel* was the name of a gold coin; its highest value is said to have been ten shillings. The Poet has several quibbles turning on the name.

10 A French word, meaning *ogles, amorous glances,* or *wanton looks.* Cotgrave translates it "to cast a sheep's eye."

11 *Intention* for *intentness,* or *eagerness of attention.*

12 An *escheator* was an officer of the Exchequer, and *cheator* was a popular abbreviation of the word. Of course Falstaff is quibbling.

Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go bear thou this letter to Mistress Page; and thou this to Mistress Ford: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become,
And by my side wear steel? then Lucifer take all!

Nym. I will run no base humour: here, take the humour-letter: I will keep the haviour of reputation.

Fal. [*To* ROBIN.] Hold, sirrah, bear you these letters tightly;[13]
Sail like my pinnace[14] to the golden shores.— [*Exit* ROBIN.
Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hailstones, go;
Trudge, plod away o' the hoof; seek shelter, pack!
Falstaff will learn the humour of the age,
French thrift, you rogues; myself and skirted page. [*Exit.*

Pist. Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd and fullam hold,
And high and low beguile the rich and poor:[15]
Tester I'll have in pouch[16] when thou shalt lack,
Base Phrygian Turk!

Nym. I have operations in my head, which be humours of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

[13] *Tightly* is *nimbly* or *adroitly;* often so used.

[14] A *pinnace* is a light vessel made for speed: hence the word was used for a *go-between.* In Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair,* Overdo says of the pig-woman, "She has been before me, punk, *pinnace,* and bawd, any time these two-and-twenty years."

[15] "*Gourds,* it would seem, were false dice, which had a secret cavity; *fullams,* false dice, which, on the contrary, were loaded with metal on one side, so as either to produce high throws, or to turn up low numbers, as was required, and were hence named *high men* or *low men,* also *high fullams* and *low fullams.*" Such is Dyce's explanation of the passage. It is also said that false dice were called *fullams* from their being made chiefly at Fulham; but Nares doubts this.

[16] *Pouch* is *pocket* or *purse.* *Tester* is *sixpence.* See vol. i., page 166, note 12.

Nym. By welkin and her stars!

Pist. With wit or steel?

Nym. With both the humours, I:
I will discuss the humour of this love to Page.

Pist. And I to Ford shall eke unfold
How Falstaff, varlet vile,
His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And his soft couch defile.

Nym. My humour shall not cool: I will incense Page to deal with poison; I will possess him with yellowness,[17] for this revolt of mine is dangerous: that is my true humour.

Pist. Thou art the Mars of malcontents: I second thee; troop on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in Doctor* CAIUS'S *House.*

Enter Mistress QUICKLY *and* SIMPLE.

Quick. What, John Rugby!

Enter RUGBY.

I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, Master Doctor Caius, coming. If he do, i'faith, and find any body in the house, here will be an old[1] abusing of God's patience and the king's English.

Rug. I'll go watch.

Quick. Go; and we'll have a posset for't soon at[2] night,

[17] *Yellow* is, time out of mind, the colour of jealousy.

[1] *Old* was often used thus as a colloquial augmentative or intensive, equivalent to *huge*. See vol. iii., page 209, note 2.

[2] *Soon at* is a phrase occurring repeatedly in Shakespeare; as, "*soon at* five o'clock," and "*soon at* supper-time," where it means *about*, or nearly that. See vol. i., page 86, note 5.—*Posset* was the name of a dish often eaten just before going to bed; described by Randle Holme, in his *Academy of Armoury*, as follows: "Posset is hot milk poured on ale or sack, having sugar, grated biscuit, and eggs, with other ingredients boiled in it, which all goes to a curd."

in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire. [*Exit* RUGBY.] —An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale nor no breed-bate: his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish[3] that way: but nobody but has his fault; —but let that pass.—Peter Simple you say your name is?

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quick. And Master Slender's your master?

Sim. Ay, forsooth.

Quick. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife?

Sim. No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard,—a Cain-colour'd[4] beard.

Quick. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Sim. Ay, forsooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands[5] as any is between this and his head; he hath fought with a warrener.[6]

Quick. How say you? O, I should remember him: does he not hold up his head, as it were, and strut in his gait?

Sim. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quick. Well, Heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell Master Parson Evans I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish—

[3] The more common meaning of *peevish* was *foolish.*—*Breed-bate*, just before, is *breeder* or *causer of debate*, that is, *of strife.*

[4] In old pictures and tapestries Cain and Judas were always represented as having yellow beards, or what we now call *sandy-coloured.*

[5] This was a phrase of the time, equivalent to "as *bold* or *able* a man of his hands." Nares says it "was used, most likely, for the sake of a jocular equivocation in the word *tall*, which meant either *bold* or *high.*" And Coles has "A man of his hands, *Homo strenuus, impiger, manu promptus.*"

[6] A *warrener* was a *keeper* of a *warren;* and a *warren* was a place privileged by prescription or grant from the Crown, for keeping certain beasts or birds for the exclusive use and pleasure of certain persons.

Re-enter RUGBY.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master.

Quick. We shall all be shent.[7] [*Exit* RUGBY.]—Run in here, good young man; go into this closet: he will not stay long. [*Shuts* SIMPLE *in the closet.*]—What, John Rugby! John! what, John, I say! Go, John, go inquire for my master; I doubt he be not well, that he comes not home.

[Sings.] *And down, down, adown-a, &c.*

Enter Doctor CAIUS.

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like dese toys. Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet *un boitier vert,*—a box, a green-a box: do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.

Quick. Ay, forsooth; I'll fetch it you.—[*Aside.*] I am glad he went not in himself: if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad.[8]

Caius. *Fe, fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vais à la cour,—la grande affaire.*

Quick. Is it this, sir?

Caius. *Oui; mette le au mon* pocket: *dépêche,* quickly. Vere is dat knave Rugby?

Quick. What, John Rugby! John!

Re-enter RUGBY.

Rug. Here, sir.

Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby. Come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to de Court.

[7] *Shent* is used repeatedly by the Poet for *reviled, scolded,* or *treated with harsh language.* See vol. v., page 221, note 16.

[8] *Horn-mad* was the state of mind a man was in, or supposed to be in, when he knew or suspected his wife had played him false, and so planted horns in his head. See vol. i., page 47, note 11.

Rug. 'Tis ready, sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long. 'Od's me! *Qu'ai-j'oublié!* dere is some simples[9] in my closet, dat I vill not for de varld I shall leave behind.

Quick. Ah me, he'll find the young man there, and be mad!

Caius. *O diable, diable!* vat is in my closet? Villain! *larron!* [*Pulling* SIMPLE *out.*] — Rugby, my rapier!

Quick. Good master, be content.

Caius. Verefore shall I be content-a?

Quick. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. Vat shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

Quick. I beseech you, be not so phlegmatic.[10] Hear the truth of it: he came of an errand to me from Parson Hugh.

Caius. Vell.

Sim. Ay, forsooth; to desire her to —

Quick. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue. — Speak-a your tale.

Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to Mistress Anne Page for my master in the way of marriage.

Quick. This is all, indeed, la; but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you? — Rugby, *baillez* me some paper. — Tarry you a little-a while. [*Writes.*

Quick. [*Aside to* SIM.] I am glad he is so quiet: if he had been throughly[11] moved, you should have heard him so

[9] *Simples* is here used for *medicines* in general, though it properly means medicinal *herbs.*

[10] *Phlegmatic* is Mrs. Quickly's blunder for *splenetic*, probably.

[11] *Throughly* and *thoroughly*, as also *through* and *thorough*, were used indifferently, the two being but different forms of the same word.

loud and so melancholy. But notwithstanding, man, I'll do for your master what good I can: and the very yea and the no is, the French doctor, my master, — I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself; —

Sim. [*Aside to* QUICK.] 'Tis a great charge to come under one body's hand.

Quick. [*Aside to* SIM.] Are you avised[12] o' that? you shall find it a great charge: and to be up early and down late; — but notwithstanding, to tell you in your ear, — I would have no words of it, — my master himself is in love with mistress Anne Page: but notwithstanding that, I know Anne's mind, — that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack'nape, give-a dis letter to Sir Hugh; by gar, it is a shallenge: I will cut his troat in de park; and I vill teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make. You may be gone; it is not good you tarry here. — By gar, I vill cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to trow at his dog. [*Exit* SIMPLE.

Quick. Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter-a for dat: do not you tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself? By gar, I vill kill de Jack priest; and I have appointed mine Host of de Jarteer to measure our weapon. By gar, I vill myself have Anne Page.

Quick. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well. We must give folks leave to prate: what, the good-jer![13]

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12 *Avised*, again, for *advised.* To be advised of what one says is to speak it *deliberately* or upon due consideration, not rashly or thoughtlessly. See page 14, note 21.

13 *Good-jer* is a corruption of *goujeer*, which, again, was a common term for what was known as the *French disease*, or *morbus Gallicus.* Here used as a sort of imprecation. Repeatedly so.

Caius. Rugby, come to de Court vit me.—By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door. —Follow my heels, Rugby. [*Exeunt* CAIUS *and* RUGBY.

Quick. You shall have An fool's-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that: never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do; nor can do more than I do with her, I thank Heaven.

Fent. [*Within.*] Who's within there? ho!

Quick. Who's there, I trow?[14] Come near the house, I pray you.

Enter FENTON.

Fent. How now, good woman! how dost thou?

Quick. The better that it pleases your good Worship to ask.

Fent. What news? how does pretty Mistress Anne?

Quick. In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way; I praise Heaven for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, thinkest thou? shall I not lose my suit?

Quick. Troth, sir, all is in His hands above: but notwithstanding, Master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book, she loves you. Have not your Worship a wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

Quick. Well, thereby hangs a tale: good faith, it is such another Nan; but, I detest,[15] an honest maid as ever broke bread: we had an hour's talk of that wart: I shall never laugh but in that maid's company! But, indeed, she is given

[14] *I trow* is here exactly equivalent to *I wonder*. Shakespeare has it repeatedly in that sense. So in the next scene: "What tempest, I *trow*, threw this whale," &c. Also in *Eastward Ho*, by Chapman, Jonson, and Marston, iv. 1: "What young planet reigns, *trow*, that old men are so foolish?" See, also, vol. iv., page 213, note 11.

[15] *Detest* is a Quicklyism for *protest*, a strong affirmation.

too much to allicholy and musing: but for you — well, go to.[16]

Fent. Well, I shall see her to-day. Hold, there's money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou see'st her before me, commend me.

Quick. Will I? i'faith, that I will; and I will tell your Worship more of the wart the next time we have confidence;[17] and of other wooers.

Fent. Well, farewell; I am in great haste now.

Quick. Farewell to your Worship. [*Exit* FENTON.] — Truly, an honest gentleman: but Anne loves him not; for I know Anne's mind as well as another does. — Out upon't! what have I forgot? [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *Before* PAGE'S *House.*

Enter Mistress PAGE, *with a letter.*

Mrs. Page. What, have I 'scaped love-letters in the holiday-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see.

[Reads.] *Ask me no reason why I love you; for, though Love use Reason for his physician, he admits him not for his counsellor. You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; ha, ha! then there's more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, Mistress Page, — at the least, if the love of a soldier can suffice, — that I love thee. I*

[16] *Go to* is an old phrase of varying import, sometimes of rebuke, sometimes of encouragement. *Hush up*, *come on*, *be off*, are among its meanings.

[17] *Confidence* is another Quicklyism for *conference*.

will not say, pity me,—'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me. By me,

> *Thine own true knight,*
> *By day or night,*
> *Or any kind of light,*
> *With all his might,*
> *For thee to fight.* JOHN FALSTAFF.

What a Herod of Jewry is this!—O wicked, wicked world!—one that is well-nigh worn to pieces with age to show himself a young gallant! What unweighed behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard pick'd—with the Devil's name—out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company! What should I say to him?—I was then frugal of my mirth. Heaven forgive me! Why, I'll exhibit a Bill in the Parliament for the putting-down of fat men. How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter Mistress FORD.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

Mrs. Page. And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to show to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do, then; yet, I say, I could show you to the contrary. O Mistress Page, give me some counsel!

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour!

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman! take the honour. What is it?—dispense with trifles;—what is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to Hell for an eternal moment or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What? thou liest! Sir Alice Ford! These knights will hack;[1] and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs. Ford. We burn daylight:[2] here, read, read; perceive how I might be knighted. I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking. And yet he would not swear; praised women's modesty; and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere and keep pace together than the Hundredth Psalm to the tune of *Green Sleeves.*[3] What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease. Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter, but that the name of Page and Ford differs! To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall. I war-

[1] This is probably meant as a covert reflection on the prodigal distribution of knighthood by King James. That "article of gentry" was thereby in a way to grow so *hackneyed*, that it would rather be an honour not to have been dubbed. Mr. Ford was already a *gentleman*, and his wife a *lady*, either by inheritance or by grant from the Heralds' College.

[2] A proverbial phrase derived from lighting lamps by daylight, and meaning "we waste time."

[3] *Green Sleeves* is the name of an old popular ballad-tune, which, Chappell says, "has been a favourite tune from the time of Elizabeth to the present day; and is still frequently to be heard in the streets of London." The well-known refrain, "Which nobody can deny," was a part of the ballad. The song itself is lost; but it would seem, from divers allusions to it, that the matter was none of the cleanest.

rant he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names, — sure, more, — and these are of the second edition: he will print them, out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lie under Mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words. What doth he think of us?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not: it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty.[4] I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he know some strain[5] in me that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding, call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I: if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be revenged on him: let's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit; and lead him on with a fine-baited delay, till he hath pawn'd his horses to mine Host of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villainy against him, that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. O, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

4 Here, as often, *honesty* is used for *chastity*. So, in this play, we have *honest* repeatedly for *chaste;* as at the close of this scene: "If I find her *honest*, I lose not my labour." And in iv. 2: "Wives may be merry, and yet honest too." See, also, vol. v., page 71, note 6.

5 *Strain* was much used for *stock*, *lineage*, or *native quality*. Here it seems to have the sense of *ingenerate folly*, *weakness*, or *vice*. Something the same again in iii. 3: "I would all of the same *strain* were in the same distress." And in *The Winter's Tale*, iii. 2, we have the verb used, apparently, in the same sense: "With what encounter so uncurrent I have *strain'd*, t' appear thus." Here *strain'd* is "evinced an *innate streak* of evil."

Mrs. Page. Why, look where he comes; and my goodman[6] too: he's as far from jealousy as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. Page. Let's consult together against this greasy knight. Come hither. [*They retire.*

Enter FORD, PISTOL, PAGE, *and* NYM.

Ford. Well, I hope it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtal dog[7] in some affairs:
Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He wooes both high and low, both rich and poor,
Both young and old, one with another, Ford;
He loves the gallimaufry: Ford, perpend.[8]

Ford. Love my wife!

Pist. With liver burning hot. Prevent, or go thou,
Like Sir Actæon he, with Ringwood at thy heels:
O, odious is the name!

Ford. What name, sir?

Pist. The horn, I say. Farewell.
Take heed; have open eye; for thieves do foot by night:
Take heed, ere Summer comes, or cuckoo-birds do sing.—
Away, Sir Corporal Nym!—

[6] *Goodman*, here commonly printed *good man*, was much used for *husband*, or for *master*, or, as we now sound it, *mister*. So St. Matthew, xx. 11: "And when they had received it, they murmured against the *goodman* of the house." And St. Luke, xii. 39: "And this know, that if the *goodman* of the house had known at what hour the thief would come," &c. Shakespeare has it repeatedly in the same way.—*Perpend* is *consider*.

[7] A dog's tail was thought highly instrumental to speed: hence a dog that missed his game was called a *curtal*.

[8] *Gallimaufry*, which means *medley* or *hotchpotch*, does not here refer specially to Mrs. Ford, but to what Pistol has just said: "He loves all sorts indiscriminately."

Believe it, Page; he speaks sense.[9] [*Exit.*

Ford. [*Aside.*] I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. [*To* PAGE.] And this is true; I like not the humour of lying. He hath wronged me in some humours: [10] I should have borne the humour'd letter to her; but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there's the short and the long. My name is Corporal Nym; I speak, and I avouch 'tis true: my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife. Adieu. I love not the humour of bread and cheese; and there's the humour of it. Adieu. [*Exit.*

Page. [Aside.] *The humour of it*, quoth 'a! here's a fellow frights humour out of his[11] wits.

Ford. [*Aside.*] I will seek out Falstaff.

Page. [*Aside.*] I never heard such a drawling, affecting[12] rogue.

[9] Here it is to be observed that Pistol knew beforehand what Nym was to tell Page; and now, as he infers from their talking so long that Page is incredulous, he speaks this to confirm Nym's tale, and thereby cut short the interview. — The resemblance of sound in *cuckoo* and *cuckold* caused frequent allusions to the cuckoo's note in connection with the matter here in hand. See vol. iii., page 44, note 10. — Pistol is an adept in bawdy-house slang; has it all at his tongue's end. His dialect is an odd medley of real filth and affected scholarism, which he has gathered at the play-house among "the groundlings." In his preceding speech, he refers to the classical fable of Actæon, who was a famous hunter, and who, one day when he was hunting, saw Artemis with her nymphs bathing; whereupon the goddess changed him into a stag, in which form he was torn to pieces by his own dogs." *Ringwood* is used as the name of a dog.

[10] Nym's character and dialect seem partly intended as a satire on the contemporary use of the word *humour*. Ben Jonson keenly ridicules this coxcombical fashion of the time in the *Induction* to his *Every Man out of his Humour:* "Now, if an idiot have but an apish or fantastic strain, it is his *humour*."

[11] *His* for *its*, referring to *humour*. As *its* was not then an accepted word, the Poet and all other writers of the time commonly use *his* or *her* instead. See vol. i., page 90, note 1.

[12] *Affecting* for *affected;* the active and passive forms being then, to a great extent, used indiscriminately. See vol. v., page 96, note 4.

Ford. [*Aside.*] If I do find it,—well.

Page. [*Aside.*] I will not believe such a Cataian,[13] though the priest o' the town commended him for a true man.

Ford. [*Aside.*] 'Twas a good sensible fellow;—well.

[*Mrs.* PAGE *and Mrs.* FORD *come forward.*

Page. How now, Meg!

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, George? Hark you.

Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet Frank! Why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy. Get you home, go.

Mrs. Ford. Faith, thou hast some crotchet in thy head now.—Will you go, Mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Have with you.—You'll come to dinner, George?—[*Aside to Mrs.* FORD.] Look who comes yonder: she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

Mrs. Ford. [*Aside to Mrs.* PAGE.] Trust me, I thought on her: she'll fit it.

Enter Mistress QUICKLY.

Mrs. Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and, I pray, how does good Mistress Anne?

Mrs. Page. Go in with us and see: we would have an hour's talk with you.

[*Exeunt Mrs.* PAGE, *Mrs.* FORD, *and Mrs.* QUICKLY.

Page. How now, Master Ford!

Ford. You heard what this knave told me, did you not?

Page. Yes: and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, slaves! I do not think the knight would

[13] A *Cataian* is a *Chinese*, *Cataia* or *Cathay* being the old name of *China*. From the alleged adroitness of the Chinese in thieving, *Cataian* became a cant term for a sharper.

offer it: but these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives are a yoke of his discarded men; very rogues, now they be out of service.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that. Does he lie at the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend this voyage toward my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife; but I would be loth to turn them together. A man may be too confident: I would have nothing lie on my head: I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Look where my ranting Host of the Garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily.—

Enter the Host.

How now, mine Host!

Host. How now, bully-rook! thou'rt a gentleman.—Cavalero-justice, I say!

Enter SHALLOW.

Shal. I follow, mine Host, I follow.—Good even and twenty,[14] good Master Page! Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, cavalero-justice; tell him, bully-rook.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir Hugh the Welsh priest and Caius the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine Host o' the Garter, a word with you.

Host. What sayest thou, my bully-rook? [*They go aside.*

[14] "An old popular salutation," says Staunton, "meaning twenty good evenings." Halliwell quotes a like instance from Eliot's *Fruits of the French*, 1593: "God night *and a thousand* to everybody."

Shal. [*To* PAGE.] Will you go with us to behold it? My merry Host hath had the measuring of their weapons; and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places; for, believe me, I hear the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be. [*They go aside.*

Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavalier?

Ford. None, I protest: but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him my name is Brook; only for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully; thou shalt have egress and regress;—said I well?—and thy name shall be Brook. It is a merry knight.—Will you go, mynheers?

Shal. Have with you, mine Host.

Page. I have heard the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, sir, I could have told you more. In these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccadoes, and I know not what: 'tis the heart, Master Page; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my long sword I would have made you[15] four tall fellows skip like rats.

Host. Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

Page. Have with you.—I had rather hear them scold than see them fight. [*Exeunt* HOST, SHAL., *and* PAGE.

Ford. Though Page be a secure[16] fool, and stands so

[15] Dyce thinks, and rightly, no doubt, that *you* is here used redundantly, and not as limiting *fellows*. Shallow has it just so in *2 Henry IV.*, iii. 2: "There was a little quiver fellow, and 'a would manage *you* his piece thus; and 'a would about and about, and come *you* in and come *you* in," &c.—Here, as in several other places, *tall* is *brave* or *stout*. So in the third speech of the next scene.—Before the introduction of rapiers, the swords in use were of great length. Shallow censures the innovation, and ridicules the terms and the use of the rapier. The practice of the long sword was to hack and slash; of the rapier to parry and thrust, or *pass*. *Stoccado* is Italian for *thrust*.

[16] *Secure* in the Latin sense of *over-confident*, and so *negligent* or *care-*

firmly on his wife's frailty,[17] yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily: she was in his company at Page's house; and what they made [18] there, I know not. Well, I will look further into't: and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff. If I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestowed. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF *and* PISTOL.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why, then the world's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open.

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon [1] my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow [2] Nym; or else you had look'd through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am damn'd in Hell for swearing to gentlemen my friends, you were good soldiers and tall fellows; and when Mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan,[3] I took't upon mine honour thou hadst it not.

less; sine cura. Shakespeare has it often so. So in this play, ii. 2: "Page is an ass, a *secure* ass." Also in iii. 2: "A secure and wilful Actæon."

17 An antithesis is probably intended here between *firmly* and *frailty;* else I should be apt to think the latter an erratum for *fealty*, which Theobald substituted.

18 *Made* for *did.* A frequent lingual usage of the time. So, afterwards, in iv. 2, we have "what *make* you here" for "what *are* you *doing* here." See vol. v., page 34, note 4.

1 To *grate*, or to *grate on* or *upon*, is defined by Johnson "to *rub hard*, —to offend, as by oppression or importunity." So in *2 Henry IV.*, iv. 1: "What peer hath been suborn'd to *grate* on you?"

2 *Coach-fellow* is sometimes explained "a horse that draws in the same carriage with another." I suspect it meant simply *companion* or *associate.* We have *pew-fellow* in the same sense.

3 Fans were costly articles of ladies' outfit in the Poet's time; consisting of ostrich and other feathers fixed into handles, sometimes of gold, silver, or ivory elaborately wrought.

Pist. Didst not thou share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: think'st thou I'll endanger my soul gratis? At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you: go; a short knife and a throng;[4] to your manor of Pickt-hatch, go.[5] You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue! you stand upon your honour! Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the terms of my honour precise: I, ay, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of God on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will ensconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases,[6] and your bull-baiting oaths, under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you!

Pist. I do relent: what wouldst thou more of man?

Enter ROBIN.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter Mistress QUICKLY.

Quick. Give your Worship good morrow.

Fal. Good morrow, good wife.

Quick. Not so, an't please your Worship.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quick. I'll be sworn; as my mother was, the first hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the swearer. What with me?

Quick. Shall I vouchsafe your Worship a word or two?

[4] "Go, and *cut purses in a crowd*," is the meaning. Purses were then carried hanging at the belt.

[5] *Pickt-hatch* was a district of ill repute, where the swarming of bullies made a pickt-hatch, or a half-door armed with spikes, needful for defence.

[6] That is, *alehouse* phrases; a *red lattice* being the usual distinction of an alehouse.

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman; and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quick. There is one Mistress Ford, sir: I pray, come a little nearer this ways: I myself dwell with Master Doctor Caius, —

Fal. Well, one Mistress Ford, you say, —

Quick. Your Worship says very true: I pray your Worship, come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee, nobody hears: mine own people, mine own people.

Quick. Are they so? God bless them, and make them His servants!

Fal. Well, Mistress Ford: what of her?

Quick. Why, sir, she's a good creature. Lord, Lord! your Worship's a wanton! Well, Heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray! —

Fal. Mistress Ford; come, Mistress Ford, —

Quick. Marry, this is the short and the long of it. You have brought her into such a canaries[7] as 'tis wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the Court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly — all musk — and so rushling, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms; and such wine and sugar of the best and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her: I had myself twenty angels given me this morning; but I defy all angels — in any such sort, as they say — but in the way of honesty: — and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all: and yet there has

[7] *Canaries* or *canary* is Mrs. Quickly's blunder for *quandary*.

been earls, nay, which is more, Pensioners;[8] but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, my good she-Mercury.

Quick. Marry, she hath received your letter; for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of: Master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas, the sweet woman leads an ill life with him! he's a very jealousy man: she leads a very frampold[9] life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven. Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

Quick. Why, you say well. But I have another messenger to your Worship. Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you, too: and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one, I tell you, that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other: and she bade me tell your Worship that her husband is seldom from home; but she hopes there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man: surely, I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee: setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quick. Blessing on your heart for't!

[8] Alluding, probably, to Queen Elizabeth's band of Gentlemen Pensioners, as they were called, whose dress was remarkably splendid, and so would be apt to charm Mrs. Quickly.

[9] *Frampold* is *vexatious* or *turbulent.* The word does not occur again in Shakespeare, and is very rarely met with elsewhere: but Fletcher has *frampal*, which is but another form of the same, in the sense of *cross* or *peevish.*

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this,— has Ford's wife and Page's wife acquainted each other how they love me?

Quick. That were a jest indeed!— they have not so little grace, I hope:— that were a trick indeed! But Mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves:[10] her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page; and, truly, Master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does: do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will: and, truly, she deserves it; for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quick. Nay, but do so, then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and, in any case, have a nay-word,[11] that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness: old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well: commend me to them both: there's my purse; I am yet thy debtor.—Boy, go along with this woman. [*Exeunt Mrs.* QUICKLY *and* ROBIN.]—This news distracts me!

Pist. This punk[12] is one of Cupid's carriers:—
Clap on more sails; pursue; up with your fights;[13]
Give fire; she is my prize, or ocean whelm them all! [*Exit.*

Fal. Sayest thou so, old Jack? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look

10 A petty adjuration of the time, equivalent to *for love's sake* or *by all means*.

11 *Nay-word*, it appears, was sometimes used for *watchword* or *countersign*.

12 *Punk* was another name for a *love-broker* or *go-between*. See page 23, note 14.

13 *Fights* was a naval term for the waste-cloths hung about the ship in a fight, to keep the men from being seen by the enemy.

after thee? Wilt thou, after the expense of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee. Let them say 'tis grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter BARDOLPH, *with a cup of sack.*

Bard. Sir John, there's one Master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your Worship a morning's draught of sack.[14]

Fal. Brook is his name?

Bard. Ay, sir.

Fal. Call him in. [*Exit* BARDOLPH.] — Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor. — Ah, ha! Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, have I encompass'd you? go to; *via!*[15]

Re-enter BARDOLPH, *with* FORD *disguised.*

Ford. Bless you, sir!

Fal. And you, sir! Would you speak with me?

Ford. I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome. What's your will? — Give us leave, drawer. [*Exit* BARDOLPH.

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is Brook.

Fal. Good Master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir John, I sue for yours: not to charge you; for I must let you understand I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are: the which hath something embold-

[14] It was a common custom in taverns to send presents of wine from one room to another, either as tokens of friendship or to open an acquaintance.

[15] *Via!* borrowed from the Italian, was in frequent use as a word of exultation or encouragement. The Poet has it repeatedly.

en'd me to this unseason'd[16] intrusion; for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me: if you will help to bear it, Sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good Master Brook: I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a scholar,—I will be brief with you;—and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection: but, good Sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own; that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith[17] you yourself know how easy it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well, sir; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, sir.

Ford. I have long loved her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her; followed her with a doting observance; engross'd opportunities to meet her; fee'd every slight occasion that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given

16 *Unseason'd* for *unseasonable.* The endings *-ed* and *-able* or *-ible* are often used indiscriminately by Shakespeare. So we have *detested* for *detestable*, *unnumbered* for *unnumerable*, *individable* for *undivided*, and many others.

17 *Sith*, *sithence*, and *since* were used indifferently in the Poet's time, but the two former were fast giving way to the latter. He has *sithence* only twice, I think, and *sith* some twenty times.

largely to many to know what she would have given: briefly, I have pursued her as love hath pursued me; which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But, whatsoever I have merited either in my mind or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received none; unless experience be a jewel: that I have purchased at an infinite rate; and that hath taught me to say this, —

Love like a shadow flies when substance love pursues;
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.

Fal. Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importuned her to such a purpose?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love, then?

Ford. Like a fair house built on another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that though she appear honest to me, yet in other places she enlargeth her mirth so far that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, Sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance,[18] authentic in your place and person, generally allow'd[19] for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations, —

Fal. O, sir!

[18] A man of great admittance is a man admitted into the company of great persons, the social aristrocracy.

[19] *Allow'd*, here, is *approved;* a common use of the word in Shakespeare's time. So in St. Luke, xi. 48: "Truly ye bear witness that ye *allow* the deeds of your fathers." And in *Romans*, vii. 15: "For that which I do I *allow* not." See, also, vol. v., page 142, note 7.

Ford. Believe it, for you know it. There is money; spend it, spend it; spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty[20] of this Ford's wife: use your art of wooing; win her to consent to you: if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift. She dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself: she is too bright to be look'd against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves: I could drive her then from the ward[21] of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too-too strongly embattled against me. What say you to't, Sir John?

Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good sir!

Fal. I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money, Sir John; you shall want none.

Fal. Want no Mistress Ford, Master Brook; you shall want none. I shall be with her — I may tell you — by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me: I say I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally

[20] *Honesty*, again for chastity. — *Amiable* is here used, apparently, in the sense of *loving* or *amorous*. So in *Much Ado*, iii. 3: "Claudio and my master saw afar off in the orchard this *amiable* encounter."

[21] *Ward* is *safeguard*, *defence*, or *posture* of defence. Often so.

knave her husband will be forth.[22] Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not: —yet I wrong him to call him poor; they say the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money; for the which his wife seems to me well-favour'd. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir, that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter[23] rogue! I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel,— it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns. Master Brook, thou shalt know I will predominate over the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife. Come to me soon at night:[24] Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his style;[25] thou, Master Brook, shalt know him for knave and cuckold: come to me soon at night. [*Exit.*

Ford. What a damn'd Epicurean rascal is this! My heart is ready to crack with impatience. Who says this is improvident jealousy? my wife hath sent to him, the hour is fix'd, the match is made. Would any man have thought this? See the hell of having a false woman! My bed shall be abused, my coffers ransack'd, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him

22 *Forth* is *out*, *abroad*, or *away*. A very frequent usage.

23 The only instance I remember to have met with of *salt-butter* used as a contemptuous epithet. The higher classes of the English people did not then, and I think do not now, have their butter seasoned with salt.

24 *About* or *towards* night. See page 24, note 2.

25 Meaning, "I will add more titles to those he already has." *Style* appears to have been a technical term in heraldry. So in Heywood's *Golden Age:* "I will create lords of a greater *style*."

that does me this wrong. Terms! names! Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbason, well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends: but cuckold! wittol-cuckold![26] the Devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass: he will trust his wife; he will not be jealous. I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, Parson Hugh the Welshman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vitæ bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself: then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises; and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be praised for my jealousy! — Eleven o'clock the hour: — I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too soon than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! [*Exit.*

SCENE III. — *A Field near Windsor.*

Enter CAIUS *and* RUGBY.

Caius. Jack Rugby, —

Rug. Sir?

Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack?

Rug. 'Tis past the hour, sir, that Sir Hugh promised to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come;

[26] That is, a *conscious, patient* cuckold; one that knows himself a cuckold, and is contented to be such. So Chief Justice Holt: "To call a man a cuckold was not an ecclesiastical slander; but wittol was; for it imports a knowledge of and consent to his wife's adultery." *Wittol* is from *wittan*, to *know*. See vol. ii., page 73, note 7. — *Amaimon* and *Barbason* were ancient names of devils. According to Randle Holme, the former had his dominion in "the north part of the 'infernal gulph'"; while the latter had "thirty legions under him." — *Additions* here is *titles*. Often so.

he has pray his Pible vell, dat he is no come: by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, sir; he knew your Worship would kill him, if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villain, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter the Host, SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and* PAGE.

Host. Bless thee, bully doctor!

Shal. Save you, Master Doctor Caius!

Page. Now, good master doctor!

Slen. Give you good morrow, sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foin, to see thee traverse; to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montánt.[1] Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my Æsculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder?[2] ha! is he dead, bully Stale? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of de varld; he is not show his face.

[1] Mine Host here rattles off terms of fencing with characteristic looseness. *Punto* is a *thrust; stock*, for *stoccado*, or *stoccata*, also a *thrust; reverse*, probably meant for *punto reverso*, is a *back-handed stroke; distance* is the *space* between two antagonists; *montánt* or *montanto* is defined by old Cotgrave "an upright blow or thrust."

[2] The jolly publican is poking fun at the Æsculapian, knowing that he cannot understand the terms. The joke here seems to be that the elder has a heart of soft pith.—*Stale* and *Urinal* refer to the old medical custom of examining a patient's water, when every physician carried with him an *urinal* for that purpose.—*Castilian* seems to have been used as a term of reproach after the defeat of the Spanish Armada.

Host. Thou art a Castilian, King Urinal! Hector of Greece, my boy!

Caius. I pray you, bear vitness that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser man, master doctor: he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair[3] of your professions. — Is it not true, Master Page?

Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Bodikins,[4] Master Page, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one.[5] Though we are justices, and doctors, and churchmen, Master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, Master Page.

Page. 'Tis true, Master Shallow.

Shal. It will be found so, Master Page. — Master Doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace: you have show'd yourself a wise physician, and Sir Hugh hath shown himself a wise and patient churchman.[6] You must go with me, master doctor.

Host. Pardon, guest-justice. — A word, Monsieur Mock-water.[7]

Caius. Mock-vater! vat is dat?

[3] *Hair* was often used thus for *nature, character, grain*, or *texture*.

[4] *Bodikins*, a diminutive of *body*, is the remains of an old oath, disguised or softened; the whole original form being "By God's body." We have divers like instances in the old drama; such as *'sfoot* for "God's foot," *'slight* for "God's light," *'sblood* for "God's blood," and *zounds* for "God's wounds."

[5] "To *make* one" is old language for "to *be* one"; of course here one of the fighters.

[6] *Churchman* was used continually for *clergyman*.

[7] It is not quite clear what mine Host means by *Mock-water;* some covert fling no doubt at the doctor's medical practice.

Host. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, den, I have as mush mock-vater as de Englishman.—Scurvy jack-dog priest! by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look he shall clapper-de-claw me; for, by gar, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me dank you for dat.

Host. And, moreover, bully,—But first, master guest, and Master Page, and eke Cavalero Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore. [*Aside to them.*

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host. He is there: see what humour he is in; and I will bring the doctor about by the fields. Will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

Page.
Shal. } Adieu, good master doctor.
Slen.
[*Exeunt* PAGE, SHAL., *and* SLEN.

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest; for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

Host. Let him die: sheathe thy impatience, throw cold water on thy choler: go about the fields with me through Frogmore: I will bring thee where Mistress Anne Page is, at a farm-house a-feasting; and thou shalt woo her. Cried I aim?[8] said I well?

Caius. By gar, me dank you for dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

[8] To *cry aim*, it seems, was a note of encouragement to archers; an exclamation used by the spectators of a shooting-match.

Host. For the which I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page. Said I well?

Caius. By gar, 'tis good; vell said.

Host. Let us wag, then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Field near Frogmore.*

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS *and* SIMPLE.

Evans. I pray you now, good Master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you look'd for Master Caius, that calls himself doctor of physic?

Sim. Marry, sir, the Pitty-ward, the Park-ward, every way; old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

Evans. I most fehemently desire you you will also look that way.

Sim. I will, sir. [*Retires.*

Evans. Pless my soul, how full of cholers I am, and trempling of mind! I shall be glad if he have deceived me:—how melancholies I am! I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard when I have goot opportunities for the 'ork. Pless my soul!

[Sings.] *To shallow rivers, to whose falls*
Melodious birds sing madrigals;
There will we make our peds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies.
To shallow—

Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry.—

[Sings.] *Melodious birds sing madrigals;—*
Whenas I sat in Pabylon,[1] —
And a thousand vagram posies.
To shallow, &c.

Sim. [*Coming forward.*] Yonder he is, coming this way, Sir Hugh.

Evans. He's welcome. —

[Sings.] *To shallow rivers, to whose falls—*

Heaven prosper the right! — What weapons is he?

Sim. No weapons, sir. There comes my master, Master Shallow, and another gentleman, from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

Evans. Pray you, give me my gown; or else keep it in your arms. [*Reads in a book.*

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.

Shal. How now, master parson! Good morrow, good Sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slen. [*Aside.*] Ah, sweet Anne Page!

Page. Save you, good Sir Hugh!

Evans. Got pless you from His mercy sake, all of you!

Shal. What, the sword and the word! do you study them both, master parson?

Page. And youthful still, in your doublet and hose this raw rheumatic day?

Evans. There is reasons and causes for it.

[1] In his "cholers and trempling of mind" Sir Hugh unconsciously runs parts of Psalms and ballads together. This line is from an old metrical version of the 137th Psalm. The other lines are from the charming pastoral well known as the work of Christopher Marlowe.—The humour of these musical snatches, broken and disordered as they are by the anger and fear of the pugnacious parson, is most rare and exquisite.— *Vagram*, in the next line, as Dyce suggests, is probably meant "to indicate the increasing perturbation of Sir Hugh." The corresponding word in the song is *fragrant*.

Page. We are come to you to do a good office, master parson.

Evans. Fery well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, belike having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience that ever you saw.

Shal. I have lived fourscore years and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.[2]

Evans. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; Master Doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

Evans. Got's will, and His passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Evans. He has no more knowledge in Hibbocrates and Galen, — and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

Slen. [*Aside.*] O sweet Anne Page!

Shal. It appears so, by his weapons. Keep them assunder: here comes Doctor Caius.

Enter the Host, Caius, *and* Rugby.

Page. Nay, good master parson, keep-in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good master doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question:[3] let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me speak a vord vit your ear. Verefore vill you not meet-a me?

Evans. [*Aside to* Caius.] Pray you, use your patience: in goot time.

[2] That is, so far from respecting himself. *Wide* is still used so.

[3] *Question* for *talk* or *converse;* a frequent usage of the Poet's time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

Evans. [*Aside to* CAIUS.] Pray you, let us not be laughing-stogs to other men's humours; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends. — [*Aloud.*] I will knog your urinals about your knave's cogscomb for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. *Diable!* — Jack Rugby, — mine Host de Jarteer, — have I not stay for him to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Evans. As I am a Christians soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed: I'll be judgment by mine Host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say, Gallia and Guallia, French and Welsh, soul-curer and body-curer!

Caius. Ay, dat is very good; excellent.

Host. Peace, I say! hear mine Host of the Garter. Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I lose my parson, my priest, my Sir Hugh? no; he gives me the proverbs and the no-verbs. — Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so. — Give me thy hand, celestial; so. — Boys of art, I have deceived you both; I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue. — Come, lay their swords to pawn. — Follow me, lads of peace; follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad host. — Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slen. [*Aside.*] O sweet Anne Page!

[*Exeunt* SHAL., SLEN., PAGE, *and* Host.

Caius. Ha, do I perceive dat? have you make-a de sot[4] of us, ha, ha?

Evans. This is well; he has made us his vlouting-stog. — I desire you that we may be friends; and let us knog our

[4] *Sot* was much used in its French sense of *fool.* See vol. v., page 155, note 12.

prains together to be revenge on this same scall,[5] scurvy, cogging companion, the Host of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, vit all my heart. He promise to bring me vere is Anne Page; by gar, he deceive me too.

Evans. Well, I will smite his noddles. Pray you, follow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *The Street, in Windsor.*

Enter Mistress PAGE *and* ROBIN.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O, you are a flattering boy: now I see you'll be a courtier.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Well met, Mistress Page. Whither go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly, sir, to see your wife. Is she at home?

Ford. Ay, and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company. I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that, — two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weathercock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of. — What do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff!

Mrs. Page. He, he; I can never hit on's name. There

[5] *Scall* is Sir Hugh form of *scald*, which properly means *scabby*, but was used as a word of scorn, implying disease, poverty, and filth.

is such a league between my goodman and he! Is your wife at home indeed?

Ford. Indeed she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, sir: I am sick till I see her.

[*Exeunt Mrs.* PAGE *and* ROBIN.

Ford. Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? Sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty mile, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score.[1] He pieces out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion and advantage: and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her;—a man may hear this shower sing in the wind;—and Falstaff's boy with her! Good plots! they are laid; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so seeming Mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Actæon; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim. [*Clock strikes.*] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search where I shall find Falstaff: I shall be rather praised for this than mock'd; for it is as positive as the earth is firm that Falstaff is there: I will go.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, *the* Host, *Sir* HUGH EVANS, CAIUS, *and* RUGBY.

Shal., Page, &c. Well met, Master Ford.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home; and I pray you all, go with me.

Shal. I must excuse myself, Master Ford.

Slen. And so must I, sir: we have appointed to dine with

[1] Twelve score *yards*, probably, that being the usual distance for long-bow shooting. Yet it seems a very short distance to speak of shooting with a *cannon*; so, perhaps *rods*.

Mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

Shal. We have linger'd about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

Slen. I hope I have your good will, father Page.

Page. You have, Master Slender; I stand wholly for you: —but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether.

Caius. Ay, by gar; and de maid is love-a me; my nursh-a Quickly tell me so mush.

Host. What say you to young Master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holiday, he smells April and May:[2] he will carry't, he will carry't; 'tis in his buttons;[3] he will carry't.

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having:[4] he kept company with the wild Prince and Pointz; he is of too high a region; he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will show you a monster.—Master doctor, you shall go;—so shall you, Master Page;—and you, Sir Hugh.

[2] In the mouth of mine Host, to *speak holiday* probably meant to speak in choice and well-turned language. Hotspur attaches to the word a sense of apish exquisiteness in his well-known account of the dandy lord: "With many *holiday* and lady terms he question'd me."—Perhaps I should add, that "he smells April and May" is, he smells *of* April, &c.; keeps his person fresh and fragrant.

[3] "'Tis in his *buttons*" doubtless means the same as another phrase still sometimes heard,—"'Tis in his breeches"; meaning "he is the man to do it."

[4] "No *having*" is no *property*, nothing to "keep the pot boiling." The Poet often uses *having* thus.

Shal. Well, fare you well: we shall have the freer wooing at Master Page's. [*Exeunt* SHAL. *and* SLEN.

Caius. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.

[*Exit* RUGBY.

Host. Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him. [*Exit.*

Ford. [*Aside.*] I think I shall drink in pipe-wine[5] first with him; I'll make him dance.—Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you to see this monster. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* FORD'S *house.*

Enter Mistress FORD *and Mistress* PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. What, John! What, Robert!

Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly: is the buck-basket—

Mrs. Ford. I warrant.—What, Robin, I say!

Enter Servants *with a basket.*

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-house; and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and, without any pause or staggering, take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters[1] in Datchet-mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch close by the Thames side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

[5] *Canary* is the name of a dance as well as of a wine. *Pipe-wine* is wine from the pipe or cask, not from the bottle. The jest lies in the ambiguity of the word, which signifies both a pipe of wine and a musical instrument, to dance after.

[1] *Whitsters* is the same as *whiteners*, that is, *bleachers*.

Mrs. Ford. I ha' told them over and over; they lack no direction. — Be gone, and come when you are called.

[*Exeunt* Servants.

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter ROBIN.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyas-musket![2] what news with you?

Rob. My master, Sir John, is come in at your back-door, Mistress Ford, and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-Lent,[3] have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn. My master knows not of your being here, and hath threaten'd to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it; for he swears he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou'rt a good boy: this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose. — I'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so. — Go tell thy master I am alone. — Mistress Page, remember you your cue. [*Exit* ROBIN.

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me.

[*Exit.*

Mrs. Ford. Go to, then: we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watery pumpion; we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.[4]

[2] An *eyas* is a nestling or unfledged hawk; hence used figuratively of a youngling or novice. *Musket* is a male sparrow-hawk; from the French *mouchet.*

[3] This was a stuffed puppet thrown at in play during Lent, as cocks were at Shrovetide. So in *The Weakest goes to the Wall*, 1600: "A mere anatomy, a *Jack of Lent.*" And in Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*, iv. 3: "On an Ash-Wednesday, where thou didst stand six weeks the Jack of Lent, for boys to hurl, three throws a penny, at thee." *Pumpion* is *gourd.*

[4] Modest women from harlots. So in *Cymbeline*, iii. 4: "Some *jay* of Italy, whose mother was her painting." *Putta* in Italian signifies both a jay and a loose woman.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. *Have I caught my heavenly jewel?*[5] Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough; this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O sweet Sir John!

Fal. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog,[6] I cannot prate, Mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish,—I would thy husband were dead: I'll speak it before the best lord,—I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, Sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady!

Fal. Let the Court of France show me such another. I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: thou hast the right arched beauty of the brow that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.[7]

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, Sir John: my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither.

Fal. By the Lord, thou art a traitor[8] to say so: thou wouldst make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait in a semicircled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if Fortune thy foe were not, Nature thy friend.[9] Come, thou canst not hide it.

[5] Falstaff quotes this from the second song in Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella*, which begins thus:

> Have I caught my heavenly jewel
> Teaching sleep most fair to be?

[6] To *cog* is to *cajole*, *dissemble*, and *cheat*. The Poet has it thus repeatedly. See vol. ii., page 85, note 24.

[7] Any fanciful head-dress that would be approved at Venice, which was then the centre of fashion in such matters. The *ship-tire* was probably a flaunting head-dress, with ribands flying like the streamers of a ship. It is not so clear what the *tire valiant* was; perhaps something that sparkled of Mars or Bellona.

[8] Meaning, no doubt, a traitor to her own beauty, or merit.

[9] That is, "if Fortune were not thy foe, Nature *being* thy friend." "For-

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lisping hawthorn-buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple-time;[10] I cannot: but I love thee; none but thee; and thou deservest it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, sir. I fear you love Mistress Page.

Fal. Thou mightst as well say I love to walk by the Counter-gate,[11] which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs. Ford. Well, Heaven knows how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

Rob. [*Within.*] Mistress Ford, Mistress Ford! here's Mistress Page at the door, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me: I will ensconce me behind the arras.[12]

tune my foe" was the beginning of an old ballad, wherein were sung the ills that fall upon men through the caprices of Fortune.

10 *Simples* is the old word for *herbs;* and Bucklersbury was the part of London where the apothecary-shops were clustered; so, in the time of new herbs, was fragrant of rosemary and lavender.

11 *Counter* was the name of one of the prisons in London. It was often made the pivot of jests. So in Baret's *Alvearie*, 1573: "We saie merrily of him who hath been in the *Counter* or such-like places of prison, He can sing his *counter-tenor* very well. And in anger we say, I will make you sing a counter-tenor for this geare; meaning imprisonment."

12 In Shakespeare's time, the walls of rooms, even in the best houses, were unplastered, and were lined with tapestries instead, which were called *arras*, from the town of Arras in France, where they were first made. These, to keep them from the rotting-damp, were hung on frames at some distance from the walls; and the spaces thus left were hardly more convenient for the people than for the writers of dramas.

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so: she's a very tattling woman.—
[FALSTAFF *hides himself behind the arras.*

Re-enter Mistress PAGE *and* ROBIN.

What's the matter? how now!

Mrs. Page. O Mistress Ford, what have you done? You're shamed, you're overthrown, you're undone for ever!

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good Mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, Mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion! Out upon you! how am I mistook in you!

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas, what's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman that he says is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence: you are undone.

Mrs. Ford. 'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray Heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here! but 'tis most certain your husband's coming, with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you. If you know yourself clear, why, I am glad of it; but, if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed; call all your senses to you; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do? There is a gentleman my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound he were out of the house.

Mrs. Page. For shame! never stand *you had rather* and *you had rather:* your husband's here at hand; bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him. O, how have you deceived me! Look, here is a basket: if he

be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: or, —it is whiting-time,—send him by your two men to Datchet-mead.

Mrs. Ford. He's too big to go in there. What shall I do?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Let me see't, let me see't, O, let me see't!—I'll in, I'll in:—follow your friend's counsel:—I'll in.

Mrs. Page. What, Sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters, knight?

Fal. I love thee, and none but thee; help me away: let me creep in here. I'll never—

[*Goes into the basket; they cover him with foul linen.*

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy.—Call your men, Mistress Ford.—You dissembling knight!

[*Exit* ROBIN.

Mrs. Ford. What, John! Robert! John!

Re-enter Servants.

Go take up these clothes here quickly:—where's the cowl-staff?[13] look, how you drumble![14]—carry them to the laundress in Datchet-mead; quickly, come.

Enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, *and Sir* HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why, then make sport at me; then let me be your jest; I deserve it.—How now! whither bear you this?

Serv. To the laundress, forsooth.

[13] This was a staff used for carrying a *cowl*, or tub with two handles, to fetch water in.

[14] To *drumble* and *drone* was to *move sluggishly*, or to go lazily or awkwardly about a thing. So Scott, in *The Fortunes of Nigel:* "How she *drumbles!* I warrant she stops to take a sip on the road."

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck!—I would I could wash myself of the buck!—Buck, buck, buck! Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck; and of the season too, it shall appear. [*Exeunt* Servants *with the basket.*]—Gentlemen, I have dream'd to-night;[15] I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: ascend my chambers; search, seek, find out: I'll warrant we'll unkennel the fox.—Let me stop this way first. [*Locks the door.*]—So, now uncape.[16]

Page. Good Master Ford, be contented: you wrong yourself too much.

Ford. True, Master Page.—Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen. [*Exit.*

Evans. This is fery fantastical humours and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no de fashion of France; it is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen; see the issue of his search. [*Exeunt* PAGE, CAIUS, *and* EVANS.

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or Sir John.

Mrs. Page. What a talking was he in when your husband ask'd what was in the basket!

[15] *To-night*, here, is *the past night*, or *last night*. Repeatedly so.

[16] Critics have differed greatly as to the meaning of *uncape*. It is evidently used as a hunting-term. I suspect it means "let loose the dogs"; that is, *uncollar* or *uncouple* them; which latter word, indeed, Hanmer substituted in the text. And this explanation is not a little strengthened by a writer in *The Edinburgh Review*, October, 1872, who, though he cites no passage directly to the point, goes far towards proving that *cape* was used as synonymous with *collar;* so that "the words *uncape*, *uncollar*, or *uncouple* would each mean the same thing, and all would be easily, if not equally intelligible." As the custom in fox-hunting was, to keep the hounds back till the game was ready or *unearthed*, by fastening them together by the necks, this meaning seems most suitable to the occasion.

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

Mrs. Ford. I think my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that; and we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion Mistress Quickly to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs. Page. We will do it: let him be sent for to-morrow eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, *and Sir* HUGH EVANS.

Ford. I cannot find him: may be the knave bragg'd of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. [*Aside to Mrs.* FORD.] Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. [*Aside to Mrs.* PAGE.] Ay, ay, peace.—You use me well, Master Ford, do you?

Ford. Ay, I do so.

Mrs. Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen!

Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, Master Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Evans. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, Heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment!

Caius. By gar, nor I too: dere is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, Master Ford! are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not

ha' your distemper in this kind for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, Master Page: I suffer for it.

Evans. You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a 'omans as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

Ford. Well; — I promised you a dinner: — come, come, walk in the Park: I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this. — Come, wife; — come, Mistress Page. — I pray you, pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast: after, we'll a-birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush. Shall it be so?

Ford. Any thing.

Evans. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

Caius. If dere be one or two, I shall make-a de turd.

Ford. Pray you, go, Master Page.

Evans. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine Host.

Caius. Dat is good; by gar, vit all my heart.

Evans. A lousy knave, to have his gibes and his mockeries! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *A Room in* PAGE'S *House.*

Enter FENTON *and* ANNE PAGE.

Fent. I see I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

Anne. Alas, how then?

Fent. Why, thou must be thyself.
He doth object I am too great of birth;

And that, my state being gall'd with my expense,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth:
Besides, these other bars he lays before me, —
My riots past, my wild societies;
And tells me 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee but as a property.

Anne. May be he tells you true.

Fent. No, Heaven so speed me in my time to come!
Albeit I will confess thy father's wealth
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne:
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold or sums in sealèd bags;
And 'tis the very riches of thyself
That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle Master Fenton,
Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, sir:
If importunity and humblest suit
Cannot attain it, why, then — Hark you hither.

[*They converse apart.*

Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and Mistress* QUICKLY.

Shal. Break their talk, Mistress Quickly: my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't:[1] 'slid, 'tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not dismay'd.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that, — but that I am afeard.

Quick. Hark ye; Master Slender would speak a word with you.

[1] A *shaft* was a long slender arrow, a *bolt* a short thick one. The phrase in the text seems to have been proverbial, meaning, most likely, "I'll do it one way or another." — '*Slid* is a disguised oath; *God's lid.*

Anne. I come to him. — [*Aside.*] This is my father's choice.
O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a-year!

Quick. And how does good Master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father!

Slen. I had a father, Mistress Anne; my uncle can tell you good jests of him. — Pray you, uncle, tell Mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Glostershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a squire.[2]

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good Master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort. — She calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, Master Slender, —

Slen. Now, good Mistress Anne, —

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will! 'od's heartlings, that's a pretty jest indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank Heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give Heaven praise.

Anne. I mean, Master Slender, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing

[2] The meaning is, "come who will, that is of lower rank than an esquire." *Cut and long-tail* includes all sorts of dogs; and Slender is specially familiar with proverbial phrases of the chase.

with you. Your father and my uncle have made motions: if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole![3] They can tell you how things go better than I can: you may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter PAGE *and Mistress* PAGE.

Page. Now, Master Slender:—love him, daughter Anne.—
Why, how now! what does Master Fenton here?
You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house:
I told you, sir, my daughter is disposed of.

Fent. Nay, Master Page, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good Master Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good Master Fenton.—
Come, Master Shallow; come, son Slender; in.—
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, Master Fenton.

[*Exeunt* PAGE, SHAL., *and* SLEN.

Quick. Speak to Mistress Page.

Fent. Good Mistress Page, for that I love your daughter
In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and manners,
I must advance the colours of my love,
And not retire: let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yond fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.

Quick. That's my master, master doctor.

Anne. Alas, I had rather be set quick i' the earth,
And bowl'd to death with turnips![4]

[3] Another proverbial saying, meaning, "may it be his *lot* to be happy!" *Dole* is *portion*, that which is *doled* or *dealt* out to one.

[4] So, in Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*: "Would I had been set in the ground, all but the head of me, and had my brains bowl'd at."

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself. — Good Master Fenton,
I will not be your friend nor enemy:
My daughter will I question how she loves you,
And as I find her, so am I affected.
Till then farewell, sir: she must needs go in;
Her father will be angry.

Fent. Farewell, gentle mistress. — Farewell, Nan.

[*Exeunt Mrs.* PAGE *and* ANNE.

Quick. This is my doing now: — *Nay,* said I, *will you cast away your child on a fool and a physician? Look on Master Fenton:* — this is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-night[5]
Give my sweet Nan this ring: there's for thy pains.

Quick. Now Heaven send thee good fortune! [*Exit* FENTON.] — A kind heart he hath: 'a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet I would my master had Mistress Anne; or I would Master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would Master Fenton had her: I will do what I can for them all three; for so I have promised, and I'll be as good as my word; but speciously for Master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to Sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses: what a beast am I to slack it! [*Exit.*

SCENE V. — *A Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, I say, —

Bard. Here, sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in't. [*Exit* BARD.] — Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like

[5] "*Once* to-night" is *sometime* to-night. So the Poet uses *once* repeatedly.

a barrow of butcher's offal, and to be thrown in the Thames? Well, if I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out, and butter'd, and give them to a dog for a new-year's gift. The rogues slighted[1] me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drown'd a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i' the litter: and you may know by my size that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking; if the bottom were as deep as Hell, I should down. I had been drown'd, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow, — a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man; and what a thing should I have been when I had been swell'd! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Re-enter BARDOLPH *with sack.*

Bard. Here's Mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water; for my belly's as cold as if I had swallow'd snowballs for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman?

Enter Mistress QUICKLY.

Quick. By your leave; I cry you mercy:[2] give your Worship good morrow.

Fal. Take away these chalices. Go brew me a pottle of sack finely.

Bard. With eggs, sir?

Fal. Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage. [*Exit* BARDOLPH.] — How now!

Quick. Marry, sir, I come to your Worship from Mistress Ford.

[1] *Slighted* is *threw carelessly;* a rather odd use of *slight;* but the Poet has it elsewhere in the sense of *treat with slight regard.*

[2] A phrase in constant use for "I ask your pardon."

Fal. Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough; I was thrown into the ford; I have my belly full of ford.

Quick. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

Quick. Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn[3] your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a-birding; she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine: I must carry her word quickly: she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her: tell her so; and bid her think what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quick. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

Quick. Eight and nine, sir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not miss her.

Quick. Peace be with you, sir. [*Exit.*

Fal. I marvel I hear not of Master Brook; he sent me word to stay within: I like his money well. O, here he comes.

Enter FORD *disguised.*

Ford. Bless you, sir!

Fal. Now, Master Brook,—you come to know what hath pass'd between me and Ford's wife?

Ford. That, indeed, Sir John, is my business.

Fal. Master Brook, I will not lie to you: I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And how sped you, sir?

[3] To *yearn* was to *vex*, *grieve*, or *distress*, a sense of the word now obsolete.

Fal. Very ill-favouredly, Master Brook.

Ford. How so, sir? Did she change her determination?

Fal. No, Master Brook; but the peaking cornuto[4] her husband, Master Brook, dwelling in a continual 'larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kiss'd, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one Mistress Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and, by her invention and Ford's wife's direction, they convey'd me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket!

Fal. By the Lord, a buck-basket! ramm'd me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, greasy napkins; that, Master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villainous smell that ever offended nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, Master Brook, what I have suffer'd to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus cramm'd in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were call'd forth by their mistress to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door, who ask'd them once or twice what they had in their bas-

[4] A *peaking cornuto* is a *moping* or *sneaking cuckold*; *cornute* or *cornuto* meaning *horned*. The imputing of ideal horns to a man thus abused runs far back in Greek and Roman usage, and, I believe, has never been delved to the root. See vol. ii., page 47, note 11.

ket: I quaked for fear, lest the lunatic knave would[5] have search'd it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well; on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, Master Brook: I suffered the pangs of three several deaths; first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with[6] a jealous rotten bell-wether; next, to be compass'd, like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point,[7] heel to head; and then, to be stopp'd in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease: think of that,—a man of my kidney,—think of that,—that am as subject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw: it was a miracle to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stew'd in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cool'd, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe; think of that,—hissing hot,—think of that, Master Brook.

Ford. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffer'd all this. My suit, then, is desperate; you'll undertake her no more?

Fal. Master Brook, I will be thrown into Etna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a-birding: I have received from her another embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, Master Brook.

[5] *Would* for *should;* the auxiliaries *could, should,* and *would,* being, as I have noted before, used interchangeably in the Poet's time.

[6] An instance of *with* where present usage requires *by.* So in Antony's speech, *Julius Cæsar,* iii. 2: "Here is himself marr'd, as you see, *with* traitors." To denote the agent of an action, with a passive verb, *by, of,* and *with* were used indifferently, in the Poet's time, but *of* most commonly used. So in the English Bible *passim.*

[7] One great boast of the sword-blades made at Bilboa was, that they could be bent till point and hilt met together, without damage. See page 13, note 20.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address[8] me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her. Adieu. You shall have her, Master Brook; Master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford. [*Exit.*

Ford. Hum,—ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake! awake, Master Ford! there's a hole made in your best coat, Master Ford. This 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen and buck-baskets! Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the lecher; he is at my house; he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a halfpenny purse, nor into a pepper-box: but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not shall not make me tame: if I have horns to make me mad, let the proverb go with me,—I'll be horn-mad. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Street.*

Enter Mistress PAGE, *Mistress* QUICKLY, *and* WILLIAM.

Mrs. Page. Is he at Master Ford's already, think'st thou?

Quick. Sure he is by this, or will be presently: but, truly, he is very courageous[1] mad about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by-and-by; I'll but bring my

[8] To *address* is, in old English, to *make ready* or *prepare*.

[1] *Courageous* is a Quicklyism for *outrageous*, probably.

young man here to school. Look, where his master comes: 'tis a playing-day, I see. —

Enter Sir Hugh Evans.

How now, Sir Hugh! no school to-day?

Evans. No; Master Slender is get the boys leave to play.

Quick. Blessing of his heart!

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says my son profits nothing in the world at his book. I pray you, ask him some questions in his accidence.

Evans. Come hither, William; hold up your head; come.

Mrs. Page. Come on, sirrah; hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid.

Evans. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

Quick. Truly, I thought there had been one number more, because they say, 'Od's-nouns.

Evans. Peace your tattlings. — What is *fair*, William?

Will. *Pulcher.*

Quick. Polecats! there are fairer things than polecats, sure.

Evans. You are a very simplicity 'oman: I pray you, peace. — What is *lapis*, William?

Will. A stone.

Evans. And what is a stone, William?

Will. A pebble.

Evans. No, it is *lapis:* I pray you, remember in your prain.

Will. *Lapis.*

Evans. That is a good William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun, and be thus declined, *Singulariter, nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc.*

Evans. *Nominativo, hig, hag, hog;* — pray you, mark: *genitivo, hujus.* Well, what is your accusative case?

Will. *Accusativo, hunc.*

Evans. I pray you, have your remembrance, child; *accusativo, hung, hang, hog.*

Quick. Hang-hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

Evans. Leave your prabbles, 'oman. — What is the focative case, William?

Will. *O, — Vocativo, O.*

Evans. Remember, William; focative is *caret.*

Quick. And that's a good root.

Evans. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace!

Evans. What is your genitive case plural, William?

Will. Genitive case!

Evans. Ay.

Will. *Genitivo, — horum, harum, horum.*

Quick. Vengeance of Jenny's case! fie on her! — never name her, child, if she be a whore.

Evans. For shame, 'oman.

Quick. You do ill to teach the child such words: — he teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do fast enough of themselves, and to call whorum: — fie upon you!

Evans. 'Oman, art thou lunatics? hast thou no understandings for thy cases, and the numbers and the genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures as I would desires.

Mrs. Page. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace.

Evans. Show me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Evans. It is *qui, quæ, quod:* if you forget your *quies,* your *quæs,* and your *quods,* you must be preeches.[2] Go your ways, and play; go.

[2] *Preeches* is Sir Hugh's word for *breeched,* that is *flogged.* So in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Little French Lawyer,* v. 1: "Kneeling and whining like a boy *new-breech'd.*" And in *The Hog hath lost his Pearl:* "Had not

Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar than I thought he was.

Evans. He is a good sprag[3] memory. Farewell, Mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good Sir Hugh. [*Exit Sir* HUGH.] — Get you home, boy. — Come, we stay too long. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *A Room in* FORD'S *House.*

Enter FALSTAFF *and Mistress* FORD.

Fal. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance. I see you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, Mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He's a-birding, sweet Sir John.

Mrs. Page. [*Within.*] What, ho, gossip Ford! what, ho!

Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, Sir John.

[*Exit* FALSTAFF.

Enter Mistress PAGE.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweetheart! who's at home besides yourself?

Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed!

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly. [*Aside to her.*] Speak louder.

Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old

his courteous serving-man convey'd me away, whilst he went to fetch whips, I think in my conscience he would have *breech'd* me."

[3] *Sprag* for *sprack*, which means *ready* or *quick*, like our *spry*.

lunes[1] again: he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, *Peer out, peer out!*[2] that any madness I ever yet beheld seem'd but tameness, civility, and patience, to this his distemper he is in now: I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and swears he was carried out, the last time he search'd for him, in a basket; protests to my husband he is now here; and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion: but I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, Mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Hard by; at street end; he will be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone! the knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why, then you are utterly shamed, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you! Away with him, away with him! better shame than murder.

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i' the basket. May I not go out ere he come?

Mrs. Page. Alas, three of Master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none shall issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what make you here?

[1] *Lunes* for *fits of lunacy*, or *mad freaks*. So in *Troilus and Cressida*, ii. 3: "His pettish *lunes*, his ebbs, his flows."

[2] So, it appears, children were wont to sport in calling on a snail to thrust forth its horns:

Peer out, peer out, peer out of your hole,
Or else I'll beat you as black as a coal.

Fal. What shall I do? I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces.

Mrs. Page. Creep into the kiln-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract[3] for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note: there is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I'll go out, then.

Mrs. Page. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir John. Unless you go out disguised,—

Mrs. Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mrs. Page. Alas the day, I know not! There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, devise something: any extremity rather than a mischief.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will serve him; she's as big as he is: and there's her thrumm'd hat, and her muffler too.[4]—Run up, Sir John.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir John: Mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick! we'll come dress you straight: put on the gown the while. [*Exit* FALSTAFF.

Mrs. Ford. I would my husband would meet him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he swears she's a witch; forbade her my house, and hath threaten'd to beat her.

[3] *Abstract* for *brief statement* or *inventory* written out.

[4] A hat made of weaver's tufts or *thrums*, or of coarse cloth.—A *muffler* was an article of female attire which covered only the lower part of the face.

Mrs. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel, and the Devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good sadness,[5] is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here presently: let's go dress him like the witch of Brentford.

Mrs. Ford. I'll first direct my men what they shall do with the basket. Go up; I'll bring linen for him straight. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honest too:
We do not act that often jest and laugh;
'Tis old, but true, — Still swine eat all the draff. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Mistress FORD *with two* Servants.

Mrs. Ford. Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders: your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him: quickly, dispatch. [*Exit.*

1 Serv. Come, come, take it up.

2 Serv. Pray Heaven it be not full of knight again.

1 Serv. I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

Enter FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, CAIUS, *and Sir* HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, Master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again? — Set down the basket,

5 "Good *sadness*" is good *earnest.* *Sad* and *sadness* were often used thus. See vol. iv., page 170, note 11.

villains! — Somebody call my wife. — Youth in a basket! — O you panderly rascals! there's a knot, a ging,[6] a pack, a conspiracy against me: now shall the Devil be shamed. — What, wife, I say! come, come forth! behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching!

Page. Why, this passes! Master Ford, you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinion'd.

Evans. Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog!

Shal. Indeed, Master Ford, this is not well; indeed.

Ford. So say I too, sir. —

Re-enter Mistress FORD.

Come hither, Mistress Ford; Mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband! I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven be my witness you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, brazen-face! hold it out. — Come forth, sirrah! [*Pulling the clothes out of the basket.*

Page. This passes![7]

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed? let the clothes alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Evans. 'Tis unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say!

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why, —

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one convey'd out of my house yesterday in this basket: why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable. — Pluck me out all the linen.

6 *Ging* is but another form of *gang*, still in use.

7 *Exceeds* or *goes beyond* all bounds; *surpasses* belief.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, Master Ford; this wrongs you.

Evans. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor nowhere else but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time. If I find not what I seek, show no colour for my extremity; let me for ever be your table-sport; let them say of me, *As jealous as Ford, that search'd a hollow walnut for his wife's leman.*[8] Satisfy me once more; once more search with me.

Mrs. Ford. What, ho, Mistress Page! come you and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! what old woman's that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure; and such daubery[9] as this is beyond our element; we know nothing.—Come down, you witch, you hag, you; come down, I say!

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good, sweet husband,—Good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

Re-enter FALSTAFF *in women's clothes, led by Mrs.* PAGE.

Mrs. Page. Come, Mother Prat; come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll prat her.—[*Beating him.*] Out of my door, you

[8] *Leman* was in frequent use for *lover* or *paramour*.

[9] *Daubery* is *imposture* or *juggling*. To *daub* was used in like sort for to *disguise*.

witch, you hag, you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon![10] out, out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you.

[*Exit* FALSTAFF.

Mrs. Page. Are you not ashamed? I think you have kill'd the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it.—'Tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Evans. By yea and no, I think the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard: I spy a great peard under her muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow; see but the issue of my jealousy: if I cry out thus upon no trail,[11] never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: come, gentlemen. [*Exeunt* FORD, PAGE, SHAL., CAIUS, *and* EVANS.

Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by the Mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the cudgel hallow'd, and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? may we, with the warrant of womanhood and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of him: if the Devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery,[12] he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

10 *Ronyon* was a term of intense disgust, signifying a mangy or scabby creature; from the French *rogneux*.

11 Terms of hunting. The *trail* is the scented track of the game; and *cry out* refers to the barking of the dogs on finding the trail. See vol. v., page 184, note 21.

12 Legal terms, and used with strict propriety according to the practice of the time. Ritson, a lawyer, remarks upon the passage: "Fee-simple is the *largest* estate, and fine and recovery the strongest assurance, known to

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures[13] out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant they'll have him publicly shamed: and methinks there would be no period[14] to the jest, should he not be publicly shamed.

Mrs. Page. Come, to the forge with it, then; shape it: I would not have things cool. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter the Host *and* BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the Duke himself will be to-morrow at Court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What Duke should that be comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the Court. Let me speak with the gentlemen: they speak English?

Bard. Ay, sir; I'll call them to you.

English law." So that the meaning is, "If Falstaff be not, to all intents and purposes, the Devil's own," &c.—Commentators have wondered how Mrs. Page came to know so much of legal terms. But is it not equally strange that Shakespeare's average characters should, in their ordinary talk, speak greater poetry than any other poet has written?—"He will never, I think," &c., is another legal phrase, meaning, "he will never again attempt to ruin us, or to *lay waste* our good name."

[13] *Figures* for *fancies, imaginations,* or *visionary forms.* So in *Julius Cæsar,* ii. 1: "Thou hast no *figures* nor no fantasies, which busy care draws in the brains of men."

[14] I suspect *period* is here used in the sense of *completeness,* as, in writing, a period is supposed to *complete* the expression of a thought. Others explain it *catastrophe* or *fitting conclusion.*

Host. They shall have my horses; but I'll make them pay; I'll sauce them: they have had my house a week at command; I have turn'd away my other guests: they must come off;[1] I'll sauce them. Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* FORD'S *House.*

Enter PAGE, FORD, *Mistress* PAGE, *Mistress* FORD, *and Sir* HUGH EVANS.

Evans. 'Tis one of the best discretions of a 'oman as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt;
I rather will suspect the Sun with cold[2]
Than thee with wantonness: now doth thy honour stand,
In him that was of late an heretic,
As firm as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more:
Be not as éxtreme in submission
As in offence.
But let our plot go forward: let our wives
Yet once again, to make us public sport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page. How! to send him word they'll meet him in the Park at midnight? Fie, fie! he'll never come.

[1] To *come off* is a phrase often met with in old plays; meaning, as we now say, *come down* with the cash.

[2] Suspect the Sun *of coldness.* Another instance of *with* where present usage requires *of.* See page 76, note 6.

Evans. You say he has been thrown in the rivers; and has been grievously peaten, as an old 'oman: methinks there should be terrors in him that he should not come; methinks his flesh is punish'd, he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you'll use him when he comes,
And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,
Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,
Doth all the winter-time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;
And there he blasts the trees, and takes[3] the cattle,
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain
In a most hideous and dreadful manner:
You've heard of such a spirit; and well you know
The superstitious idle-headed eld
Received, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak:
But what of this?

Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our device;
That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us,
Disguised like Herne, with huge horns on his head.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come;
And in this shape when you have brought him thither,
What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

Mrs. Page. That likewise have we thought upon, and thus:
Nan Page my daughter, and my little son,
And three or four more of their growth, we'll dress

[3] To *take*, as here used, is to *blast* or to *strike with disease.* So in *King Lear*, ii. 4: "Strike her young bones, you *taking* airs, with lameness."

Like urchins, ouphs,[4] and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands: upon a sudden,
As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a sawpit rush at once
With some diffusèd[5] song: upon their sight,
We two in great amazedness will fly:
Then let them all encircle him about,
And, fairy-like, to-pinch[6] the unclean knight;
And ask him why, that hour of fairy revel,
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread
In shape profane.

Mrs. Ford. And, till he tell the truth,
Let the supposèd fairies pinch him sound,[7]
And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. Page. The truth being known,
We'll all present ourselves, dis-horn the spirit,
And mock him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children must
Be practised well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

Evans. I will teach the children their behaviours; and I will be like a jack-an-apes also, to burn the knight with my taber.

Ford. That will be excellent. I'll go buy them visards.

Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies,

[4] *Ouph* was but another name for *elf* or *goblin*. *Oaf* has the same origin.

[5] *Diffused* for *obscure* or *confused*. Walker notes it as an instance of the Poet's misuse of words. I suspect the usage was deemed proper in his time. So in *King Lear*, i. 4: "If but as well I other accents borrow, that can my speech *diffuse*," &c.; that is, *confuse* or *disguise*.

[6] This use of *to* as an intensive prefix is very common in old writers, as *be* is still used in such words as *besmear*. *To* was in such cases often coupled with *all*. Thus Spenser has *all to-torn* and *all to-rent*, and Milton *all to-ruffled*.

[7] *Sound* for *soundly*. Shakespeare has many instances of adjectives thus used adverbially; still legitimate in poetry.

Finely attirèd in a robe of white.

Page. That silk will I go buy: — [*Aside.*] and in that trim
Shall Master Slender steal my Nan away,
And marry her at Eton. — Go send to Falstaff straight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in name of Brook:
He'll tell me all his purpose: sure, he'll come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that. Go get us properties,[8]
And tricking for our fairies.

Evans. Let us about it: it is admirable pleasures and fery honest knaveries. [*Exeunt* PAGE, FORD, *and* EVANS.

Mrs. Page. Go, Mistress Ford,
Send quickly to Sir John, to know his mind. —
[*Exit Mrs.* FORD.
I'll to the doctor: he hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.
That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot;
And he my husband best of all affects.
The doctor is well money'd, and his friends
Potent at Court: he, none but he, shall have her,
Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. — *A Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter the Host *and* SIMPLE.

Host. What wouldst thou have, boor? what, thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

Sim. Marry, sir, I come to speak with Sir John Falstaff from Master Slender.

Host. There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed, and truckle-bed;[1] 'tis painted about with the story of

[8] *Properties* was in common use for theatrical furniture, such as masks, visards, and dresses. See vol. iii., page 21, note 9.

[1] The *truckle-bed*, formerly well-known in New England as *trundle-bed*, was a small low bed, set on castors, so as to be run under a higher and

the Prodigal,[2] fresh and new. Go knock and call; he'll speak like an Anthropophaginian[3] unto thee: knock, I say.

Sim. There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber: I'll be so bold as stay, sir, till she come down; I come to speak with her, indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat woman! the knight may be robbed: I'll call.—Bully knight! bully Sir John! speak from thy lungs military: art thou there? it is thine Host, thine Ephesian,[4] calls.

Fal. [*Above.*] How now, mine Host!

Host. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar tarries the coming down of thy fat woman. Let her descend, bully, let her descend; my chambers are honourable: fie! privacy? fie!

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. There was, mine Host, an old fat woman even now with me; but she's gone.

Sim. Pray you, sir, was't not the wise woman of Brentford?

Fal. Ay, marry, was it, muscle-shell:[5] what would you with her?

Sim. My master, sir, Master Slender, sent to her, seeing her go thorough the streets, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguiled him of a chain, had the chain or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

larger bed in the day-time. In Shakespeare's time, chambers were commonly furnished with both, the standing-bed for the master, the truckle-bed for his servant.

[2] Bed-curtains and tapestries were often embroidered with figures from Scripture subjects, such as the Prodigal Son, Lazarus, and others. Shakespeare has divers allusions to them.

[3] *Anthropophaginian* is, literally, *man-eater*, or *cannibal.* Mine Host is trying to astonish and bewilder poor Simple with big words.

[4] *Ephesian* was a sort of cant term for *jolly companion*, *toper*, &c.

[5] Simple is called *muscle-shell* probably because he stands with his mouth open.

Sim. And what says she, I pray, sir?

Fal. Marry, she says that the very same man that beguiled Master Slender of his chain cozen'd him of it.

Sim. I would I could have spoken with the woman herself; I had other things to have spoken with her too from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Host. Ay, come; quick.

Sim. I may not conceal[6] them, sir.

Host. Conceal them, or thou diest.

Sim. Why, sir, they were nothing but about Mistress Anne Page; to know if it were my master's fortune to have her or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Sim. What, sir?

Fal. To have her, — or no. Go; say the woman told me so.

Sim. May I be bold to say so, sir?

Fal. Ay, sir; like who more bold.[7]

Sim. I thank your Worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [*Exit.*

Host. Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, Sir John. Was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine Host; one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learn'd before in my life; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Out, alas, sir! cozenage, mere cozenage:

Host. Where be my horses? speak well of them, varletto.

Bard. Run away with by the cozeners: for so soon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off, from behind one of them, in a slough of mire; and set spurs and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses.[8]

[6] The "muscle-shell" means *reveal.*

[7] That is, like, or equally with, *the boldest.*

[8] Dr. Faustus, the great German magician, had become well known through Marlowe's play.

Host. They are gone but to meet the Duke, villain: do not say they be fled; Germans are honest men.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS.

Evans. Where is mine Host?

Host. What is the matter, sir?

Evans. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me there is three cozen-germans that has cozen'd all the hosts of Readings, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good will, look you: you are wise, and full of gibes and vlouting-stogs, and 'tis not convenient you should be cozen'd. Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Enter Doctor CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is mine Host de Jarteer?

Host. Here, master doctor, in perplexity and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat: but it is tell-a me dat you make grand preparation for a Duke de Jarmany: by my trot, dere is no duke dat de Court is know to come. I tell you for good vill: adieu. [*Exit.*

Host. Hue and cry, villain, go!—Assist me, knight.—I am undone!—Fly, run, hue and cry, villain!—I am undone!

[*Exeunt* Host *and* BARD.

Fal. I would all the world might be cozen'd; for I have been cozen'd and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the Court how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been wash'd and cudgell'd, they would melt me out of my fat drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me: I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits till I were as crest-fallen as a dried pear. I never prosper'd since I forswore myself at primero.[9] Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.—

[9] *Primero* was a fashionable game at cards.

Enter Mistress QUICKLY.

Now, whence come you?

Quick. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The Devil take one party, and his dam the other! and so they shall be both bestowed. I have suffer'd more for their sakes, more than the villainous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

Quick. And have not they suffer'd? Yes, I warrant; speciously one of them: Mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford: but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, deliver'd me, the knave constable had set me i' the stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch.

Quick. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber: you shall hear how things go; and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not serve Heaven well, that you are so cross'd.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Another Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FENTON *and the* Host.

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy: I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me speak. Assist me in my purpose,
And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee
A hundred pound in gold more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, Master Fenton; and I will at the least keep your counsel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page;
Who mutually hath answer'd my affection,
So far forth as herself might be her chooser,
Even to my wish: I have a letter from her
Of such contents as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof so larded with my matter,
That neither singly can be manifested
Without the show of both; wherein fat Falstaff
Hath a great share: the image of the jest
I'll show you here at large. Hark, good mine Host.
To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,
Must my sweet Nan present the Fairy Queen;
The purpose why, is here: in which disguise,
While other jests are something rank on foot,
Her father hath commanded her to slip
Away with Slender, and with him at Eton
Immediately to marry: she hath consented.
Now, sir,
Her mother, ever strong against that match,
And firm for Doctor Caius, hath appointed
That he shall likewise shuffle her away,
While other sports are tasking of their minds,
And at the deanery, where a priest attends,
Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot
She seemingly obedient, likewise hath
Made promise to the doctor. Now, thus it rests:
Her father means she shall be all in white;
And in that habit, when Slender sees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her go,
She shall go with him: her mother hath intended,
The better to denote her to the doctor,—
For they must all be mask'd and visarded,—

That quaint[1] in green she shall be loose enrobed,
With ribands pendent, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token,
The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive, father or mother?

Fent. Both, my good Host, to go along with me:
And here it rests,—that you'll procure the vicar
To stay for me at church 'twixt twelve and one,
And, in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united[2] ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your device; I'll to the vicar:
Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fent. So shall I evermore be bound to thee;
Besides, I'll make a present recompense. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF *and Mistress* QUICKLY.

Fal. Pr'ythee, no more prattling; go: I'll hold. This is the third time; I hope good luck lies in odd numbers. Away, go. They say there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death. Away.

Quick. I'll provide you a chain; and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

[1] *Quaint* here means *elegant, graceful, well-fancied.*

[2] *United* for *uniting*, the passive form with the active sense, in accordance with the usage of Shakespeare's time. See vol. v., page 70, note 4.

Fal. Away, I say; time wears: hold up your head, and mince.[1]— [*Exit Mrs.* QUICKLY.

Enter FORD *disguised.*

How now, Master Brook! Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, Master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man: but I came from her, Master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave Ford, her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, Master Brook, that ever govern'd frenzy. I will tell you: He beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of man, Master Brook, I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam; because I know also life is a shuttle.[2] I am in haste; go along with me: I'll tell you all, Master Brook. Since I pluck'd geese, play'd truant, and whipp'd top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten till lately. Follow me: I'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford; on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand. Follow:—strange things in hand, Master Brook:—follow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Windsor Park.*

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.

Page. Come, come; we'll couch i' the castle-ditch till we see the light of our fairies.—Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

Slen. Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her, and we have

[1] To *mince*, as the word is here used, is to *walk mincingly* or *affectedly*, cutting the way up fine with short steps.

[2] Alluding to Job, vii, 6: "My days are swifter than a weaver's *shuttle*."

a nay-word how to know one another: I come to her in white, and cry *mum;* she cries *budget;* and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good, too; but what needs either your *mum* or her *budget?* the white will decipher her well enough.— It hath struck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark; light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the Devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Street leading to the Park.*

Enter Mistress PAGE, *Mistress* FORD, *and Doctor* CAIUS.

Mrs. Page. Master doctor, my daughter is in green: when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and dispatch it quickly. Go before into the Park: we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do. Adieu.

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit* CAIUS.]—My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter: but 'tis no matter; better a little chiding than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now and her troop of fairies? and the Welsh devil, Hugh?

Mrs. Page. They are all couch'd in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscured lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amazed, he will be mock'd; if he be amazed, he will every way be mock'd.

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Against such lewdsters and their lechery
Those that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on. To the oak, to the oak! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *Windsor Park.*

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS *disguised as a Satyr, with* ANNE PAGE *and others as Fairies.*

Evans. Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember your parts: be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and, when I give the watch-'ords, do as I pid you. Come, come; trib, trib. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. — *Another Part of the Park.*

Enter FALSTAFF *disguised as Herne, with a buck's head on.*

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on. Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me! — Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns: O powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man; in some other, a man a beast. You were also, Jupiter, a swan for the love of Leda: O omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose! A fault done first in the form of a beast; O Jove, a beastly fault! and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl; think on't, Jove; a foul fault! When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, i' the forest. Send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow?[1] — Who comes here? my doe?

[1] A technical phrase; well explained from Turberville's *Book of Hunting*, 1575: "During the time of their rut the harts live with small sustenance. — The red mushroome helpeth well to make them pysse their greace, they are then so vehement in heat."

Enter Mistress FORD *and Mistress* PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John! art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

Fal. My doe with the black scut![2] Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of *Green Sleeves,* hail kissing-comfits, and snow eryngoes;[3] let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here.

[*Embracing her.*

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart.

Fal. Divide me like a bribed buck,[4] each a haunch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk,[5] and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman,[6] ha? Speak I like Herne the hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome! [*Noise within.*

Mrs. Page. Alas, what noise?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal. What should this be?

Mrs. Ford. } *Mrs. Page.* } Away, away! [*They run off.*

Fal. I think the Devil will not have me damn'd, lest the

[2] *Scut* is *rump* or *tail;* about the same as the Latin *cauda.*

[3] The sweet potato was used in England long before the introduction of the common potato, in 1586. Both the sweet potato and the eryngo were thought to have strong aphrodisiacal properties. *Kissing-comfits* were *candies* perfumed to make the breath sweet.

[4] It was long in controversy what *bribed buck* could mean here, and whether it were not a misprint. Singer fairly settles the question thus: "*A bribed buck* was *a buck cut up* to be given away in portions. *Bribes* in old French were portions or fragments of meat which were given away. Hence *bribeur* was a beggar, and the old French *bribour,* a petty thief." This explanation accords well with the context.

[5] "The fellow of this walk" is the *keeper* of this park: the shoulders of the buck were among his perquisites.

[6] The *woodman* was an attendant on the forester. The word is here used in a wanton sense, for one who hunts female game.

oil that's in me should set Hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS, *as a Satyr; another person, as Hobgoblin;* ANNE PAGE, *as the Fairy Queen, attended by her Brother and others, as Fairies, with waxen tapers on their heads.*

Anne. Fairies, black, gray, green, and white,
You moonshine revellers, and shades of night,
You ouphen-heirs of fixèd destiny,[7]
Attend your office and your quality. —
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy Oyes.[8]

Hobgob. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys.
Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'st unraked and hearths unswep,[9]
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry:
Our radiant Queen hates sluts and sluttery.[10]

Fal. They're fairies; he that speaks to them shall die:
I'll wink and couch: no man their works must eye.
[*Lies down upon his face.*

Evans. Where's Pead? — Go you, and where you find a maid
That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,

[7] "*Ouphen-heirs* of fixèd destiny," if such be the right reading, means, apparently, *young fairies* whose destiny is fixed and unchangeable, or who execute the firm decrees of fate. See Critical Notes.

[8] *Oyes* is *hear ye*, from the French *Oyez*. It was used by public criers as a sort of call or summons, to introduce the matter of an advertisement or proclamation. — *Quality*, in the line before, is *profession* or *function*.

[9] *Unswep* is an old form of *unswept;* used here as a rhyme to *leap*.

[10] This office of the ancient fairies seems to have been a favourite theme with the poets. We find divers allusions to it in old ballad poetry, and Drayton thus sings it in his *Nymphidia:*

These make our girls their sluttery rue,
By pinching them both black and blue,
And put a penny in their shoe,
The house for cleanly sweeping.

Rein up the organs of her fantasy;[11]
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy:
But those as[12] sleep and think not on their sins,
Pinse them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins.
Anne. About, about;
Search Windsor Castle, elves, within and out:
Strew good luck, ouphs, on every sacred room;
That it may stand till the perpetual doom,
In seat as wholesome as in state 'tis fit,
Worthy the owner, and the owner it.
The several chairs of order look you scour
With juice of balm and every precious flower:[13]
Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,
With loyal blazon, evermore be blest!
And nightly, meadow-faries, look you sing,
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring:
Th' expressure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;
And *Honi soit qui mal y pense* write
In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white;
Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee:—
Fairies use flowers for their charáctery.[14]

11 *Fantasy* here stands for *sensual desire*, the "sinful fantasy" reproved afterwards in the fairies' Song. *Rein up* means *check*, *restrain*, or *repress*. See Critical Notes.

12 *As* and *that* were among the words used interchangeably in the Poet's time. He has many instances of each where present usage would require the other. So in *Julius Cæsar*, i. 2: "Under *these* hard conditions *as* this time is like to lay on us." Also, in Bacon's essay *Of Wisdom for a Man's Self:* "It is the nature of extreme self-lovers, *as* they will set a house on fire, an it were but to roast their eggs."

13 Luxurious people used to make their furniture smell sweet by rubbing it with aromatic herbs. Pliny tells us that the Romans did so, to drive away evil spirits. Perhaps they found that penny-royal would keep off musquitoes.

14 *Charactery* is writing by characters, or figures of occult significance.

Away; disperse: but, till 'tis one o'clock,
Our dance of custom round about the oak
Of Herne the hunter let us not forget.

Evans. Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourselves in order set;
And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,
To guide our measure round about the tree.
But, stay; I smell a man of middle-earth.

Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welsh fairy, lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

Hobgob. Vile worm, thou wast o'erlook'd[15] even in thy birth.

Anne. With trial-fire touch me his finger-end:
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,
And turn him to no pain; but, if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Hobgob. A trial, come.

Evans. Come, will this wood take fire?

[*They burn him with their tapers.*

Fal. O, O, O!

Anne. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire! —
About him, fairies; sing a scornful rhyme;
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

SONG.

Fie on sinful fantasy!
Fie on lust and luxury!
Lust is but a bloody fire,[16]
Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart; whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.

[15] *O'erlook'd* here means *bewitched* by an evil eye. The eyes of fairies and witches were believed to be full of spells and enchantments.

[16] "A *bloody fire*" here means a fire *sprung from* the blood, probably.

Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villainy;
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles and starlight and moonshine be out.

During this song the Fairies pinch FALSTAFF. *Doctor* CAIUS *comes one way, and steals away a Fairy in green;* SLENDER *another way, and takes off a Fairy in white; and* FENTON *comes, and steals away* ANNE PAGE. *A noise of hunting is heard within. The Fairies run away.* FALSTAFF *pulls off his buck's-head, and rises.*

Enter PAGE, FORD, *Mistress* PAGE, *and Mistress* FORD. *They lay hold on* FALSTAFF.

Page. Nay, do not fly; I think we've watch'd you now:
Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?

Mrs. Page. I pray you, come, hold up the jest no higher.—
Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor wives?—
See you these, husband? do not these fair oaks[17]
Become the forest better than the town?

Ford. Now, sir, who's a cuckold now?—Master Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly knave; here are his horns, Master Brook: and, Master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to Master Brook; his horses are arrested for it, Master Brook.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again; but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too: both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And these are not fairies? I was three or four times

[17] "These fair oaks" are the *branching* horns with which Sir John's head has been beautified.

in the thought they were not fairies: and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a received belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now how wit may be made a Jack-a-Lent, when 'tis upon ill employment!

Evans. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Evans. And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun, and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'er-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welsh goat too? shall I have a coxcomb of frize?[18] 'Tis time I were choked with a piece of toasted cheese.

Evans. Seese is not goot to give putter: your pelly is all putter.

Fal. *Seese* and *putter!* have I lived to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking through the realm.

Mrs. Page. Why, Sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to Hell, that ever the Devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

Mrs. Page. A puff'd man?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intolerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as Job?

[18] Wales was famous for the manufacture of this cloth. The *coxcomb* here meant is the official cap of an "allowed Fool." It was a piece of red woollen cloth cut into the shape of a cock's comb.

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Evans. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and sack, and wine, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearings and starings, pribbles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your theme: you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welsh flannel;[19] ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me:[20] use me as you will.

Ford. Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to one Master Brook, that you have cozen'd of money, to whom you should have been a pander: over and above that you have suffer'd, I think to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee: tell her Master Slender hath married her daughter.

Mrs. Page. [*Aside.*] Doctors doubt that: if Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, Doctor Caius' wife.

Enter SLENDER.

Slen. Whoa, ho! ho, father Page!

Page. Son, how now! how now, son! have you dispatch'd?

Slen. Dispatch'd! I'll make the best in Glostershire know on't; would I were hang'd, la, else!

Page. Of what, son?

Slen. I came yonder at Eton to marry Mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i' the church, I would have swinged him, or he should have swinged me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir! and 'tis a postmaster's boy.

19 Another fabric for which Wales was famous. The word *flannel* is of Welsh origin.

20 "Is able to weigh me down." Well illustrated by a passage which Staunton quotes from Shirley's *Love in a Maze*, iv. 2: "What, art melancholy? What hath hung *plummets* on thy nimble soul?"

Page. Upon my life, then you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl. If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Slen. I went to her in white, and cried *mum*, and she cried *budget*, as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a postmaster's boy.

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry: I knew of your purpose; turn'd my daughter into green; and, indeed, she is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married.

Enter CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is Mistress Page? By gar, I am cozened: I ha' married *un garçon*, a boy; *un paysan*, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page: by gar, I am cozened.

Mrs. Page. Why, did you take her in green?

Caius. Ay, by gar, and 'tis a boy: by gar, I'll raise all Windsor. [*Exit.*

Ford. This is strange. Who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart misgives me: here comes Master Fenton.—

Enter FENTON *and* ANNE PAGE.

How now, Master Fenton!

Anne. Pardon, good father!—good my mother, pardon!

Page. Now, mistress! how chance you went not with Master Slender?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with master doctor, maid?

Fent. You do amaze her: hear the truth of it.
You would have married her most shamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in love.
The truth is, she and I, long since contracted,
Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us.

Th' offence is holy that she hath committed;
And this deceit loses the name of craft,
Of disobedience, or unduteous guile;
Since therein she doth evitate and shun
A thousand irreligious cursèd hours,
Which forcèd marriage would have brought upon her.
Ford. Stand not amazed; here is no remedy:
In love the Heavens themselves do guide the state;
Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.
Fal. I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me,[21] that your arrow hath glanced.
Page. Well, what remedy? — Fenton, Heaven give thee joy! —
What cannot be eschew'd must be embraced.
Fal. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chased
Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no further. — Master Fenton,
Heaven give you many, many merry days! —
Good husband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire;
Sir John and all.
Ford. Let it be so. — Sir John,
To Master Brook you yet shall hold your word:
For he to-night shall lie with Mistress Ford. [*Exeunt.*

21 "Deer-shooting," says Staunton, "was a favourite sport of both sexes in the time of Shakespeare, and, to enable ladies to enjoy it in safety and without fatigue, *stands*, or *standings*, with flat roofs, ornamented and concealed by boughs and bushes, were erected in many parks. Here, armed with the cross-bow or bow and arrows, the fair huntresses were wont to take aim at the animal which the keepers compelled to pass before them." — *Though* seems to be used here rather in a causal than in a concessive sense; that is, for *since* or *inasmuch as.* Repeatedly so. See vol. v., page 184, note 21.

CRITICAL NOTES.

ACT I., SCENE I.

Page 9. *There is Anne Page, which is daughter to Master* George *Page.*—The folio has "*Thomas* Page"; evidently wrong, as he is repeatedly called *George.* Not in the quartos 1602, 1619.

P. 10. Shal. *Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred Pounds?*—Not in the quartos 1602, 1619. The folio assigns this and also Shallow's next speech to Slender. Corrected by Capell.

P. 17. *I hope, upon familiarity will grow more* contempt.—The folio has *content.* The change was made by Theobald, and has been generally received, though I am not sure it ought to have been. Not in the quartos 1602, 1619.

ACT I., SCENE 3.

P. 20. *Let me see thee froth and* lime.—So the quartos. The folio has "froth and *live.*" The quartos are undoubtedly right, as *frothing* of beer and *liming* of sack were notorious tricks of tapsters in the Poet's time. See foot-note 3.

P. 21. *To steal at a* minim's *rest.*—The old copies have "a *minutes* rest." The correction was proposed by Mr. Bennet Langton, and is found in Collier's second folio. See foot-note 5.

P. 22. *He hath studied her* well *and translated her* ill.—Instead of *well* and *ill,* the folio has *will* in both places. The quartos have merely "Hee hath studied her *well.*" As Dyce points out, the old copies repeatedly misprint *will* for *well.* The correction *ill* was proposed by the Cambridge Editors.

P. 23. *Hold, sirrah, bear you these letters tightly;*
Sail like my pinnace to the *golden shores.*— So the quartos. The folio has "*these* golden shores"; *these* being repeated wrongly from the preceding line.

P. 24. *I will discuss the humour of this love to* Page.
Pist. *And I to* Ford *shall eke unfold,* &c.— So the quartos 1602, 1619. The folio has, in the first of these lines, *Ford* instead of *Page*, and the same in Nym's next speech. Also, in the second line, it has *Page* instead of *Ford.*

P. 24. *For* this *revolt of mine is dangerous.*— The folio has "for *the* revolt"; which, as Dyce remarks, "is manifestly wrong, and cannot signify 'my revolt.'" Theobald reads "the revolt of mien," and Walker proposes "the revolt of *mind*"; neither of them very happy, I should say. The reading in the text is Pope's. Not in the quartos 1602, 1619.

ACT I., SCENE 4.

P. 26. *Go and vetch me in my closet* un boitier vert.— The old text has *unboyteene.* Corrected by Rowe.

P. 26. *You are* John Rugby, *and you are* Jack Rugby.— So in the folio; and I quite fail to understand why Mr. White should print "John *Rugabie*" and "Jack *Rogue-by.*" As Dyce notes, "*Jack* was a common term of contempt, and Caius uses it with a quibble."

P. 27. *Vat is in my closet?* villain! larron!— The quarto of 1630 has *villain*, the folio *villanie*, and both have *La-roone.* Not in the other quartos.

P. 28. *I'll do* for *your master what good I can.*— So the second folio. The first has *yoe* instead of *for.*

P. 30. *Will I? i'faith, that* I *will; and I will tell,* &c.— So Hanmer and Collier's second folio. The old text has "that *we* will."

ACT II., SCENE 1.

P. 30. *What, have* I *'scaped love-letters,* &c.— So the quarto of 1630. The folio omits *I.* Not in the other quartos.

P. 30. *Though Love use Reason for his* physician, &c.—Not in the quartos 1603, 1619. The folio has "Reason for his *precisian*"; which Walker dismisses with a "Bah!" The reading in the text is Johnson's, and is given in Collier's second folio.

P. 30. *If the love of* a *soldier can suffice.*—So the third folio. The earlier editions omit *a*.

P. 31. *What unweighed behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard pick'd out of my conversation*, &c.—Not in the quartos 1602, 1619. The folio reads "What *an* unwaied behaviour." Corrected in the third folio. Capell and White read "What *one* unweighed behaviour." A strange reading, surely.

P. 31. *I'll exhibit a Bill in the Parliament for the putting-down of* fat *men.*—So Theobald. The old text omits *fat.* But Mrs. Ford says afterwards, "I shall think the worse of *fat* men, as long as I have an eye." And in the quartos 1602, 1619, Mrs. Page, a little after reading the letter, says, "Well, I shall trust *fat* men the worse, while I live, for his sake." This is enough to justify the insertion of *fat;* and some qualifying word is obviously required.

P. 32. *But they do no more adhere and keep* pace *together than the* Hundredth Psalm, &c.—Not in the quartos 1602, 1619. The folio has *hundred Psalms.* Corrected by Rowe. The folio also has *place* instead of *pace,* which was proposed by Capell. Dyce notes, "The misprint *place* for *pace* occurs also in *Troilus and Cressida,* iii. 3."

P. 33. *O, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.*—Several editors have stumbled at this, as expressing, or seeming to express, the opposite of what Mrs. Ford intends. But her thought, as I take it, is, to torment her husband by feeding his passion into greater violence. Mr. White, I think, construes the matter rightly: "When we remember Mrs. Ford's character, and that after Falstaff is carried out in the buck-basket she says, 'I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived or Sir John'; that she immediately takes measures to deceive her good man yet again; we must admit the correctness of the authentic text, and attribute Mrs. Ford's wish to mingled merriment and malice."

P. 35. *And there's the humour of it.* — These words, wanting in the folio, are supplied from the quartos 1602, 1619. Dyce thinks the beginning of the next speech renders them "absolutely necessary."

P. 35. *Here's a fellow frights* humour *out of his wits.* — So the quartos 1602, 1619; the folio, "frights *English* out of his wits." I find it not easy to choose between the two readings. For Nym might well be said to fright both humour and English out of their wits: but his canting use of the word *humour* makes it more natural, perhaps, for Page to take hold of his crotchet by that handle.

P. 36. *Thou hast some* crotchet *in thy head now.* — So Walker. The old text has *cratchets.*

P. 36. *Go in with us and see: we* would *have an hour's talk with you.* — *Would* is wanting here in the old copies. Walker says, "Surely, 'we *would* have.'" And Mr. Swynfen Jervis, quite independently of Walker, proposed to Dyce "*We'd* have."

P. 38. *Tell him my name is* Brook. — So the quartos 1602, 1619; the folio has *Broome* instead of *Brook,* both here and wherever else the name occurs. *Brook* is proved to be right by Falstaff's quibble upon the name in the next scene: "Such *Brooks* are welcome to me, that *o'erflow such liquor*"; where the folio still has "such *Broomes.*" Pope first restored the name from the quartos.

P. 38. *Will you go,* mynheers? — The folio has "Will you goe *An-heires?*" Theobald conjectured "Will you go *on here?*" and "Will you go, *mynheers?*" and Dyce remarks, "That the latter restores the true reading, (*An-heires* being a misprint *Min-heires,*) is determined by a passage in ii. 3, of Fletcher's *Beggars' Bush,* as exhibited in the folio of 1647: 'Nay, Sir, *mine heire* Van-dunck is a true Statesman.'"

P. 38. *I had rather hear them scold than* see them *fight.* — So Collier's second folio, which is followed by Singer, Dyce, and White. The old copies lack *see them.*

Act II., Scene 2.

P. 40. *I,* ay, *I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of God on the left hand,* &c. — The old copies print "I, *I,* I myself." The affirmative

particle *ay* was very often printed *I*. White prints as in the text, to avoid "the tame trebling of the pronoun."

P. 40. *Your* bull-baiting *oaths.* — So Hanmer. The folio has *bold-beating*. Walker says, "Note Hanmer's certain conjecture, *bull-baiting*." Not in the quartos, 1602, 1619.

P. 41. *Well*, one *Mistress Ford, you say.* — The folio has "Well, *on;* Mistress Ford, you say." But in the preceding speech we have "There is *one* Mistress Ford." *One* was pronounced *on*, and sometimes written so. See vol. i., page 176, note 1.

P. 41. *And in such alligant terms; and such wine and sugar of the best*, &c. — So Hanmer. The old text has "and *in* such wine." Doubtless *in* got repeated by contagion from the line before.

Act II., Scene 3.

P. 50. Caius. Villain, *take your rapier.* — Not in the quartos, 1602, 1619. The folio has *Villanie*. See previous note, page 112.

P. 52. Cried I aim? *said I well?* — The folio has *bride-game;* the quartos 1602, 1619, *cried game*. The reading in the text was proposed by Douce, and is adopted by Singer, Dyce, and the Cambridge Editors. See foot-note 8.

Act III., Scene 1.

P. 54. Got *pless you from His mercy sake, all of you!* — The folio omits *Got* here, though the use of *His* plainly requires it. Walker notes this as among the many instances where "the name of God was omitted by the editor of the folio in deference to the well-known Act of Parliament against profaneness." And he thinks the same of Page's preceding speech, "Save you, good Sir Hugh!"

P. 56. *Peace, I say, Gallia and* Guallia, *French and Welsh*, &c. — So Collier's second folio. Instead of *Guallia*, the quartos 1602, 1619, have *gawlia*, the folio *Gaule*.

P. 56. *Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so.* — *Give me thy hand, celestial; so.* — *Boys of art*, &c. — "Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so" is found only in the quartos 1602, 1619.

ACT III., SCENE 2.

P. 58. *My assurance bids me search* where *I shall find Falstaff.* — So Collier's second folio. The old text has *there* instead of *where.*

ACT III., SCENE 3.

P. 62. By the Lord, *thou art a* traitor *to say so.* — So the quartos 1602, 1619; the folio omits *By the Lord,* and has *tyrant* instead of *traitor.* The omission was doubtless made in consequence of the statute against profanation.

P. 63. *I love thee,* and none but thee; *help me away.* — The words, *and none but thee,* are not in the folio, and are supplied from the old quartos. They are too characteristic to be lost. Dyce remarks upon the passage thus: "Without these words, I think the text reads rather bald; nor is it improbable that they were accidentally omitted in the folio, the eye of the transcriber or compositor having glanced from the first to the second *thee.*"

P. 66. *When your husband ask'd* what *was in the basket.* — Here the folio has *who* instead of *what,* and the quartos 1602, 1619, have no corresponding speech by Mrs. Page. The change of *who* to *what* is fully justified, as Ritson observed, by a later passage, where Falstaff tells Master Brook, "The jealous knave ask'd them once or twice *what* they had in their basket."

ACT III., SCENE 4.

P. 69. *If* importunity *and humblest suit*
Cannot attain to it, &c. — The old text has *opportunity.* Heath notes upon the passage as follows: "I think Dr. Thirlby's emendation, 'If *importunity* and humblest suit,' is extremely probable. Opportunity might be of some advantage in winning the good-will of the lady; but what it could avail with the father, who might be readily and equally applied to at all times, is not so easy to conceive."

P. 72. Will you cast away your child on a fool *and* a physician? — So the old text. Hanmer reads "on a fool *or* a physician"; that is, *either* Slender *or* Caius. Plausible, indeed; yet *and* is probably

right; as Malone explains: "You two are going to throw away your daughter on a fool and a physician; you, sir, on the former, and you, madam, on the latter."

ACT III., SCENE 5.

P. 73. *As they would have drown'd a* bitch's blind *puppies.* — The old text reads "a *blind bitches* puppies." Corrected by Hanmer.

P. 74. *And* how *sped you, sir?* — So the quartos 1602, 1619. The folio omits *how.*

P. 75. By *her invention and Ford's wife's* direction, *they convey'd me into a buck-basket.* — The old copies have *distraction* instead of *direction.* The latter word expresses the real truth of the matter, and Mrs. Ford was as far as need be from distraction. Hanmer made the change, and Mason proposed it without knowing what Hanmer had done. — The folio has "*in* her invention." *By* is from the quartos.

P. 77. *If I have horns to make* me *mad.* — The old copies have *one* instead of *me.* Corrected by Dyce.

ACT IV., SCENE 1.

P. 78. *Master Slender is* get *the boys leave to play.* — So Collier's second folio. The old text has *let* instead of *get.* What can *let* mean there?

P. 79. *And the numbers* and *the genders.* — So Collier's second folio. The old text has "the numbers *of* the genders."

ACT IV., SCENE 2.

P. 80. *Your husband is in his old* lunes *again.* — The old editions have *vaine* and *lines* instead of *lunes.* Corrected by Theobald.

P. 82. Mrs. Page. *Creep into the kiln-hole.* — The old text makes this a part of Mrs Ford's preceding speech. Mrs. Ford's next speech seems conclusive against that arrangement. The correction was proposed by Malone, and adopted by Dyce.

P. 82. Mrs. Page. *If you go out in your own semblance,* &c. — So the quartos 1602, 1619. The folio assigns this speech to Mrs. Ford.

P. 83. *We cannot misuse* him *enough.* — So the second folio. The first omits *him.* Not in the quartos 1602, 1619.

P. 83. *I had as lief bear so much lead.* — So the second folio. The first has "as liefe *as* beare." Not in the quartos 1602, 1619.

P. 83. *Set down the basket,* villains! — So Dyce. The old text has *villaine.* The context shows it should be plural.

P. 85. *Let him* not *strike the old woman.* — So the quarto of 1630. The folio omits *not.*

P. 86. *You witch, you* hag, *you baggage,* &c. — So the quarto of 1630. The folio has *Ragge* instead of *hag.*

P. 86. *I spy a great peard under* her *muffler.* — So the quartos 1602, 1619. The folio has "under *his* muffler."

Act IV., Scene 3.

P. 87. *Sir, the* Germans desire *to have three of your horses.* — So Capell. The old text has "the *Germane desires.*"

P. 87. *Ay, sir; I'll call* them *to you.* — The folio has *him* instead of *them.* Corrected from the quartos 1602, 1619.

P. 88. *They have had my* house *a week at command.* — So the quartos 1602, 1619. The folio has *houses.*

Act IV., Scene 4.

P. 88. *I rather will suspect the Sun with* cold. — The folio has *gold* instead of cold. Not in the quartos 1602, 1619. Corrected by Rowe. Hardly worth noting.

P. 89. *You* say *he has been thrown into the rivers.* — Collier's second folio plausibly changes *say* to *see;* and Collier himself remarks, that "the other persons engaged in the scene had *said* nothing of the

kind." To which Dyce fitly replies, "But it is evident from what precedes, that the two ladies have just been telling their husbands and Sir Hugh how they had served Falstaff."

P. 89. *Disguised like Herne, with huge horns on his head.* — This line is wanting in the folio. As something of the kind is plainly needful to the sense, the line has been justly introduced from the quartos.

P. 91. *That silk will I go buy :* — [Aside.] *and in that* trim
Shall Master Slender steal my Nan away. — The old copies have *time* instead of *trim*, which is White's reading. Theobald changed *time* to *tire*, and is followed by Dyce. Singer prints *trim*.

ACT IV., SCENE 5.

P. 93. *Ay, sir; like who more bold.* — So the folio, except that it has a (:) after *sir*. The quartos 1602, 1619, have "I tike, who more bold." I here quote the two old readings merely for the purpose of noting that, Farmer having proposed "Ay, *Sir Tike*," that strange reading has commonly been adopted. Singer's last edition has it. — See foot-note 7.

P. 93. *Run away with* by *the cozeners.* — So Collier's second folio. The old copies lack *by*.

P. 94. *Well, if my wind were but long enough* to say my prayers, *I would repent.* — The words *to say my prayers*, omitted in the folio, were restored from the quartos by Pope. The omission was probably in consequence of the statute against profaneness.

ACT IV., SCENE 6.

P. 96. *That neither singly can be manifested*
Without the show of both ; wherein *fat Falstaff*
Hath a great share. — The folio lacks *wherein*, and has *scene* instead of *share*. The former is supplied from the quartos 1602, 1619, and the latter corrected by Verges. Instead of *great share*, the quartos have *mightie scare*. Walker would read *therein* instead of *wherein*.

P. 97. *And, in the lawful name of* marrying. — Walker "suspects" this should be *marriage;* which was often used as a trisyllable. I suspect Walker is right.

Act v., Scene 2.

P. 98. *Remember, son Slender, my* daughter. — So the second folio. The first omits *daughter*. Not in the quartos 1602, 1619.

Act v., Scene 3.

P. 99. *And the Welsh devil,* Hugh. — So Capell. The folio has *Herne* instead of *Hugh*. Not in the quartos 1602, 1619.

Act v., Scene 5.

P. 102. *You* ouphen-*heirs of fixèd destiny,*
Attend your office and your quality. — The old editions have "*orphan* heires," which Dyce retains. White also retains it; but, notwithstanding his argument on the subject, I still have to confess myself totally unable to conceive what *orphan heirs*, as applied to fairies, can mean. Warburton changed *orphan* to *ouphen*, which yields, I think, an intelligible and fitting sense. Singer adopts it. See foot-note 7. — I must add, that throughout this scene the folio prefixes *Qui.* and *Qu.* to the speeches of the Fairy Queen. But, however those prefixes may have crept in, it is certain that Anne Page was to perform that part. This is clear from iv. 6:

> To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,
> Must my sweet Nan present the Fairy Queen.

This is conclusive, except upon the supposal that, as Anne had another part to play in the scene, she may have shifted that part off upon some other person, in order to hide her ulterior doings. White follows the quartos in assigning her speeches to Mrs. Quickly. The question, after all, is not very easy to decide; but, upon the whole, I prefer the arrangement adopted by the majority of editors, Dyce among them.

P. 102. *Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap:*
Where fires thou find'st unraked and hearths unswep,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry. — The old copies have *unswept* instead of *unswep*. As the speech is evidently meant to be in rhyme, Walker proposed *unswep*, which he regards as an old form of *unswept*. And the reading is, I must think, rather approved by the strained attempts of others to make the lines rhyme; Collier's second folio having "Criket, to Windsor chimneys *when thou'st leapt*," and Singer, "Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou, *having leapt*."

P. 103. Rein *up the organs of her fantasy.* — So Warburton. The old copies have *Raise* instead of *Rein*. *Raise up* can nowise be made to yield a sense that will cohere with the context or the occasion. See foot-note 11.

P. 103. *In* seat *as wholesome as in state 'tis fit.* — The old copies have *state* instead of *seat*. Walker notes upon the passage, "We ought probably to read 'In *seat* as wholesome,' referring to the healthy situation of the castle"; and Lettsom, his editor, adds, "Hanmer, with his usual acuteness, saw this, and in consequence read *site*, which is an Elizabethan, though not, I think, a Shakespearian word."

P. 105. *See you these, husband? do not these* fair oaks
Become the forest better than the town? — So the second folio; the first, "these faire *yoakes*," which some editors still prefer. White reads "these *fairy* oaks"; Dyce, as in the text.

P. 106. *What, a* hodge-pudding? — It does not well appear what *hodge-pudding* means; something, perhaps, in the line of a *hodge-podge*. Pope reads "a *hog's*-pudding," and Collier's second folio, "a *hog*-pudding." Dyce, in his *Glossary*, asks, "Does this mean something akin to haggis?"

P. 109. *And this deceit loses the name of craft,*
Of disobedience, or unduteous guile. — So Collier's second folio. The old copies have *title* instead of *guile*. Dyce changes *title* to *wile*; not so good, it seems to me, as *guile*.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

FIRST printed in the folio of 1623; and no other authentic contemporary notice of it has reached us. The strongly-marked peculiarities of the piece in language, cast of thought, and moral temper, have invested it with great psychological interest, and bred a special desire among critics to connect it in some way with the author's mental history, — with some supposed crisis in his feelings and experience. Hence the probable date of the writing was for a long time argued more strenuously than the subject would otherwise seem to justify; and, as often falls out in such cases, the more the critics argued the point, the further they were from coming to an agreement. And, in truth, the plain matter-of-fact critics have here succeeded much better in the work than their more philosophical brethren; which aptly shows how little the brightest speculation can do in questions properly falling within the domain of facts.

In default of other data, the critics in question based their arguments upon certain probable allusions to contemporary matters; especially on those passages which express the Duke's fondness for "the life removed," and his aversion to being greeted by crowds of people. Chalmers brought forward also the very pertinent fact of a long-sleeping statute having been revived in 1604, which punished with death all divorced or divorcing persons who married again while their former husbands or wives were living. This circumstance, he thinks, might well have suggested what is said by the Duke:

> We have strict statutes and most biting laws, —
> The needful bits and curbs to headstrong steeds, —
> Which for this fourteen years we have let sleep;
> Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,
> That goes not out to prey.

Chalmers had the sagacity to discover also a sort of portrait-like resemblance in the Duke to King James the First. As the King was indeed a much better theologian than statesman or ruler, the fact of the Duke's appearing rather more at home in the cowl and hood than in his ducal robes certainly lends some colour to this discovery.

The King's unamiable repugnance to being gazed upon by throngs of admiring subjects is thus spoken of by a contemporary writer: "In his public appearance, especially in his sports, the accesses of the people made him so impatient, that he often dispersed them with frowns, that we may not say, with curses." And his churlish bearing towards the crowds which, prompted by eager loyalty, flocked forth to hail his accession, is noted by several historians. But he was a pretty free encourager of the Drama, as well as of other liberal preparations; and, with those who had tasted, or who sought, his patronage, it was natural that these symptoms of weakness should pass for tokens of a wise superiority to the dainties of popular applause. All which renders it not unlikely that the Poet may have had an eye to the King in the passages cited by Malone in support of his conjecture:

I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause and aves vehement;
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it.

So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;
Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive: and even so
The general, subject to a well-wish'd king,
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence.

The allusion here being granted, Malone's inference, that the play was made soon after the King's accession, and before the effect of his unlooked-for austerity on this score had spent itself, was natural enough. Nor is the conjecture of Ulrici and others

without weight, "that Shakespeare was led to the composition of the play by the rigoristic sentiments and arrogant virtue of the Puritans." And in this view several points of the main action might have been aptly suggested at the time in question: for the King had scarcely set foot in England but he began to be worried by the importunities of that remarkable people; who had been feeding upon the hope, that by the sole exercise of his prerogative he would work through a radical change in the constitution of the Church, and so bring her into accordance with their ideas: all this on the principle, of course, that a minority however small, with the truth, was better than a majority however large, without it.

The accession of King James to the English throne was in March, 1603. So that the forecited arguments would conclude the writing of the play to have been nearly synchronous with the revisal of *All's Well*, and with the production of *King Lear;* at least, within the same period of three or four years. The characteristics of style and temper draw to the same conclusion as regards the date of the writing.

There is no doubt that for some particulars in the plot and story of *Measure for Measure* the Poet was ultimately indebted to Cinthio, an Italian novelist of the sixteenth century. The original story makes the eighty-fifth in his *Hundred Tales*. A youth named Ludovico is there overtaken in the crime of seduction: Juriste, a magistrate highly reputed for wisdom and justice, passes sentence of death upon him; and Ludovico's sister, a virgin of rare gifts and graces, goes to pleading for his life. Her beauty and eloquence have the same effect on Juriste as Isabella's on Angelo. His proposals are rejected with scorn and horror; but the lady, overcome by the pathetic entreaties of her brother, at last yields to them under a solemn promise of marriage. His object being gained, the wicked man then commits a double vow-breach, neither marrying the sister nor sparing the brother. She appeals to the Emperor, by whom Juriste is forced to marry her, and then sentenced to death; but is finally pardoned at the lady's suit, who is now as earnest and eloquent for her husband as she had been for her brother. Her conduct touches him with re-

morse, and at length proves as effective in reforming his character as it was in redeeming his life.

As early as 1578, this tale was dramatized after a sort by George Whetstone, and was published as *The History of Promos and Cassandra*. Whetstone was a writer of learning and talent, but not such that even the instructions of Shakespeare could have made him capable of dramatic excellence; and, as he had no such benefit, his performance is insipid and worthless enough. The drama is in Two Parts, and is written in verse, with alternate rhymes. In his conduct of the story Whetstone varies somewhat from the original; as the following abstract will show:

In the city of Julio, then under the rule of Corvinus, King of Hungary, there was a law that for incontinence the man should suffer death, and the woman be marked out for infamy by her dress. Through the indulgence of magistrates, this law came to be little regarded. The government falling at length into the hands of Lord Promos, he revived the statute, and, a youth named Andrugio being convicted of the fault in question, resolved to visit the penalties in their utmost rigour upon both the parties. Andrugio had a sister of great virtue and accomplishment, named Cassandra, who undertook to sue for his life. Her good behaviour, great beauty, and "the sweet order of her talk" wrought so far with the governor as to induce a short reprieve. Being inflamed soon after with a criminal passion, he set down the spoil of her honour as the ransom. She spurned his suit with abhorrence. Unable, however, to resist the pleadings of her brother, she at last yielded to the man's proposal, on condition of his pardoning her brother and then marrying her. This he vowed to do; but, his end once gained, instead of keeping his vow, he ordered the jailer to present Cassandra with her brother's head. As the jailer knew what the governor had done, he took the head of a felon just executed, and set Andrugio at liberty. Cassandra, supposing the head to be her brother's, was at the point to kill herself for grief, but spared that stroke, to be avenged on the traitor. She devised to make her case known to the King; who forthwith hastened to do justice on Promos, ordering that, to repair the lady's honour, he should marry her,

and then, for his crime against the State, lose his head. No sooner was Cassandra a wife than all her rhetoric of eye, tongue, and action was tasked to procure the pardon of her husband; but the King, tendering the public good more than hers, denied her suit. At length, Andrugio, overcome by his sister's grief, made himself known; for he had all the while been about the place in disguise; whereupon the King, to honour the virtues of Cassandra, pardoned both him and Promos.

In 1592, Whetstone published his *Heptameron of Civil Discourses*, containing a prose version of the same tale. It is observable that he deviates from Cinthio in bringing Andrugio off alive; and as Shakespeare does the same with Claudio, we may well conclude that he drew directly from Whetstone, not from the original author. Beyond the mere outline of the story, it does not appear that the Poet borrowed any thing more than a few slight hints and casual expressions. And a comparison of the two pieces would nowise reduce his claims; it being not less creditable to have lifted the story out of the mire into such a region of art and poetry than to have invented it. Then too, even as regards the story, Shakespeare varies from Whetstone much more materially than the latter does from Cinthio: representing the illicit meeting of Claudio and Juliet as taking place under the shield of a solemn betrothment; which very much lessens their fault, as marriage-bonds were already upon them; and proportionably heightens Angelo's wickedness, as it brings on him the guilt of making the law responsible for his own arbitrary rigour. But the main *original* feature in the plot of *Measure for Measure* is the part of Mariana, which puts a new life into the whole, and purifies it almost into another nature; as it prevents the soiling of Isabella's womanhood, supplies an apt reason for the Duke's mysterious conduct, and yields a pregnant motive for Angelo's pardon, in that his life is thereby bound up with that of a wronged and innocent woman, whom his crimes are made the occasion of restoring to her rights and happiness; so that her virtue may be justly allowed to reprieve him from death.

I have already referred to certain characteristics of style and

temper which this play shares with several others probably written about the same time, and which, as before observed, have been thought to mark some crisis in the Poet's life. It cannot well be denied that the plays in question have something of a peculiar spirit, which might aptly suggest that some passage of bitter experience must have turned the milk of his genius for a time into gall, and put him upon a course of harsh and indignant thought. The point is well stated by Hallam: "There seems to have been a period of Shakespeare's life when his heart was ill at ease, and ill content with the world or his own conscience: the memory of hours misspent, the pang of affection misplaced or unrequited, the experience of man's worser nature, which intercourse with ill-chosen associates peculiarly teaches, — these, as they sank down into the depths of his great mind, seem not only to have inspired into it the conception of Lear and Timon, but that of one primary character, the censurer of mankind. This type is first seen in the philosophic melancholy of Jaques, gazing with an undiminished serenity, and with a gayety of fancy, though not of manners, on the follies of the world. It assumes a graver cast in the exiled Duke of the same play, and one rather more severe in the Duke of *Measure for Measure*." And Verplanck speaks in a similar strain of "that portion of the author's life which was memorable for the production of the additions to the original *Hamlet*, with their melancholy wisdom; probably of *Timon*, with its indignant and hearty scorn, and rebukes of the baseness of civilized society; and above all of *Lear*, with its dark pictures of unmixed, unmitigated guilt, and its terrible and prophet-like denunciations."

These words certainly carry much weight, and may go far to warrant the belief of the writers, that the Poet was smitten with some rude shock of fortune which untuned the melody of his soul, and wrenched his mind from its once smooth and happy course, causing it to recoil upon itself and brood over its own thoughts. Yet there are considerable difficulties besetting a theory of this kind. For, in some other plays referred by these critics to the same period, there is so much of the Poet's gayest and happiest workmanship as must greatly embarrass if not quite upset such a theory. But, whatever may have caused the pecu-

liar tone and the cast of thought in the forenamed plays, it is pretty certain that the darkness was not permanent; the clear azure, soft sunshine, and serene sweetness of *The Tempest* and *The Winter's Tale* being unquestionably of a later date. And, surely, in the life of so earnest and thoughtful a man as Shakespeare, there might well be, nay, there must have been, times when, without any special woundings or bruisings of fortune, his mind got fascinated by the appalling mystery of evil that haunts our fallen nature.

That such darker hours, however occasioned, were more frequent at one period of the Poet's life than at others, is indeed probable. And it was equally natural that their coming should sometimes engage him in heart-tugging and brain-sweating efforts to scrutinize the inscrutable workings of human guilt, and thus stamp itself strongly upon the offspring of his mind. Thus, without any other than the ordinary progress of thoughtful spirits, we should naturally have a middle period, when the early enthusiasm of hope had passed away, and before the deeper, calmer, but not less cheerful tranquillity of resignation had set in. For so it is apt to be in this life of ours: the angry barkings of fortune, or what seem such, have their turn with us; "the fretful fever and the stir unprofitable" work our souls full of discord and perturbation; but after a while these things pass away, and are followed by a more placid and genial time; the experienced insufficiency of man for himself having charmed our wrestlings of thought into repose, and our spirits having undergone the chastening and subduing power of life's sterner discipline.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

VINCENTIO, Duke of Vienna.
ANGELO, Deputy in the Duke's absence.
ESCALUS, joined with Angelo in the Government.
CLAUDIO.
LUCIO.
Two other Gentlemen.
Provost of the prison.
THOMAS, } Friars.
PETER, }
A Justice.
VARRIUS.
ELBOW, a Constable.
FROTH.
POMPEY, a Clown, Servant to Mrs. Overdone.
ABHORSON, an Executioner.
BARNARDINE, a Prisoner.

ISABELLA, Sister to Claudio.
MARIANA, betrothed to Angèlo.
JULIET, beloved of Claudio.
FRANCISCA, a Nun.
MISTRESS OVERDONE, a Bawd.

Lords, Officers, Citizens, Boy, and Attendants.

SCENE. — *Vienna.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the* DUKE'S *Palace.*

Enter the DUKE, ESCALUS, *and* Attendants.

Duke. Escalus,—
Escal. My lord?
Duke. Of government the properties t' unfold,
Would seem in me t' affect speech and discourse;

Since I am put to know[1] that your own science
Exceeds, in that, the lists[2] of all advice
My strength can give you: then no more remains
But t' add sufficiency, as your worth is able,[3]
And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms
For common justice, you're as pregnant[4] in
As art and practice hath enrichèd any
That we remember. There is our commission, [*Giving it.*
From which we would not have you warp.—Call hither,
I say, bid come before us Angelo.— [*Exit an* Attendant.
What figure of us think you he will bear?
For you must know, we have with special soul
Elected him our absence to supply;
Lent him our terror, dress'd him with our love,
And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power: what think you of it?
Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo such ample grace and honour,
It is Lord Angelo.

1 "Am put to *know*" is the same, I take it, as am *given* or *made* to *understand.* We have a like expression in *Cymbeline*, ii. 3: "I am much sorry, sir, you *put me* to forget a lady's manners."

2 *Lists* is *limits* or *boundaries.* So in *Hamlet*, iv. 2: "The ocean, overpeering of his *list*, eats not the flats with more impetuous haste," &c.

3 All that Escalus needs, to complete his fitness for the duties in question, is *legal* sufficiency, that is, *authority.* So that the meaning of the whole clause seems to be, "Then no more remains but to add *authority commensurate* with your worth," or, "*as ample* as is your worth." This use of *sufficiency* in the sense of *authority* or *full power* is rare; but we have a like instance in Bacon's Essay *Of Seeming Wise:* "For, as the apostle saith of godliness, 'Having a show of godliness, but denying the power thereof'; so certainly there are, in points of wisdom and *sufficiency*, that do nothing or a little very solemnly; *magno conatu nugas.*"

4 *Pregnant*, here, is *ripe*, well-informed, or *full of learning* and experience.—"The terms for common justice" are, probably, the forms and technical language of the law.

Duke. Look where he comes.

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Always obedient to your Grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.
Duke. Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life,
That to th' observer doth thy history
Fully unfold.[5] Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper,[6] as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, them on thee.
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd
But to fine issues;[7] nor Nature never lends

[5] The Duke here speaks as knowing Angelo's real character, and at the same time as believing him to be what he seems. This makes his speech somewhat enigmatical, and gives it an air of meaning more than meets the ear. So the leading idea appears to be, that Angelo has something about him that signs him for eminence; that to a well-seeing eye the born statesman and ruler are legible in his bearing; that his life indicates certain latent aptitudes fitting him and pointing him out for high trust and prerogative: so that, if he be but transferred to his proper sphere, the germs of greatness in him will soon come to blossom. Thus, to one who reads him aright, there is a peculiarity in his life, a moral idiom, that prognosticates for him a history full of renown. All this, to be sure, is ironical; but, in itself, and in the way it is put, it is perfectly suited to the Duke's purpose of drawing Angelo out, and so unmasking him.

[6] That is, so *peculiarly* or *exclusively* thine own *property.*

[7] "Touch'd to fine issues" is kindled or quickened to noble ends, to lofty purposes, or by great occasions. A just and felicitous thought, well illustrated in Wordsworth's *Character of the Happy Warrior:*

> But who, if he be call'd upon to face
> Some awful moment to which Heaven has join'd
> Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
> Is happy as a lover; and attired
> With sudden brightness, like a man inspired.

The smallest scruple of her excellence
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use.[8] But I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advértise;[9]
Hold, therefore, Angelo: [*Tendering his commission.*
In our remove be thou at full ourself;
Mortality and mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart: old Escalus,
Though first in question, is thy secondary.
Take thy commission. [*Giving it.*
Ang. Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal,
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamp'd upon't.
Duke. No more evasion: we
Have with a leaven'd[10] and preparèd choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion'd
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,
As time and our concernings shall impórtune,
How it goes with us; and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well:
To th' hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commission.
Ang. Yet, give leave, my lord,

8 *Use* is *interest*, returns of *profit* or *advantage*.

9 "To one who is himself competent to instruct or counsel others in the very part, that is, the matter, in which I am instructing him." The Poet often uses to *bend* for to direct. He also has *advertise* repeatedly as here explained. See the last scene of this play, note 38.

10 *Leaven'd* is *mature*, or *well-considered*. Probably an implied image or idea of ale *well fermented*, and so made fit for use.

That we may bring you[11] something on the way.
Duke. My haste may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any scruple: your scope is as mine own,
So to enforce or qualify the laws
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand:
I'll privily away. I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause and aves[12] vehement;
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.
Ang. The Heavens give safety to your purposes!
Escal. Lead forth and bring you back in happiness!
Duke. I thank you. Fare you well. [*Exit.*
Escal. I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place:[13]
A power I have, but of what strength and nature
I am not yet instructed.
Ang. 'Tis so with me. Let us withdraw together,
And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.
Escal. I'll wait upon your Honour. [*Exeunt.*

11 "*Bring* you" is *attend* or *escort* you. So *bring* is often used.

12 *Aves* are *hailings.* — Here the Duke appears to be covertly searching Angelo's sly arts of popularity. Ostensibly he acts a strange part in the play; but these dim intimations of his secret purpose, when duly heeded, make his course appear more rational and judicious. His action is not a whim or caprice, but a shrewd fitting of means to a foreconceived end.

13 That is, "ascertain fully where I am, and what is the nature and scope of my office." To look to the bottom of a thing, is to *see through* it.

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter LUCIO *and two* Gentlemen.

Lucio. If the Duke, with the other dukes, come not to composition with the King of Hungary, why, then all the dukes fall upon the King.

1 Gent. Heaven grant us its peace, but not the King of Hungary's!

2 Gent. Amen.

Lucio. Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pirate, that went to sea with the Ten Commandments, but scraped one out of the table.

2 Gent. *Thou shalt not steal?*

Lucio. Ay, that he razed.

1 Gent. Why, 'twas a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions: they put forth to steal. There's not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat, doth relish the petition well that prays for peace.

2 Gent. I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee; for I think thou never wast where grace was said.

2 Gent. No? a dozen times at least.

1 Gent. What, in metre?

Lucio. In any proportion[1] or in any language.

1 Gent. I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay, why not? Grace is grace, despite of all controversy: as, for example, thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

1 Gent. Well, there went but a pair of shears between us.[2]

[1] *Proportion*, here, is *measure* or *metre*.

[2] A proverbial phrase; meaning "we were cut out of the same piece." The proverb is still current.

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the list and the velvet. Thou art the list.

1 Gent. And thou the velvet: thou art good velvet; thou'rt a three-piled piece, I warrant thee: I had as lief be a list of an English kersey, as be piled, as thou art piled, for a French velvet.[3] Do I speak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.[4]

1 Gent. I think I have done myself wrong, havè I not?

2 Gent. Yes, that thou hast, whether thou art tainted or free.[5]

Lucio. Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation comes!

1 Gent. I have purchased as many diseases under her roof as come to —

2 Gent. To what, I pray?

1 Gent. Judge.

2 Gent. To three thousand dolours[6] a year.

1 Gent. Ay, and more.

Lucio. A French crown more.

1 Gent. Thou art always figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error: I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would say, healthy; but so sound

[3] A quibble between *piled* and *pilled* or *peeled.* Velvet was prized according to the *pile, three-piled* being the richest. See vol. ii., page 92, note 41. But *piled* or *pilled* also meant *bald.* The jest alludes to the loss of hair in what was called the French disease. — English *kersey* was a cheap coarse woollen cloth, worn by plain people. See vol. ii., page 93, note 42.

[4] Lucio, finding that the Gentleman understands him so well, promises to drink his health, but to avoid *drinking after him,* as the cup of an infected person was thought to be contagious.

[5] The Poet often uses *free* in the sense of *pure, undefiled,* or *innocent.* Here it means *untainted* with the disease in question.

[6] A quibble between *dolours* and *dollars,* the former meaning *pains.* The Poet has the equivoque several times.

as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow; impiety has made a feast of thee.

Enter Mistress OVERDONE.

1 Gent. How now! which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

Mrs. Over. Well, well; there's one yonder arrested and carried to prison was worth five thousand of you all.

2 Gent. Who's that, I pray thee?

Mrs. Over. Marry, sir, that's Claudio, Signior Claudio.

1 Gent. Claudio to prison! 'tis not so.

Mrs. Over. Nay, but I know 'tis so: I saw him arrested; saw him carried away; and, which is more, within these three days his head's to be chopp'd off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so. Art thou sure of this?

Mrs. Over. I am too sure of it: and it is for getting Madam Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be: he promised to meet me two hours since, and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

2 Gent. Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1 Gent. But, most of all, agreeing with the proclamation.

Lucio. Away! let's go learn the truth of it.

[*Exeunt* LUCIO *and* Gentlemen.

Mrs. Over. Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat,[7] what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk. —

Enter POMPEY.

How now! what's the news with you?

[7] Some think this refers to the curative process, what was called the *sweating-tub*, then used for the disease mentioned before. Dyce, however, in his *Glossary*, says, "Here, it would seem, the *sweat* means the sweating sickness, and not the method used for the cure of the venereal disease."

Pom. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Mrs. Over. Well; what has he done?

Pom. A woman.

Mrs. Over. But what's his offence?

Pom. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Mrs. Over. What, is there a maid with child by him?

Pom. No, but there's a woman with maid by him. You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Mrs. Over. What proclamation, man?

Pom. All houses in the suburbs[8] of Vienna must be pluck'd down.

Mrs. Over. And what shall become of those in the city?

Pom. They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

Mrs. Over. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pull'd down?

Pom. To the ground, mistress.

Mrs. Over. Why, here's a change indeed in the commonwealth! What shall[9] become of me?

Pom. Come; fear not you: good counsellors lack no clients: though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I'll be your tapster still. Courage! there will be pity taken on you: you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.

Mrs. Over. What's to do here, Thomas Tapster?[10] let's withdraw.

Pom. Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the Provost to prison; and there's Madam Juliet. [*Exeunt.*

[8] In one of the Scotch laws of James it is ordered, "that *common women* be put at the utmost endes of townes, queire least perll of fire is."

[9] *Shall* where present usage would require *will.* The two were often used interchangeably.

[10] *Thomas*, it appears, was a common name for a *tapster* by trade. See vol. ii., page 18, note 3.

Enter the PROVOST, CLAUDIO, *and* Officers.

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to th' world?
Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil disposition,
But from Lord Angelo by special charge.

Claud. Thus can the demigod Authority
Make us pay down for our offence' [11] by weight.
The sword of Heaven, — on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.

Re-enter LUCIO *and the two* Gentlemen.

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio! whence comes this restraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty:
As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope by the immoderate use
Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue,
Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,
A thirsty evil; and when we drink we die.[12]

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors: and yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom as the morality of imprisonment. What's thy offence, Claudio?

Claud. What but to speak of would offend again.

Lucio. What, is't murder?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Lechery?

[11] *Offence'* for *offences.* The Poet often has words thus elided, with an (') to mark the plural sense.

[12] To *ravin down* is to *devour ravenously.* The Poet has *ravin up* in the same sense, in *Macbeth*, ii. 2. — The text is well illustrated from Chapman's *Revenge for Honour :*

> Like poison'd rats, which, when they've swallow'd
> The pleasing bane, rest not until they *drink*,
> And can rest then much less, until they burst.

Claud. Call it so.
Prov. Away, sir! you must go.
Claud. One word, good friend. — Lucio, a word with you.
[*Takes him aside.*
Lucio. A hundred, if they'll do you any good.
Is lechery so look'd after?
Claud. Thus stands it with me: Upon a true contráct[13]
I got possessiön[14] of Julietta's bed:
You know the lady; she is fast my wife,
Save that we do th'[15] denunciation[16] lack
Of outward order: this we came not to,
Only for propagation[17] of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends;

[13] This "true contract" was a formal betrothment or troth-plight, formerly much practised, and recognized in law, as having the force of a marriage, though not as conferring the nuptials. The Poet sets forth an apt instance of it between Olivia and Sebastian in *Twelfth Night.*

[14] The endings *-ion* and *-ian*, and also *-ious* and *-ience*, not to mention others, were often used as dissyllabic. Here *possession* is meant to be four syllables. The Poet abounds in similar instances; though they more commonly occur at the ends of his lines; as a little after in this scene: "And there receive her *approbation.*"

[15] The Poet often thus elides *the* so as to make it coalesce with the preceding word into one syllable. So "*to th'* world" a little before in this scene. And we have many other like instances, as *all th'*, *at th'*, *in th'*, *by th'*, *for th'*, *from th'*; also, sometimes a double elision, as *wi' th'* for *with the.* The usage is much more frequent in his later plays, though it occurs occasionally in the earlier. Nearly all the modern editors ignore it.

[16] *Denounce* and its derivatives were sometimes used in the sense of *publish* or *announce.* So in Hall's *Cases of Conscience:* "This publick and reiterated *denunciation* of banns before matrimony." And Shakespeare must have often found the phrase "*denouncing* war" in his favourite historian, Holinshed.

[17] Rather an odd use of *propagation*, but probably meaning *continuance*, or *increase.* The Poet has to *propagate* at least twice in the sense of to *increase.* So in *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 1: "Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast, which thou wilt *propagate*, to have it prest with more of thine." And in *Timon of Athens*, i. 1: "All kind of natures, that labour on the bosom of this sphere to *propagate* their states." See Critical Notes.

From whom we thought it meet to hide our love
Till time had made them for us. But it chances
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment
With character too gross is writ on Juliet.

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappily, even so.
And the new deputy now for the Duke, —
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness,
Or whether that the body public be
A horse whereon the Governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know
He can command, lets it straight feel the spur;
Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his Eminence that fills it up,
I stagger in: — but this new Governor
Awakes me all th' enrollèd penalties
Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by th' wall
So long, that nineteen zodiacs[18] have gone round,
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowsy and neglected Act
Freshly on me: 'tis surely for a name.

Lucio. I warrant it is: and thy head stands so tickle[19] on thy shoulders, that a milkmaid, if she be in love, may sigh it off. Send after the Duke, and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done so, but he's not to be found.
I pr'ythee, Lucio, do me this kind service:
This day my sister should the cloister enter,
And there receive her approbation:[20]

[18] *Zodiacs* for *years*, or the *yearly courses* of the Sun.

[19] *Tickle* here means *unsteady* or *tottering*. So in *2 Henry VI.*, i. 1: "Anjou and Maine are given to the French; Paris is lost; the state of Normandy stands on a *tickle* point, now they are gone."

[20] "*Receive* her *approbation*" is enter upon her *probationary term*, that is, her noviciate.

Acquaint her with the danger of my state;
Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
To the strict deputy; bid herself assay him:
I have great hope in that; for in her youth
There is a prone[21] and speechless dialect,
Such as moves men; besides, she hath prosperous art
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray she may; as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition, as for the enjoying of thy life, which I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack.[22] I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Lucio. Within two hours —

Claud. Come, officer, away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *A Monastery.*

Enter the DUKE *and Friar* THOMAS.

Duke. No, holy father; throw away that thought;
Believe not that the dribbling[1] dart of love
Can pierce a cómplete bosom. Why I desire thee
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends

[21] *Prone* is *apt, ready, prompt;* though Mr. White takes it here in the sense of *humble*. The meaning of the passage seems to be, "There is an apt and silent eloquence in her looks, such as moves men."

[22] *Tick-tack* was a game played with tables, something like *backgammon*. So the French has an old phrase, "Jouer au *tric-trac*," also used in a wanton sense.

[1] According to Richardson, *dribble* is a diminutive of *drib*, from *drip*, and means doing a thing "by drips or drops." *Dribber* appears also to have been a term of contempt in archery. So Roger Ascham, in his *Toxophilus:* "If he give it over, and not use to shoote truly, he shall become, of a fayre archer, a starke squirter and *dribber*."

Of burning youth.

Fri. T. May your Grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever loved the life removed;
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,
Where youth and cost and witless bravery keep.[2]
I have deliver'd to Lord Angelo —
A man of stricture[3] and firm abstinence —
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he supposes me travell'd to Poland;
For so I've strew'd it in the common ear,
And so it is received. Now, pious sir,
You will demand of me why I do this?

Fri. T. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes and most biting laws, —
The needful bits and curbs to headstrong steeds, —
Which for this fourteen years[4] we have let sleep;
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond fathers,
Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight
For terror, not to use, do find in time
The rod more mock'd than fear'd; so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart

[2] *Bravery*, here, is *finery in apparel, gay, showy dress*. Repeatedly so. See vol. v., page 47, note 14. — *Keep* is *dwell, lodge*, or *haunt;* also a frequent usage. See vol. iii., page 182, note 2.

[3] *Stricture* for *strictness*, evidently. Not so elsewhere, I think.

[4] In the preceding scene, "nineteen zodiacs" is mentioned as the period during which the "biting laws" have been suffered to sleep. Was this an oversight of the Poet's? Dyce thinks "there can be little doubt" that either *fourteen* should be *nineteen* here, or that *nineteen* in the former passage should be *fourteen*.

Goes all decorum.
Fri. T. It rested in your Grace
T' unloose this tied-up justice when you pleased;
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd
Than in Lord Angelo.
Duke. I do fear, too dreadful:
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them
For what I bid them do: for we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not their punishment. Therefore, indeed, my father,
I have on Angelo imposed the office;
Who may, in th' ambush of my name, strike home,
And yet my nature never in the fight,
To do in slander.[5] And, to behold his sway,
I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people: therefore, I pr'ythee,
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear me
Like a true friar. More reasons for this action
At our more leisure shall I render you;
Only, this one: Lord Angelo is precise;
Stands at a guard with envy;[6] scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone: hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be. [*Exeunt.*

[5] The Duke's purpose, as here set forth, apparently is, to avoid any open contest with crime, where his efforts would expose him to slander; or not to let his *person* be seen in the fight, where he would have to *do*, that is, to *act*, in the face of detraction and censure. See Critical Notes.

[6] That is, stands on his guard *against malice* or *malicious tongues. Malice* is the more common meaning of *envy* in old English. It is clear, from this passage, that the Duke distrusts Angelo's professions of sanctity, and is laying plans to unmask him.

SCENE IV. — *A Nunnery.*

Enter ISABELLA *and* FRANCISCA.

Isab. And have you nuns no further privileges?
Fran. Are not these large enough?
Isab. Yes, truly: I speak not as desiring more;
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of Saint Clare.
Lucio. [*Within.*] Ho! Peace be in this place!
Isab. Who's that which calls?
Fran. It is a man's voice. Gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his business of him;
You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn.
When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men
But in the presence of the prioress:
Then, if you speak, you must not show your face;
Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.
He calls again; I pray you, answer him. [*Exit.*
Isab. Peace and prosperity! Who is't that calls?

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be, — as those cheek-roses
Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead me
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio?
Isab. Why *her unhappy brother?* let me ask;
The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella and his sister.
Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you:
Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.
Isab. Woe me! for what?
Lucio. For that which, if myself might be his judge,

He should receive his punishment in thanks:
He hath got his friend with child.
Isab. Sir, make me not your scorn.
Lucio. 'Tis true.
I would not — though 'tis my familiar sin
With maids to seem the lapwing,[1] and to jest,
Tongue far from heart — play with all virgins so:
I hold you as a thing ensky'd and sainted;
By your renouncement, an immortal spirit;
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a saint.
Isab. You do blaspheme the good in mocking me.
Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness and truth,[2] 'tis thus:
Your brother and his lover have embraced:
As those that feed grow full; as blossoming-time,
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
To teeming foison;[3] even so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.
Isab. Some one with child by him? My cousin Juliet?
Lucio. Is she your cousin?
Isab. Adoptedly; as school-maids change[4] their names
By vain, though apt, affection.
Lucio. She it is.
Isab. O, let him marry her.
Lucio. This is the point.
The Duke is very strangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,

1 "The lapwing cries most, farthest from her nest," is an old proverb. See vol. i., page 121, note 5.

2 That is, *in few and true words;* or, *briefly* and *truly*.

3 *Foison* is *plenty*, *abundance*, or *rich harvest*. Repeatedly so. — *Seedness*, if the text be right, must mean *seed-time*, *seeding*, or *sowing*. The word does not occur again in Shakespeare. See Critical Notes.

4 *Change* for *exchange* or *interchange*. So in *Hamlet*, i. 2: "Sir, my good friend; I'll *change* that name with you."

In hand,[5] and hope of action: but we do learn
By those that know the very nerves of State,
His givings-out were of an infinite distance
From his true-meant design. Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,
Governs Lord Angelo; a man whose blood
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense,
But doth rebate[6] and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, study and fast.
He — to give fear to use and liberty,[7]
Which have for long run by the hideous law,
As mice by lions — hath pick'd out an Act,
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it;
And follows close the rigour of the statute,
To make him an example. All hope's gone,
Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer
To soften Angelo: and that's my pith
Of business 'twixt you and your poor brother.

Isab. Doth he so seek his life?

Lucio 'Has censured[8] him
Already; and, as I hear, the Provost hath
A warrant for his execution.

Isab. Alas, what poor ability's in me
To do him good!

Lucio. Assay the power you have.

Isab. My power! Alas, I doubt, —

[5] To *bear in hand* was a phrase in frequent use, meaning to *keep in expectation*, to *amuse and lead along with false hopes*. The Poet has it often. So in *2 Henry IV.*, i. 2: "A rascally yea-forsooth knave, to *bear a gentleman in hand*, and then stand upon security!"

[6] To *rebate* is to *beat back*, and so *make dull*.

[7] To put the restraint of fear upon licentious habit and abused freedom.

[8] To *censure* is to *judge*, or to *pass sentence*. So again in the next scene.

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win
By fearing to attempt. Go to Lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as freely theirs
As they themselves would owe[9] them.

Isab. I'll see what I can do.

Lucio. But speedily.

Isab. I will about it straight;
No longer staying but to give the mother
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:
Commend me to my brother: soon at night[10]
I'll send him certain word of my success.[11]

Lucio. I take my leave of you.

Isab. Good sir, adieu. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in* ANGELO'S *House.*

Enter ANGELO, ESCALUS, *and a* Justice; *the* Provost,[1] Officers, *and others attending.*

Ang. We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to fear[2] the birds of prey,

[9] *Owe* is *possess* or *own.* So the Poet continually.

[10] *Soon at night* is *about* or *towards* night. See page 24, note 2.

[11] *Success* in the Latin sense; the *sequel, issue,* or *result* of any thing.

[1] *Provost* was used for the *principal* or *president* of any establishment. Here a *jailor.*

[2] To *fear* was often used as an active verb; to *frighten* or *terrify.* See vol. ii., page 169, note 22.

And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.

Escal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall,[3] and bruise to death. Alas, this gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most noble father!
Let but your Honour know, —
Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue, —
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time cohered with place, or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd th' effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not sometime in your life
Err'd in this point where now you censure him,
And pull'd the law upon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try. What's open made
To justice, that justice seizes: what knows the law
That thieves do pass[4] on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,[5]
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take't,
Because we see't; but what we do not see
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence
For[6] I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
When I, that censure him, do so offend,

[3] *Fall* is here used as a causative verb; to *throw down*, to *make* or *let fall*. Often so. See vol. i., page 99, note 9.

[4] An old forensic term, meaning to *pass judgment* or *sentence*.

[5] *Pregnant*, here, is *full of proof*, or *self-evident*. Repeatedly so.

[6] This use of *for* with the sense of *because* was very common in all sorts of writing. See vol. iii., page 129, note 6.

Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.
Escal. Be't as your wisdom will.
Ang. Where is the Provost?
Prov. [*Coming forward.*] Here, if it like your Honour.[7]
Ang. See that Claudio
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning:
Bring him his confessor, let him be prepared;
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage. [*Exit* Provost.
Escal. Well, Heaven forgive him! and forgive us all!
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall;
Some run from brakes of vice, and answer none;
And some condemnèd for a fault alone.[8]

Enter ELBOW, *and* Officers *with* FROTH *and* POMPEY.

Elb. Come, bring them away: if these be good people in

[7] "If it *please* your Honour," or, "If your Honour *like* it." The phrase was much used in the Poet's time. See vol. v., page 114, note 34.

[8] The general sense of this strange passage evidently is, that some, who are hardened in sin by a long course of evil-doing, escape scot-free, and are never called to account, while others, for a fault *only*, or for a *single* fault, are visited with extreme punishment. But the particular meaning of the word *brakes* is, to say the least, very doubtful. It is commonly explained *brambles*, *thickets*, or *thorny entanglements*. So the word appears to be used in *Henry VIII.*, i. 2: "'Tis the fate of place, and the rough *brake* that virtue must go through." Also in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Thierry and Theodoret*, v. 1: "These be honourable adventures! had I that honest blood in my veins again, Queen, that your feats and these frights have drain'd from me, honour should pull hard, ere it drew me into these *brakes*." On the other hand, the word was sometimes used for an *engine of torture;* also for a *trap* or *snare;* which latter seems to be the meaning in Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*: "Divers of the great estates and Lords of the Council lay in await with my Lady Anne Boleyn, to espy a convenient time and occasion to take the Cardinal in a *brake*." The word was also used in several other senses; and Richardson defines it generally as signifying "any thing which restrains, holds, or keeps in, confines, curbs, tames, subdues." I am not quite clear which of these senses, or indeed whether any of them be the right one in the text. See Critical Notes.

a commonweal that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law: bring them away.

Ang. How now, sir! What's your name? and what's the matter?

Elb. If it please your Honour, I am the poor Duke's constable,[9] and my name is Elbow: I do lean upon justice, sir, and do bring in here before your good Honour two notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors! Well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it please your Honour, I know not well what they are: but precise villains they are, that I am sure of; and void of all profanation in the world that good Christians ought to have.

Escal. This comes off well;[10] here's a wise officer.

Ang. Go to:—what quality are they of? Elbow is your name? why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

Pom. He cannot, sir; he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, sir?

Elb. He, sir! a tapster, sir; parcel-bawd;[11] one that serves a bad woman; whose house, sir, was, as they say, pluck'd down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house,[12] which, I think, is a very ill house too.

Escal. How know you that?

[9] Meant as a characteristic blunder of Elbow's for "the Duke's poor constable." Dogberry makes the same blunder in *Much Ado*, iii. 5: "We are the poor Duke's officers."

[10] An old phrase, meaning "this is a fine showing," or "this is well told"; ironical here, of course.

[11] *Parcel bawd* is *partly bawd.* Shakespeare often uses *parcel* thus for *part;* as, "a *parcel-gilt* goblet," and, "the lips is *parcel* of the mouth." Pompey's other part is jester or clown.

[12] Professes, or pretends, *to keep* a hot-house. Hot-houses were bagnios supplied with vapour-baths; but under this name other accommodations were often furnished.

Elb. My wife, sir, whom I detest[13] before Heaven and your Honour, —

Escal. How! thy wife!

Elb. Ay, sir; whom, I thank Heaven, is an honest woman, —

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Escal. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanliness there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, sir, by Mistress Overdone's means: but, as she spit in his face, so she defied him.

Pom. Sir, if it please your Honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man; prove it.

Escal. [*To* ANGELO.] Do you hear how he misplaces?

Pom. Sir, she came in great with child; and longing — saving your Honour's reverence — for stew'd prunes, sir; — we had but two in the house, which at that very distant[14] time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some threepence; — your Honours have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes, —

Escal. Go to, go to: no matter for the dish, sir.

Pom. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but to the point. As I say, this Mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great-bellied, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in the dish, as

[13] *Detest* is an Elbowism for *protest.*

[14] Pompey, catching Elbow's trick of speech, uses *distant* for *instant.*

I said, Master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly; — for, as you know, Master Froth, I could not give you three-pence again, —

Froth. No, indeed.

Pom. Very well; — you being then, if you be remember'd, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes, —

Froth. Ay, so I did indeed.

Pom. Why, very well; — I telling you then, if you be remember'd, that such a one and such a one were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you, —

Froth. All this is true.

Pom. Why, very well, then, —

Escal. Come, you are a tedious Fool: to the purpose. What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come me [15] to what was done to her.

Pom. Sir, your Honour cannot come to that yet.

Escal. No, sir, nor I mean it not.

Pom. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your Honour's leave. And, I beseech you, look into Master Froth here, sir; a man of fourscore pound a-year; whose father died at Hallowmas: — was't not at Hallowmas, Master Froth? —

Froth. All-hallownd eve.[16]

Pom. Why, very well; I hope here be truths. He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair,[17] sir; — 'twas in the Bunch of Grapes,[18] where, indeed, you have a delight to sit, have you not? —

[15] Here *me* is doubtless an instance of the redundant use of pronouns so frequent in Shakespeare. See vol. ii., page 8, note 7.

[16] The *eve of*, that is, the *evening before*, All-Saint's day.

[17] "A *lower* chair" was an *easy* chair, kept in houses, for sick people, and sometimes occupied by lazy ones.

[18] Some such names were commonly given to rooms in the Poet's time. So, in *1 Henry IV.*, ii. 4, we have *Half-moon* and *Pomegranate*.

Froth. I have so; because it is an open room, and good for Winter.[19]

Pom. Why, very well, then; I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in Russia,
When nights are longest there: I'll take my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the cause;
Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them all.

Escal. I think no less. Good morrow to your lordship. —
[*Exit* ANGELO.
Now, sir, come on: what was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

Pom. Once, sir! there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Pom. I beseech your Honour, ask me.

Escal. Well, sir; what did this gentleman to her?

Pom. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face. — Good Master Froth, look upon his Honour; 'tis for a good purpose. — Doth your Honour mark his face?

Escal. Ay, sir, very well.

Pom. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Pom. Doth your Honour see any harm in his face?

Escal. Why, no.

Pom. I'll be supposed[20] upon a book, his face is the worst

[19] In the list of persons appended to this play in the folio of 1623, Master Froth is set down as "a foolish Gentleman." It is probably in that character that he uses *Winter* here.

[20] "I'll be *supposed*" is Pompey's blunder for "I'll be *deposed*," that is, *sworn*; according to the old practice of requiring witnesses to make oath upon the Bible. As Pompey is the clown, or "allowed Fool," of the play, his blunders are, of course, perpetrated in that character. Douce makes the following just note upon him: "The clown in this play officiates as the tapster of a brothel; whence it has been concluded that he is not a domestic Fool, nor ought to appear in the dress of that character. A little consideration will serve to show that the opinion is erroneous; that *this clown* is

thing about him. Good then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your Honour.

Escal. He's in the right.—Constable, what say you to it?

Elb. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

Pom. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet! the time is yet to come, that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Pom. Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here? Justice or Iniquity?[21] —Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her before I was married to her!—If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your Worship think me the poor Duke's officer.—Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

altogether a domestic Fool. In ii. 1, Escalus calls him a *tedious Fool*, and *Iniquity*, a name for one of the old stage buffoons. He tells him that he will have him *whipt*, a punishment that was very often inflicted on Fools. In *Timon of Athens*, we have a *strumpet's Fool*, and a similar character is mentioned in the first speech of *Antony and Cleopatra*. But, if any one should still entertain a doubt on the subject, he may receive the most complete satisfaction by an attentive examination of ancient prints, many of which will furnish instances of the common use of the domestic Fool in brothels."

21 *Justice* and *Iniquity* were allegorical personages in the old Moral-plays. Iniquity was more commonly called *Vice*, and was, to the Moral-plays, much the same as the licensed jester or allowed Fool was to the later drama. In fact, the dramatic usage of professional Fools in Shakespeare's time grew directly out of that usage of the earlier stage. See vol. v., page 222, note 17.

Escal. If he took you a box o' the ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good Worship for it. What is't your Worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses till thou know'st what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your Worship for it.—Thou see'st, thou wicked varlet, now, what's come upon thee: thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Escal. [*To* FROTH.] Where were you born, friend?

Froth. Here in Vienna, sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, an't please you, sir.

Escal. So.—[*To* POMPEY.] What trade are you of, sir?

Pom. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress' name?

Pom. Mistress Overdone.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Pom. Nine, sir; Overdone by the last.

Escal. Nine!—Come hither to me, Master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters: they will draw you, Master Froth, and you will hang them.[22] Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

[22] Escalus, notwithstanding the dignity of his temper and his office, is genially touched by the ludicrous absurdity of the scene about him, so that he catches the spirit of verbal play. Here we have an equivoque on *draw;* one sense being, "they shall draw liquor for you"; the other, it may be, that of capital offenders being drawn in a cart to the place of execution, or, more likely, the sense of *drawing in*, that is, *cheating* or *swindling*, as in the next speech, "I am *drawn in*."—*Hang* is here used as a causative verb; the sense being, you shall *cause* them *to be hanged*. This would be done by accusing them, or bearing witness against them, for having swindled him out of money. The Poet uses a good many verbs in that way.

Froth. I thank your Worship. For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in.[23]

Escal. Well, no more of it, Master Froth: farewell. [*Exit* FROTH.]—Come you hither to me, master tapster. What's your name, master tapster?

Pom. Pompey.

Escal. What else?

Pom. Bum, sir.

Escal. Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you;[24] so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the Great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster. Are you not? come, tell me true: it shall be the better for you.

Pom. Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Escal. How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

Pom. If the law would allow it, sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Pom. Does your Worship mean to geld and splay[25] all the youth of the city?

Escal. No, Pompey.

Pom. Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't, then. If your Worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

Pom. If you head and hang all that offend that way but

[23] A quibble between the two senses of being induced to enter and of being *cheated*, as explained in the preceding note.

[24] The fashion for gentlemen has sometimes been, to have the dress swell out as big as possible about the hips; and perhaps Pompey was intent on making the fashion ridiculous by exaggeration, or by aping it to excess in his capacity of Fool.

[25] *Splay* is an old form of *spay;* now obsolete.

for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads: if this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it after three-pence a bay:[26] if you live to see this come to pass, say Pompey told you so.

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey; and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you: I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever; no, not for dwelling where you do: if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you;[27] in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt: so, for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Pom. I thank your Worship for your good counsel.— [*Aside.*] But I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.
Whip me! No, no; let carman whip his jade:
The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. [*Exit.*

Escal. Come hither to me, Master Elbow; come hither, master constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

Elb. Seven year and a half, sir.

Escal. I thought, by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time. You say, seven years together?

Elb. And a half, sir.

Escal. Alas, it hath been great pains to you! They do you wrong to put you so oft upon't: are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

[26] *After* is here equivalent to *at the rate of.* A *bay* is an architectural term of not uncommon occurrence in old descriptions of houses, in reference to the frontage. So in Coles's *Latin Dictionary:* "A *bay* of building, *Mensura viginti quatuor pedum.*"

[27] Escalus is laughing *inwardly*. He has humour; not so Angelo.

Escal. Look you bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your Worship's house, sir?

Escal. To my house. Fare you well. [*Exit* ELBOW.]—What's o'clock, think you?

Just. Eleven, sir.

Escal. I pray you, home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the death of Claudio;
But there's no remedy.

Just. Lord Angelo is severe.

Escal. It is but needful:
Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;[28]
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:
But yet, poor Claudio! There's no remedy.—
Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the Same.*

Enter the Provost *and a* Servant.

Serv. He's hearing of a cause; he will come straight:
I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you, do. [*Exit* Servant.]—I'll know
His pleasure; may be he'll relent. Alas,
He hath but as offended in a dream!
All sects, all ages smack of this vice; and he
To die for it!

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, Provost?

Prov. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?

[28] The meaning is, of course, that a frequent pardoning of the guilty is injustice and even cruelty to the innocent.

Ang. Did not I tell thee yea? hadst thou not order?
Why dost thou ask again?
Prov. Lest I might be too rash:
Under your good correction, I have seen,
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.
Ang. Go to; let that be mine:
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you shall well be spared.
Prov. I crave your Honour's pardon.
What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet?
She's very near her hour.
Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitter place; and that with speed.

Re-enter the Servant.

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd
Desires access to you.
Ang. Hath he a sister?
Prov. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid,
And to be shortly of a sisterhood,
If not already.
Ang. Well, let her be admitted.— [*Exit* Servant.
See you the fornicatress be removed:
Let her have needful, but not lavish, means;
There shall be order for't.

Enter ISABELLA *and* LUCIO.

Prov. God save your Honour! [*Offering to retire.*
Ang. Stay a little while.—
[*To* ISAB.] You're welcome: what's your will?
Isab. I am a woeful suitor to your Honour,
Please but your Honour hear me.
Ang. Well; what's your suit?

Isab. There is a vice that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice;
For which I would not plead, but that I must;
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war 'twixt will and will not.

Ang. Well; the matter?

Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die:
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.[1]

Prov. [*Aside.*] Heaven give thee moving graces!

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?
Why, every fault's condemn'd ere it be done:
Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To fine the fault, whose fine stands in recórd,[2]
And let go by the actor.

Isab. O just but severe law!
I had a brother, then. Heaven keep your Honour!
[*Retiring.*

Lucio. [*Aside to* ISAB.] Give't not o'er so: to him again, entreat him;
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown:
You are too cold; if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it:
To him, I say.

Isab. Must he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Isab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither Heaven nor man grieve at the mercy.

Ang. I will not do't.

1 "Let my brother's fault die, and not my brother himself."

2 "To punish the fault whose punishment is prescribed in the law," seems to be the meaning here.—In the preceding line, "*very* cipher" is *mere* cipher. The Poet often has *very* thus. So in *Hamlet*, iv. 4: "A *very* riband in the cap of youth, yet needful too."

Isab. But can you, if you would?
Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.
Isab. But you might do't, and do the world no wrong,
If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse[3]
As mine is to him.
Ang. He's sentenced; 'tis too late.
Lucio. [*Aside to* ISAB.] You are too cold.
Isab. Too late! why, no; I, that do speak a word,
May call it back again. Well, believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does.
If he had been as you, and you as he,
You would have slipp'd like him; but he, like you,
Would not have been so stern.
Ang. Pray you, be gone.
Isab. I would to Heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel? should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.
Lucio. [*Aside to* ISAB.] Ay, touch him; there's the vein.
Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.
Isab. Alas, alas!
Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once;
And He that might the vantage best have took
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If He which is the top of judgment should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that!
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,

[3] Here, as usual, *remorse* is *pity* or *compassion.*

Like man new-made.[4]
Ang. Be you content, fair maid;
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother:
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him. He must die to-morrow.
Isab. To-morrow! O, that's sudden! Spare him, spare him!
He's not prepared for death. Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of season:[5] shall we serve Heaven
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink you;
Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There's many have committed it.
Lucio. [*Aside to* ISAB.] Ay, well said.
Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept:[6]
Those many had not dared to do that evil,
If that the first that did th' edict infringe
Had answer'd for his deed: now 'tis awake,
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass,[7] that shows what future evils, —
Either new, or by remissness new-conceived,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born, —
Are now to have no súccessive degrees,
But, ere they live, to end.

[4] I take our Poet's meaning to be, "If you allow this consideration its due weight, you will find mercy breathing within your lips, as if a new man were formed within you." — HEATH.

[5] In *fitting season;* that is, when they are mature or made ready for the purpose. So in *Hamlet,* iii. 3: "Am I, then, revenged to take him in the purging of his soul, when he is fit and *season'd* for the passage?"

[6] *Dormiunt aliquando leges, moriunter nunquam,* is a maxim of English law. Yet it may operate as an *ex-post-facto* law.

[7] Alluding to the magic glasses or charmed mirrors with which witches and fortune-tellers used to reveal the far-off future. In *Macbeth,* iv. 1, the Weird Sisters make use of such a glass to disclose to the hero the long line of kings that is to spring from Banquo.

Isab. Yet show some pity.
Ang. I show it most of all when I show justice;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;[8]
And do him right that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;
Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.
Isab. So you must be the first that gives this sentence,
And he that suffers. O, 'tis excellent
To have a giant's strength, but tyrannous
To use it like a giant.
Lucio. [*Aside to* ISAB.] That's well said.
Isab. Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet;
For every pelting,[9] petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder, —
Nothing but thunder. — Merciful Heaven!
Thou rather with Thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Splitt'st the unwedgeable and gnarlèd oak
Than the soft myrtle: but man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority, —
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence,[10] — like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven
As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.[11]

[8] So in the *Memorials* of Sir Matthew Hale: "When I find myself swayed to mercy, let me remember that there is a mercy likewise due to the country."

[9] The Poet repeatedly uses *pelting* for *paltry*. So in *A Midsummer*, ii. 1: "Have every *pelting* river made so proud."

[10] That is, his *brittle, fragile being*. The meaning seems to be, most ignorant of that which *is most certain*, namely, his natural infirmity.

[11] A very mark-worthy saying; meaning that, if the angels had our disposition to splenetic or satirical mirth, the sight of our human arrogance

Lucio. [*Aside to* ISAB.] O, to him, to him, wench! he will relent;
He's coming; I perceive't.
Prov. [*Aside.*] Pray Heaven she win him!
Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with yourself:[12]
Great men may jest with saints; 'tis wit in them,
But in the less foul profanation.
Lucio. [*Aside to* ISAB.] Thou'rt i' the right, girl; more o' that.
Isab. That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.
Lucio. [*Aside to* ISAB.] Art avised o' that?[13] more on't.
Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?
Isab. Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top.[14] Go to your bosom;
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.
Ang. [*Aside.*] She speaks, and 'tis
Such sense, that my sense breeds with't.[15] — Fare you well.
Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back.

strutting through its absurd antics would cast them into such an ecstasy of ridicule, that they would laugh themselves clean out of their immortality; this celestial prerogative being incompatible with such ebullitions of spleen.

12 Meaning, apparently, "I cannot *match* or *compare* my brother with you, cannot cast him into the scales as a *counterpoise* to yourself." To jest with one is to be on equal terms with him. See Critical Notes.

13 "Have you well considered that?" *Avised* is merely another form of *advised*, which the Poet often uses in the sense of *informed, assured, circumspect*. See page 28, note 12.

14 This metaphor occurs again in *Hamlet*, iii. 4: "It will but skin and film the ulcerous place."

15 "Such sense as breeds a response in my mind."

Ang. I will bethink me: come again to-morrow.
Isab. Hark how I'll bribe you: good my lord, turn back.
Ang. How! bribe me!
Isab. Ay, with such gifts that Heaven shall share with you.
Lucio. [*Aside to* ISAB.] You had marr'd all else.
Isab. Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
Or stones, whose rates are either rich or poor
As fancy values them; but with true prayers,
That shall be up at Heaven and enter there
Ere sun-rise, — prayers from persevèd souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.
Ang. Well; come to me to-morrow.
Lucio. [*Aside to* ISAB.] Go to; 'tis well; away!
Isab. Heaven keep your Honour safe!
Ang. [*Aside.*] Amen; for I
Am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross.[16]
Isab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?
Ang. At any time 'fore noon.
Isab. God save your Honour!
[*Exeunt* ISABELLA, LUCIO, *and* Provost.
Ang. From thee, — even from thy virtue![17] —

[16] The petition, "Lead us not into temptation," is here regarded as crossing or *intercepting* the way Angelo is going. He is seeking temptation by appointing another interview. See, however, Angelo's first speech in the next scene but one. Heath explains the passage thus: "'For I am labouring under a temptation of that peculiar and uncommon kind, that prayers, and every other act of piety and virtue, tend to inflame, instead of allaying it.' For it was the very piety and virtue of Isabella that gave an edge to the lust of Angelo."

[17] Isabella has just used "your *Honour*" as his title: he catches at the proper meaning of the word, and goes to reflecting on the danger his honour is in from the course he is taking.

What's this, what's this? Is this her fault or mine?
The tempter or the tempted, who sins most, ha?
Not she; nor doth she tempt: but it is I
That, lying by the violet in the sun,
Do as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season.[18] Can it be
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our evils[19] there? O, fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully for those things
That make her good? O, let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have authority
When judges steal, themselves. What, do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes? What is't I dream on?
O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue: ne'er could the strumpet,
With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite. — Ever till now,
When men were fond, I smiled, and wonder'd how. [*Exit.*

18 "Virtuous season" here means the season that matures and unfolds, or brings forth, the virtue in question, the *sweetness* of the flower.

19 *Evils* is here used in the sense of *offal* or *offals*. Dyce quotes upon the passage, "It would not be difficult to show that by *evil* or *evils* our forefathers designated *physical* as well as moral corruption and impurity." — The desecration of religious structures by converting them to the lowest uses of nature was an eastern mode of showing contempt. Angelo could hardly have chosen a stronger figure for expressing the heinousness of his intended profligacy.

SCENE III. — *A Room in a Prison.*

Enter, severally, the DUKE *disguised as a Friar, and the* PROVOST.

Duke. Hail to you, Provost! — so I think you are.
Prov. I am the Provost. What's your will, good friar?
Duke. Bound by my charity and my bless'd order,
I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison. Do me the common right
To let[1] me see them, and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.
Prov. I would do more than that, if more were needful.
Look, here comes one, — a gentlewoman of mine,
Who, falling in[2] the flames of her own youth,
Hath blister'd her report: she is with child;
And he that got it, sentenced, — a young man
More fit to do another such offence
Than die for this.

Enter JULIET.

Duke. When must he die?
Prov. As I do think, to-morrow. —
[*To* JULIET.] I have provided for you: stay awhile,
And you shall be conducted.
Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?
Jul. I do; and bear the shame most patiently.
Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,

[1] *To let* is the gerundial infinitive, as it is called, and so is equivalent to *by letting*. A very frequent usage. See vol. v., page 78, note 10.

[2] *In* for *into*; the two being often used indiscriminately. See vol. iv., page 90, note 6.

And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.

Jul. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?

Jul. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.

Duke. So, then it seems your most offenceful act
Was mutually committed?

Jul. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.

Jul. I do confess it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter: but lest you do repent,
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame, —
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not Heaven,
Showing we would not spare Heaven[3] as we love it,
But as we stand in fear, —

Jul. I do repent me, as it is an evil,
And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There rest.[4]
Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him.

Jul. God's grace go with you!

Duke. *Benedicite!* [*Exit.*

Jul. Must die to-morrow! O injurious law,
That respites me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!

Prov. 'Tis pity of him. [*Exeunt.*

[3] Here, if the text be right, we have a rather bold ellipsis; the required sense being "*forbear to offend* Heaven," or spare Heaven the offence of our sin. A like expression, however, occurs in *Coriolanus*, i. 1, where Brutus the Tribune says of the hero, "Being moved, he will not *spare to gird* the gods"; that is, "will not spare the gods in his girding." See Critical Notes.

[4] There *remain*, there *stand firm*, or "keep yourself in that frame of mind."

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* ANGELO'S *House.*

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To several subjects.[1] Heaven hath my empty words;
Whilst my intention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel: Heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew His name;
And in my heart the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception. The State, whereon I studied,
Is, like a good thing being often read,
Grown sere[2] and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein — let no man hear me — I take pride,
Could I with boot change for an idle plume,
Which the air beats for vain. O place, O form,
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming![3] Blood, thou still art blood:
Let's write *good angel* on the Devil's horn,
'Tis not the Devil's crest.[4] —

Enter a Servant.

How now! who's there?

[1] *Several* in its old sense of *separate* or *different.* Repeatedly so.

[2] *Sere* is *dry, withered.* So in *Macbeth,* v. 3: "My way of life is fall'n into the *sere,* the yellow leaf." And in Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar,* January:

> All so my lustful leafe is drie and *sere,*
> My timely buds with wailing all are wasted.

[3] Fools, those who judge only by the eye, are easily awed by spendour; and those who regard men as well as conditions are easily induced to love the appearance of virtue dignified by power and place.

[4] The meaning appears to be, though we write *good angel* on the Devil's horn, still it will not change his nature, nor be his proper crest; will not be emblematic of his real character.

Serv. One Isabel, a sister,
Desires access to you.
Ang. Teach her the way. [*Exit* Serv.
O Heavens!
Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness?
So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;
Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive: and even so
The general,[5] subject to a well-wish'd king,
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence.—

Enter ISABELLA.

How now, fair maid!
Isab. I'm come to know your pleasure.
Ang. That you might know it, would much better please me
Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.
Isab. Even so. Heaven keep your Honour! [*Retiring.*
Ang. Yet may he live awhile; and, it may be,
As long as you or I: yet he must die.
Isab. Under your sentence?
Ang. Yea.
Isab. When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,
Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted
That his soul sicken not.
Ang. Ha! fie, these filthy vices! 'Twere as good

[5] "The *general*" for what we sometimes call the *generality*, that is, the *multitude*. Shakespeare often thus uses an adjective with the sense of the plural substantive. So in *Hamlet*, i. 2: "The levies, the lists, and full proportions, are all made out of his *subject*."

To pardon him that hath from Nature stol'n
A man already made, as to remit
Their saucy sweetness that do coin Heaven's image
In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easy
Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put metal in restrainèd means
To make a false one.[6]

Isab. 'Tis set down so in Heaven, but not in Earth.

Ang. Ay, say you so? then I shall pose you quickly.
Which had you rather, that the most just law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness
As she that he hath stain'd?

Isab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul.

Ang. I talk not of your soul: our cómpell'd sins
Stand more for number than accompt.

Isab. How say you?

Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this:
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in sin
To save this brother's life?

Isab. Please you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my soul,[7]
It is no sin at all, but charity.

Ang. Pleased you to do't at peril of your soul,
Were equal poise of sin and charity.

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,

[6] Meaning, probably, that murder is as easy as fornication; from which Angelo would infer that it is as wrong to pardon the latter as the former.

[7] We should say, "I'll take it *on the* peril *of* my soul"; meaning, "I'll stake my soul upon it."

Heaven let me bear it! you granting of my suit,
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer.[8]

Ang. Nay, but hear me.
Your sense pursues not mine: either you're ignorant,
Or seem so, craftily; and that's not good.

Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright
When it doth tax itself; as these black masks
Proclaim an enshield[9] beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could, display'd. But mark you me;
To be receivèd plain, I'll speak more gross:
Your brother is to die.

Isab. So.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears,
Accountant to the law upon that pain.

Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,—
As I subscribe not that, nor any other,—
But (in the loss of question) that you, his sister,[10]

[8] Here, as often, *of* is equivalent to *in respect of. Answer* has the force of *responsibility.* "And be nothing in respect of which, or for which, you will have to answer."

[9] *Enshield* for *enshielded;* that is, covered or protected as with a shield. The Poet, as I have before noted, has many such shortened forms; as *hoist* for *hoisted, quit* for *quitted, frustrate* for *frustrated,* &c. And so in Bacon's Essay *Of Vicissitude of Things:* "Learning hath, lastly, its old age, when it waxeth dry and *exhaust.*"—In "these black masks," *these* is used *indefinitely;* that is, "the demonstrative pronoun for the prepositive article." This is an ancient and still current idiom of the language.

[10] Here the order, according to the sense, is, "Admit no other way to save his life, but that you, his sister," &c. The meaning is somewhat perplexed and obscured by the intervening passages, which are all parenthetical.—"In the loss of question" means simply, as I take it, "in idle talk,"

Finding yourself desired of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-binding law; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this supposèd, or else let him suffer;
What would you do?

Isab. As much for my poor brother as myself:
That is, were I under the terms of death,
Th' impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That long I had been sick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must
Your brother die.

Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way:
Better it were a brother died at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you, then, as cruel as the sentence
That you have slander'd so?

Isab. Ignomy[11] in ransom, and free pardon,
Are of two houses: lawful mercy is
Nothing akin to foul redemption.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant;
And rather proved the sliding of your brother
A merriment than a vice.

or, as Mr. White well puts it, "in the waste of words." The Poet repeatedly uses *question* thus for *talk* or *conversation*. The obscurity of the text is somewhat enhanced or thickened to us by this obsolete use of the word. See vol. v., page 75, note 3.

[11] *Ignomy* is but a shortened form of *ignominy;* used several times by the Poet.

Isab. O, pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we speak not what we mean:
I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Isab. Else let my brother die,
If not a fedary, but only he,
Owe and succeed this weakness.[12]

Ang. Nay, women are frail too.

Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women! — Help, Heaven! men their creation mar
In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.[13]

Ang. I think it well:
And from this testimony of your own sex, —
Since, I suppose, we'er made to be no stronger
Than faults may shake our frames,[14] — let me be bold:
I do arrest your words. Be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none;
If you be one, — as you are well express'd
By all external warrants, — show it now,
By putting on the destined livery.

[12] *Fedary* is used by Shakespeare for *associate*, *partner*, or *confederate.*—*Owe*, as usual, is *own*, *have*, or *possess.*—*Succeed* is *follow* or *take after.*—So that the sense of the whole passage is, "If my brother alone, without a partner, owned and took after this weakness, then I would say, let him die." The odd use of *fedary*, *owe*, and *succeed* makes it obscure to modern ears.

[13] "Credulous to false prints" means apt to trust false shows and pretences, or to take the painting or "counterfeit presentment" of a virtue for the thing itself. Women are not alone in that.

[14] Old English, meaning, in modern phrase, "not made to be *so strong but that* faults may shake our frames." A somewhat similar expression occurs in *All's Well.* See vol. iv., page 39, note 15.

Isab. I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,
Let me entreat you speak the former language.
Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.
Isab. My brother did love Juliet; and you tell me
That he shall die for't.
Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.
Isab. I know your virtue hath a license in't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.[15]
Ang. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.
Isab. Ha! little honour to be much believed,
And most pernicious purpose! Seeming, seeming!
I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't:
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or with an outstretch'd throat I'll tell the world
What man thou art.
Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unsoil'd name, th' austereness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i' the State,
Will so your accusation overweigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny. I have begun;
And now I give my sensual race [16] the rein:
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;
Lay by all nicety and prolixious blushes,[17]

[15] "To *pluck on* others" means, to *pull* or *draw* others into a disclosure of their hidden faults. Isabella cannot yet believe the man to be so bad as he talks, and thinks he is now assuming a vice in order to try what she is made of, or to draw her out.

[16] *Race*, here, is *native bent* or *inborn aptitude;* like the Latin *indoles*. So again in *The Tempest*, i. 2: "But thy vile *race* had that in't which good natures could not abide to be with."

[17] "Prolixious blushes" are blushes that *put off* or *postpone* the conclusion; what Milton calls "sweet, reluctant, amorous delay."

That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will;
Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To lingering sufferance. Answer me to-morrow,
Or, by th' affection that now guides me most,
I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true. [*Exit.*

Isab. To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof;[18]
Bidding the law make curtsy to their will;
Hooking both right and wrong to th' appetite
To follow as it draws! I'll to my brother:
Though he hath fall'n by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,[19]
That, had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhorr'd pollution.
Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:
More than our brother is our chastity.
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest. [*Exit.*

18 *Approof* is *approval* or *approbation.*

19 "Mind of honour" for honourable mind, or mind full of noble thought. So the Poet has "mind of love" for loving mind, and other like phrases.

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *A Room in the Prison.*

Enter the DUKE *disguised as before,* CLAUDIO, *and the* PROVOST.

Duke. So, then, you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo?
Claud. The miserable have no other medicine
But only hope:
I've hope to live, and am prepared to die.
Duke. Be absolute for death; either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,
Servile to all the skyey influences
That do this habitation, where thou keep'st,[1]
Hourly afflict: merely, thou art Death's Fool;[2]
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet runn'st toward him still. Thou art not noble;
For all th' accommodations that thou bear'st
Are nursed by baseness. Thou'rt by no means valiant;
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm.[3] Thy best of rest is sleep,

[1] *Keep*, again, for *dwell*. See page 144, note 2.

[2] *Merely* in the sense of *absolutely*. Often so. See vol. v., page 68, note 51. — Death and his Fool were famous personages in the old Moral-plays. Douce had an old wood-cut, one of a series representing the Dance of Death, in which the Fool was engaged in combat with Death, and buffetting him with a bladder filled with peas or small pebbles. The moral of those performances was, that the Fool, after struggling against his adversary, at last became his victim.

[3] *Worm* is put for any creeping thing, *snake*, or *serpent*. Shakespeare seems to have held the current notion, that a serpent wounds with his *tongue*, and that this is *forked*.

And that thou oft provokest; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou'rt not thyself;
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not;
For what thou hast not, still thou strivest to get,
And what thou hast, forgett'st. Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion shifts to strange affects,[4]
After the Moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor;
For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloadeth thee. Friend hast thou none;
For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, serpigo,[5] and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner. Thou'st nor youth nor age,
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both; for all thy blessèd youth
Becomes as agèd, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld;[6] and, when thou'rt old and rich,
Thou'st neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant. What's in this
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths: yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.

[4] The Poet has *affects* repeatedly for *affections.*—*Complexion* is here used in its old sense of *natural texture* or *grain;* very much as *temperament* is now.

[5] The *serpigo* is a sort of tetter or leprous eruption.

[6] "Palsied eld" is tremulous old age.—This strain of moralizing may be rendered something thus: "In youth, which is or ought to be the happiest time, man commonly lacks the means of what he considers enjoyment; he has to beg alms of hoary avarice; and, being niggardly supplied, he *becomes as aged,* or looks, like an old man, on happiness beyond his reach." See, however, Critical Notes.

To sue to live,[7] I find I seek to die;
And, seeking death, find life: let it come on.

Isab. [*Within.*] What, ho! Peace here; grace and good company!

Prov. Who's there? come in: the wish deserves a welcome.

Duke. Dear son, ere long I'll visit you again.

Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. My business is a word or two with Claudio.

Prov. And very welcome. — Look, signior, here's your sister.

Duke. Provost, a word with you.

Prov. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be
Conceal'd. [*Exeunt the* DUKE, *and* Provost.

Claud. Now, sister, what's the comfort?

Isab. Why, as all comforts are; most good, most good indeed.
Lord Angelo, having affairs to Heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting lieger:[8]
Therefore your best appointment[9] make with speed;
To-morrow you set on.

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Isab. None, but such remedy as, to save a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.

[7] *To sue* is another instance of the infinitive used gerundively, or like the Latin *gerund*, and so is equivalent to *in* or *by suing*. So again, a little further on, "*To cleave* a heart"; that is, *by cleaving*. See vol. i., page 207, note 12. Also vol. ii., page 58, note 6.

[8] A *lieger* is a *resident*, or minister residing at a foreign court.

[9] *Appointment* for *preparation* or *outfit*. Still used thus in military language; as a *well-appointed* army, meaning an army well equipped or furnished.

Claud. But is there any?
Isab. Yes, brother, you may live:
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.
Claud. Perpetual durance?
Isab. Ay, just; perpetual durance, — a restraint,
Though all the world's vastidity[10] you had,
To a determined scope.[11]
Claud. But in what nature?
Isab. In such a one as, you consenting to't,
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.
Claud. Let me know the point.
Isab. O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,
And six or seven Winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Darest thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.[12]
Claud. Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness?[13] If I must die,

[10] *Vastidity* for *vastness;* the only instance of the word in Shakespeare.

[11] "Shutting you up in a perpetual sense and shame of your own ignominy." *Determined* in its old sense of *limited, confined,* or *narrow;* literally, fenced-in with *terms,* that is, *bounds.*

[12] This is apt to be misunderstood, though probably not quite true in any sense. The meaning is, that the apprehension of death is the chief pain, and that a giant feels no more pain in death itself than a beetle.

[13] I am not quite sure as to the meaning here; but it seems to be, "Do you think me so effeminate in soul as to be capable of an unmanly resolution?" or, "such a milksop as to quail and collapse at the prospect of

I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

Isab. There spake my brother; there my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice! Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy—
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth enew
As falcon doth the fowl[14]—is yet a devil;
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as Hell.

Claud. The priestly Angelo?

death?" Perhaps the sentence should be imperative, thus: "Think you, I can a resolution fetch from flowery tenderness." So Heath proposes; and explains, "Do me the justice to think that I am able to draw a resolution even from this tenderness of my youth, which is commonly found to be less easily reconciled to so sudden and harsh a fate."

[14] *Enew,* from the French *eneau,* was a technical term in aquatic falconry, and was used, to denote the act of forcing the fowl back to the water, as her only sure refuge from the souse of the hawk. The best, indeed the only, explanation of the word that I have met with is in *The Edinburgh Review,* October, 1872. I condense a part of the matter: When a flight at water fowl was in hand, the falconer whistled off his hawk at some distance from the spot where the duck or mallard, the heron or crane, was known to be. The hawk having reached a tolerable height; the falconer, with his dogs and assistants, "made in" upon the fowl, forcing its flight, if possible, in the direction of the land. This was termed *landing* the fowl, a vital point in aquatic falconry. For, in order that the hawk might stoop with effect, it was necessary to have solid ground immediately beneath; else the hawk might stoop in vain, the fowl taking refuge in diving. The fowl having been thus landed, the hawk would stoop swiftly on its prey; while the former, to avoid the fatal stroke, would instinctively make for the water again. In this case the fowl was said to be *enewed;* that is, forced back to the water, from which it had to be driven afresh and landed, before the hawk could stoop and seize its prey. The fowl was often enewed several times before it was landed effectively enough for the final swoop. From this technical use, the word came to be applied in the more general sense of to *drive back* and pursue *relentlessly.* It would thus be naturally used of a course of extreme and vindictive severity. See Critical Notes.

Isab. O, 'tis the cunning livery of Hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In priestly guards![15] Dost thou think, Claudio?
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou mightst be free'd!

Claud. O Heavens! it cannot be.

Isab. Yes, he would give't thee, from this rank offence,
So to offend him still.[16] This night's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest to-morrow.

Claud. Thou shalt not do't.

Isab. O, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, dear Isabel.

Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

Claud. Yes.—Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by th' nose,
When he would force it? Sure, it is no sin;
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Isab. Which is the least?

Claud. If it were damnable, he being so wise,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be pérdurably fined?—O Isabel!

Isab. What says my brother?

Claud. Death's a fearful thing.

Isab. And shamèd life a hateful.

[15] *Guards* was in common use for the *facings* and *trimmings* of the dress. Both the guards and the wearer of them are called *priestly*, not because Angelo is a priest, but because, in his dress and manners, he has "stolen the livery of Heaven to serve the Devil in."

[16] The meaning seems to be, "So gross an offence having once been committed by me, you might thenceforth persist in sinning with safety." Her possession of such a secret would naturally assure him of impunity, however often he might be guilty in the same kind.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible-warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted[17] spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbèd ice;[18]
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling!—'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathèd worldly life
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Isab. Alas, alas!

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live:
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far
That it becomes a virtue.

Isab. O you beast!
O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sister's shame? What should I think?

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17 A rather singular use of *delighted;* involving a sort of inverted prolepsis; and meaning the spirit that *has been delighted*, or *formed to* and *steeped in delight;* the word *delight* being taken in the sense of the Latin *deliciæ*.

18 Milton no doubt had this passage in mind when he wrote the lines, 600–603, in *Paradise Lost*, Book ii.:

> From beds of raging fire, to starve in ice
> Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
> Immovable-infix'd, and frozen round,
> Periods of time; thence hurried back to fire.

Heaven shield my mother play'd my father fair!
For such a warpèd slip of wilderness[19]
Ne'er issued from his blood. Take my defiance;[20]
Die, perish! might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed:
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death;
No word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.

Isab. O, fie, fie, fie!
Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade.
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd:
'Tis best that thou diest quickly. [*Going.*

Claud. O, hear me, Isabella!

Re-enter the DUKE.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.

Isab. What is your will?

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure,[21] I would by-and-by have some speech with you: the satisfaction I would require is likewise your own benefit.

Isab. I have no superfluous leisure; my stay must be stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you awhile.

Duke. [*Aside to* CLAUDIO.] Son, I have overheard what hath pass'd between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an assay of her virtue to practise his judgment with the disposition of natures: she, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive.

[19] Such a *wild* slip; that is, not of the true stock or blood; *spurious. Wilderness* for *wildness*, simply.

[20] *Defiance* in the sense it bore as a legal term, *refusal.* So to *forsake* is one of the old senses of to *defy.*

[21] To *dispense with* a thing, in one of its senses, is to *do without* it, to *spare* it. And such appears to be the meaning here.

I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourself to death: do not qualify[22] your resolution with hopes that are fallible: to-morrow you must die; go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there:[23] farewell. [*Exit* CLAUDIO.] — Provost, a word with you!

Re-enter the Provost.

Prov. What's your will, father?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone. Leave me awhile with the maid: my mind promises with my habit, no loss shall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time.[24] [*Exit.*

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good: the goodness that is cheap in beauty makes beauty brief in goodness;[25] but grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair. The assault that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath convey'd to my understanding; and, but that fraility hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How will you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him.[26] I had rather my

[22] *Qualify* in the sense of *abate*, *weaken*, or *dilute*. To be entertaining unsure hopes of life would naturally unsinew his resolution to meet death firmly. *Qualify* was often used thus. See Critical Notes.

[23] That is, *continue in that mind*. So *there rest*, used before.

[24] Meaning, *so be it*, or *very well*: like the French *a la bonne heure*.

[25] I do not well understand this. Does it mean, "she who, in her pride or confidence of beauty, holds virtue in light esteem, will easily part with her virtue"? That sense, I think, may fairly come from the words. In *Hamlet*, iii. 1, we have, "The power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd, than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness."

[26] To *inform*, *assure*, or *certify* him. So the Poet often uses *resolve*.

brother die by the law than my son should be unlawfully born. But, O, how much is the good Duke deceived in Angelo! If ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss: yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation, — he made trial of you only. Therefore fasten your ear on my advisings: to the love I have in doing good a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe that you may most uprighteously do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent Duke, if peradventure he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak further. I have spirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick the great soldier who miscarried at sea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. Her should this Angelo have married; was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wreck'd at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark how heavily this befell to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him, the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate [27] husband, this well-seeming Angelo.

[27] *Combinate* is *contracted* or *betrothed.* Rose, in his translation of *Orlando Furioso,* notes the "close and whimsical relation there often is between English and Italian idiom"; and adds, "Thus every Italian scholar understands 'her *combinate* husband' to mean her husband *elect.*"

Isab. Can this be so? did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending in her discoveries of dishonour: in few, bestow'd her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live! But how out of this can she avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal; and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isab. Show me how, good father.

Duke. This forenamed maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection: his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo; answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point; only refer yourself[28] to this advantage, — first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience. This being granted, in course now follows all: We shall advise this wronged maid to stead up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense: and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy foiled. The maid will I frame and make fit for this attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

[28] "Refer yourself" here means *have recourse*, or *betake* yourself.

Isab. The image of it gives me content already; and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding-up. Haste you speedily to Angelo: if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to Saint Luke's: there, at the moated grange,[29] resides this dejected Mariana. At that place call upon me; and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort. Fare you well, good father. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II. — *The Street before the Prison.*

Enter, on one side, the DUKE *disguised as before; on the other,* ELBOW, *and* Officers *with* POMPEY.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.[1]

Duke. O Heavens! what stuff is here?

Pom. 'Twas never merry world since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worser allow'd by order of law a furr'd gown to keep him warm; and furr'd with fox on lamb-skins too, to signify, that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, sir. — Bless you, good father friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father.[2] What offence hath this man made you, sir?

[29] A *grange* was properly a farm-house attached to a monastery, as here to the monastery of Saint Luke's; but the word came to be used of any sequestered and lonely house. Some granges were important enough to be *moated*, for defence.

[1] *Bastard* was the name of a sweetish wine; "approaching," says Dyce, "to the muscadel in flavour, and perhaps made from a *bastard* species of muscadine grape."

[2] The Duke sportively calls him *brother father* in return for his address, *father friar*, which means, literally, *father brother*.

Elb. Marry, sir, he hath offended the law: and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir; for we have found upon him, sir, a strange picklock, which we have sent to the deputy.

Duke. Fie, sirrah, fie! a bawd, a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live. Do thou but think
What 'tis to cram a maw or clothe a back
From such a filthy vice: say to thyself,—
From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

Pom. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove—

Duke. Nay, if the Devil have given thee proofs for sin,
Thou wilt prove his.—Take him to prison, officer:
Correction and instruction must both work,
Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the deputy, sir; he has given him warning: the deputy cannot abide a whoremaster: if he be a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be,
Free from our faults, as from faults seeming free!

Elb. His neck will come to your waist,—a cord,[3] sir.

Pom. I spy comfort; I cry, bail! Here's a gentleman and a friend of mine.

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey! What, at the wheels of Cæsar! art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of

[3] "His neck will come *to be like*," or in the condition of, "your waist"; alluding to the rope with which the Duke is girded as a part of his disguise.

Pygmalion's images,[4] newly made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutch'd? What reply, ha? What say'st thou to this tune, matter, and method? Is't not drown'd i' the last rain, ha? What say'st thou to't? Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words? or how? The trick of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus; still worse!

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still, ha?

Pom. Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.[5]

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so: ever your fresh whore and your powder'd bawd: an unshunn'd consequence; it must be so. Art going to prison, Pompey?

Pom. Yes, faith, sir.

Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiss, Pompey. Farewell: go, say I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? or how?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then imprison him: if imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right: bawd is he doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd-born. — Farewell, good Pompey. Commend me to the prison, Pompey: you will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house.[6]

Pom. I hope, sir, your good Worship will be my bail.

[4] Pygmalion was something of an artist: he made an ivory image of a maiden, and wrought it to such a pitch of beauty, that he himself fell dead in love with it, and then took on so badly, that at his prayer the image became alive; and thereupon he made her his wife.

[5] Alluding to what was called the *powdering-tub* or *sweating-tub*, much used in curing the *lues venera.*— *Unshunn'd*, in the next speech, is *unshunable* or *inevitable.* The Poet has many instances of such usage. See page 45, note 16.

[6] Alluding to the primitive meaning of *husband, house-band;* that is, *keeper* of the house, or *band* that held it together.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear.[7] I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more. Adieu, trusty Pompey. — Bless you, friar.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey, ha?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Pom. You will not bail me, then, sir?

Lucio. Then, Pompey? no, nor now.—What news abroad, friar? what news?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Lucio. Go, — to kennel, Pompey, go. [*Exeunt* ELBOW, *and* Officers *with* POMPEY.] — What news, friar, of the Duke?

Duke. I know none. Can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some say he is with the Emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome: but where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where; but, wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad-fantastical trick of him to steal from the State, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence; he puts transgression to't.

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: something too crabbed that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well allied: but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after the downright way of creation: is it true, think you?

[7] *Wear* is *fashion;* used thus by the Poet several times.

Duke. How should he be made, then?

Lucio. Some report a sea-maid spawn'd him; some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes. But it is certain that, when he makes water, his urine is congeal'd ice; that I know to be true: and he is a motion[8] ungenerative; that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, sir, and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a codpiece to take away the life of a man! Would the Duke that is absent have done this? Ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand: he had some feeling of the sport; he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent Duke much detected[9] for women; he was not inclined that way.

Lucio. O, sir, you are deceived.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who, not the Duke? yes, your beggar of fifty; and his use was to put a ducat in her clack-dish:[10] the Duke had crotchets in him. He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward[11] of his. A sly fellow was the Duke: and I believe I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, I pr'ythee, might be the cause?

Lucio. No,—pardon; 'tis a secret must be lock'd within

8 *Motion* was used continually for *puppet*. See vol. i., page 179, note 8.

9 *Detected*, here, probably means *discovered*. The passage is commonly explained "*suspected* or *accused* in the matter of women."

10 A wooden dish or box, formerly carried by beggars: it had a movable cover, which they *clacked* or clattered, to attract notice; and in it they received the alms.

11 An *inward* is an *intimate*, or a *familiar friend*. See vol. ii., page 74, note 8.

the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you understand, — the greater file[12] of the subject held the Duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise! why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy[13] in you, folly, or mistaking: the very stream of his life and the business he hath helmed[14] must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings-forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier. Therefore you speak unskilfully; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the Duke return, — as our prayers are he may, — let me desire you to make your answer before him. If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the Duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the Duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite.[15] But, indeed, I can do you little harm; you'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I'll be hang'd first: thou art deceived in me, friar.

[12] "The greater *file*" is the longer *list*; that is, the larger number.

[13] *Envy*, again, for *malice*. Also, a little after, *envious* for *malicious*. See page 145, note 6.

[14] *Helmed* is *guided*, or *steered through*.

[15] *Opposite* is constantly used by Shakespeare for *opponent*.

But no more of this. Canst thou tell if Claudio die to-morrow or no?

Duke. Why should he die, sir?

Lucio. Why, for filling a bottle with a tun-dish. I would the Duke we talk of were return'd again: this ungenitured agent[16] will unpeople the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The Duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered; he would never bring them to light: would he were return'd! Marry, this Claudio is condemn'd for untrussing.[17] Farewell, good friar: I pr'ythee, pray for me. The Duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays.[18] He's not past it yet; and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic: say that I said so. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?
But who comes here?

Enter ESCALUS, *the* Provost, *and* Officers *with Mistress* OVERDONE.

Escal. Go; away with her to prison!

Mrs. Over. Good my lord,[19] be good to me; your Honour is accounted a merciful man; good my lord.

16 *Ungenitured* is *unfathered*, not begotten in the ordinary way.—*Tun-dish*, two lines before, is an old word for *tunnel* or *funnel*.

17 *Untrussing* was used of *untying* the tagged laces which, instead of buttons, fastened the hose or breeches to the doublet.

18 An equivoque; *mutton* being a cant term for a *loose woman*. Of course, the Duke, being a gooa Catholic, would abstain from meat on Fridays, or pretend to do so. See vol. i. page 165, note 9.

19 "Good my lord" for "my good lord." Such inversions occur continually in these plays. So we have "dear my sister," "gentle my brother," "sweet my coz," "gracious my mother," and many others.

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind? This would make mercy swear and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it please your Honour.

Mrs. Over. My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me. Mistress Kate Keep-down was with child by him in the Duke's time; he promised her marriage: his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob:[20] I have kept it myself; and see how he goes about to abuse me!

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much license: let him be call'd before us. — Away with her to prison! — Go to; no more words. [*Exeunt* Officers *with Mrs.* OVERDONE.] — Provost, my brother Angelo will not be alter'd; Claudio must die to-morrow: let him be furnish'd with divines, and have all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advised him for the entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you!

Escal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is now
To use it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the See
In special business from his Holiness.

Escal. What news abroad i' the world?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it: novelty is only in request: and, as it is dangerous to be aged in any kind of course; as it is virtuous to be inconstant in any undertaking; there is scarce truth enough alive to make societies

[20] That is, the feast of the Apostles Philip and James, May 1.

secure, but security enough to make fellowships accursed:[21] —much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the Duke?

Escal. One that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry than merry at any thing which profess'd to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared. I am made to understand that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice: yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life; which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is he resolved to die.[22]

Escal. You have paid the Heavens your function,[23] and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have labour'd for the poor gentleman to the extremest shore of my modesty: but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him he is indeed Justice.[24]

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself.

[21] Alluding to those legal *securities* which fellowship leads men to enter into for each other. Perhaps Shakespeare had in mind Proverbs, xi. 15: "He that hateth *suretiship* is *sure*."

[22] Is *satisfied*, or has *made up his mind*, to die. See *The Winter's Tale*, v. 3, note 6.

[23] To *pay a function* means the same as to *discharge a duty*.

[24] Probably spoken with an eye to the old maxim, *Summum jus summa injuria.* "A rigid adherence to the letter of justice kills its spirit."

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner. Fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you!—

[*Exeunt* ESCALUS *and* Provost.

He who the sword of Heaven will bear
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go;[25]
More nor less to others paying
Than by self-offences weighing.
Shame to him whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice,[26] and let his grow!
O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!
How may likeness work, in crimes,—
Making practice on the times,—
To draw with idle spiders' strings
Most ponderous and substantial things![27]
Craft against vice I must apply:
With Angelo to-night shall lie
His old betrothèd but despised;
So disguise shall, to th' disguised,

25 "Grace to stand, and virtue *to* go," is the meaning. Perhaps it were better to read, as Coleridge suggested, "Grace to stand, virtue to go."

26 Referring, probably, to what the Duke has already said of himself, in i. 4: "Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope."

27 This whole soliloquy is rather un-Shakespearian, to say the least, and here it is somewhat obscure. But *likeness* probably means the same here as what the Poet elsewhere calls *virtuous-seeming;* that is, counterfeit semblance. So that the meaning comes something thus: "How may hypocrisy, by beguiling and hoodwinking the time, manage, in a course of criminal action, to draw to itself the greatest advantages by invisible threads." See Critical Notes.

Pay with falsehood false exacting,[28]
And perform an old contracting. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Before* MARIANA'S *House.*

MARIANA *discovered sitting; a* Boy *singing.*

SONG.

Take, O, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again,
Bring again;
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,
Seal'd in vain.[1]

[28] Here *disguise* is put for a *disguised person*, and refers to Mariana, who is to cause herself to be falsely taken for Isabella; and *the disguised* is Angelo, who is practising wickedness under the guise of sanctity. Thus Mariana is, with her *honest* falsehood, to pay off Angelo's "false exacting," that is, the sacrifice which he treacherously extorts from Isabella. It is hardly needful to say that perspicuity is here sacrificed to a jingle of words. See Critical Notes.

[1] To this stanza, which I am sure none but Shakespeare could have written, is commonly appended another, which I am equally sure Shakespeare did not write, and which appeared first in Fletcher's *Bloody Brother.* The two stanzas are there printed together as forming one song; though, as Mr. White justly remarks, "the stanza added in that play is palpably addressed to a woman, while this is clearly addressed to a man." However, I here subjoin the other stanza, that the reader may compare them for himself:

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away;
Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent. — [*Exit* BOY.

Enter the DUKE *disguised as before.*

I cry you mercy,[2] sir; and well could wish
You had not found me here so musical:
Let me excuse me, and believe me so, —
My mirth it much displeased, but pleased my woe.[3]

Duke. 'Tis good; though music oft hath such a charm
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath anybody inquired for me here to-day? much upon this time have I promised here to meet.[4]

Mari. You have not been inquired after: I have sat here all day.

Duke. I do constantly believe you. The time is come even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little: may be I will call upon you anon, for some advantage to yourself.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [*Exit.*

Enter ISABELLA.

Duke. Very well met, and welcome.
What is the news from this good deputy?

Hide, O, hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears!
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

2 "I cry you mercy" is the old phrase for "I ask your pardon."

3 "The music was far from making me merry, but it assuaged my sorrow."

4 *Meet* is used rather strangely here, and perhaps there is some fault in the text. But we find a like instance in *Cymbeline*, i. 1: "When shall we *see* again?"

Isab. He hath a garden circummured[5] with brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd;
And to that vineyard is a planchèd gate,[6]
That makes his opening with this bigger key:
This other doth command a little door
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
There have I made my promise
Upon the heavy middle of the night
To call upon him.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Isab. I've ta'en a due and wary note upon't:
With whispering and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept,[7] he did show me
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed concerning her observance?

Isab. No, none, but only a repair i' the dark;
And that I have possess'd him[8] my most stay
Can be but brief; for I have made him know
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays upon me; whose persuasion is
I come about my brother.

Duke. 'Tis well borne up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this. — What, ho! within! come forth!

5 *Circummured* is, literally, *walled around.* The word does not occur again in Shakespeare.

6 "A planchèd gate" is simply a gate *made of planks.* — In the next line, *his* refers to *gate;* the old substitute for *its*, which was not then an accepted word. See vol. i. page 90, note 1.

7 "Action *all of precept*" is, I take it, action *altogether preceptive*, or giving directions wholly by action. In like manner, the Poet repeatedly has "be *of comfort*" for *be comforted.* And *all* for *altogether* is used very often by Spenser, and several times by Shakespeare.

8 The use of to *possess* for to *inform*, or to *assure*, is quite frequent. See vol. iv. page 243, note 18. Also vol. v. page 171, note 25.

Re-enter MARIANA.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid:
She comes to do you good.
Isab. I do desire the like.
Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?
Mari. Good friar, I know you do, and oft have found it.
Duke. Take, then, this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a story ready for your ear.
I shall attend your leisure:[9] but make haste;
The vaporous night approaches.
Mari. Will't please you walk aside?
[*Exeunt* MARIANA *and* ISABELLA.]
Duke. O place and greatness, millions of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee! volumes of report
Run with their false and most contrarious quests[10]
Upon thy doings! thousand 'scapes of wit[11]
Make thee the father of their idle dreams,
And rack thee in their fancies! —

Re-enter MARIANA *and* ISABELLA.

Welcome! How agreed?
Isab. She'll take the enterprise upon her, father,
If you advise it.
Duke. 'Tis not my consent,
But my entreaty too.
Isab. Little have you to say
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,
Remember now my brother.

[9] "*Wait for* you *to be at* leisure." *Attend* is often thus equivalent to *wait for*. See vol. v. page 208, note 16.

[10] *Quests*, here, is *inquiries*, *questionings*, or *inquisitions*.

[11] *'Scapes of wit* are *sportive sallies* or *flights*. The Poet has, I think, no other instance of *escape* or *'scape* so used; though we have, in *King John*, iii. 4, "No *'scape* of Nature"; where *'scape* means *freak*, or *irregularity*.

Mari. Fear me not.

Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all.
He is your husband on a pre-contráct:
To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin,
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish[12] the deceit. Come, let us go:
Our corn's to reap, for yet our tilth's to sow.[13] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Prison.*

Enter the PROVOST *and* POMPEY.

Prov. Come hither, sirrah. Can you cut off a man's head?

Pom. If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can; but if he be a married man, he's his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine. Here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied[1] whipping, for you have been a notorious bawd.

Pom. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd time out of mind; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

Prov. What, ho, Abhorson! Where's Abhorson, there?

[12] To *flourish* a thing, as the word is here used, is to *make it fair*, or to take the ugliness out of it.

[13] *Tilth* here means land made ready for sowing.

[1] *Unpitied* for *pitiless* or *unpitiable;* that is, *merciless.* See page 192, note 5.

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Do you call, sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution. If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him. He cannot plead his estimation with you; he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, sir! fie upon him! he will discredit our mystery.

Prov. Go to, sir; you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale. [*Exit.*

Pom. Pray, sir, by your good favour, — for surely, sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look, — do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery?

Abhor. Ay, sir; a mystery.

Pom. Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery: but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Pom. Proof?

Abhor. Every true man's[2] apparel fits your thief: if it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so every true man's apparel fits your thief.

[2] A *true* man is, in old language, an *honest* man; and so the opposite of a *thief.* — *Mystery* was much used formerly, as it still is sometimes, for *art* or *trade.* — The cogency, or the relevancy, of Abhorson's proof is not very apparent. Heath's explanation is probably right; in substance as follows: Abhorson adopts the same method of argument which Pompey has used a little before; and, as Pompey enrolls the fast girls of his fraternity under the art of painting, so Abhorson "lays claim to the thieves as members of his occupation, and in their right endeavours to rank his brethren, the hangmen, under the mystery of fitters of apparel or tailors." See Critical Notes.

Re-enter the Provost.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Pom. Sir, I will serve him; for I do find your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd, — he doth oftener ask forgiveness.[3]

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe to-morrow four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade; follow.

Pom. I do desire to learn, sir: and I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare;[4] for, truly, sir, for your kindness I owe you a good turn.

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio: —

[*Exeunt* POMPEY *and* ABHORSON.

Th' one has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murderer, though he were my brother. —

Enter CLAUDIO.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death:
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?

Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep as guiltless labour
When it lies starkly[5] in the traveller's bones:
He will not wake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?
Well, go prepare yourself. [*Knocking within.*] But, hark, what noise?
Heaven give your spirits comfort! [*Exit* CLAUDIO.] — By-and-by! —

[3] The executioner, just before doing his office, used always to ask forgiveness of the person in hand. See vol. v. page 76, note 1.

[4] *Yare* is *nimble* or *spry*. See vol. v. page 208, note 16.

[5] *Stiffly; stiff* being one of the old meanings of *stark*.

I hope it is some pardon or reprieve
For the most gentle Claudio. —

Enter the DUKE *disguised as before.*

Welcome, father.

Duke. The best and wholesomest spirits of the night
Envelop you, good Provost! Who call'd here of late?

Prov. None, since the curfew rung.

Duke. Not Isabel?

Prov. No.

Duke. They will, then, ere't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for Claudio?

Duke. There's some in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd
Even with the stroke[6] and line of his great justice:
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself which he spurs on his power
To qualify[7] in others: were he meal'd[8] with that
Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But, this being so, he's just. [*Knocking within.*
Now are they come. — [*Exit* PROVOST.
This is a gentle provost: seldom-when[9]
The steelèd jailer is the friend of men. [*Knocking within.*
How now! what noise? That spirit's possess'd with haste
That wounds th' unsisting[10] postern with these strokes

Re-enter the PROVOST.

Prov. [*Speaking to one at the door.*] There he must stay until the officer

[6] The stroke of a pen; that is, *mark;* hence, perhaps, *rule.*

[7] *Qualify* here means *temper, moderate, reduce.*

[8] *Meal'd* is, probably, *mingled, compounded,* or *made up;* from the French *mesler.* Some, however, explain it *over-dusted* or *defiled.*

[9] *Seldom-when* is simply *seldom;* used here for the sake of the rhyme.

[10] *Unsisting,* as Blackstone says, "may signify *never at rest.*"

Arise to let him in: he is call'd up.
Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he must die to-morrow?
Prov. None, sir, none.
Duke. As near the dawning, Provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.
Prov. Happily[11]
You something know; yet I believe there comes
No countermand; no such example have we:
Besides, upon the very siege[12] of justice
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
Profess'd the contrary.

Enter a Messenger.

This is his lordship's man.
Duke. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Mes. [*Giving a paper.*] My lord hath sent you this note; and by me this further charge,—that you swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost day.

Prov. I shall obey him. [*Exit* Messenger.
Duke. [*Aside.*] This is his pardon, purchased by such sin
For which the pardoner himself is in.
Hence hath offence his[13] quick celerity,
When it is borne in high authority:
When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,
That for the fault's love is th' offender friended.—

[11] *Happily* for *haply*, or *perhaps*. The Poet often makes it a trisyllable, to fill up his verse.

[12] *Siege* was in common use for *seat*. So in *The Faerie Queene*, ii. 4, 44:

> A stately *siege* of soveraine majestye,
> And thereon satt a Woman gorgeous gay.

[13] *His* for *its* again. See page 202, note 6.

Now, sir, what news?

Prov. I told you: Lord Angelo, belike thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting-on;[14] methinks strangely, for he hath not used it before.

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Prov. [Reads.] *Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and in the afternoon Barnardine: for my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed; with a thought that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril.* —

What say you to this, sir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine who is to be executed in the afternoon?

Prov. A Bohemian born, but here nursed up and bred; one that is a prisoner nine years old.[15]

Duke. How came it that the absent Duke had not either deliver'd him to his liberty or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him: and indeed his fact,[16] till now in the government of Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. It is now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? how seems he to be touch'd?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully

[14] *Putting-on* is *prompting*, *instigation*, or *setting on*. Often so.

[15] One that had been in prison nine years.

[16] *Fact*, like the Latin *factum*, is, properly, *deed;* but here means *crime*. So in the next Act: "Should she kneel down in mercy of this *fact*, her brother's ghost his pavèd bed would break," &c.

but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none: he hath evermore had the liberty of the prison; give him leave to escape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awaked him, as if to carry him to execution, and show'd him a seeming warrant for it: it hath not moved him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, Provost, honesty and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but, in the boldness of my cunning,[17] I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo, who hath sentenced him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days' respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

Prov. Pray, sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack, how may I do it, having the hour limited,[18] and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

17 "In the *confidence* of my *sagacity*," is the meaning. So both *boldness* and *cunning* were not unfrequently used.

18 *Limited*, here, is *appointed*. The Poet repeatedly uses it thus. So, before, in iii. 1: "between which time of the contract and *limit* of the solemnity;" where *limit* means *appointed time*.

Duke. O, death's a great disguiser; and you may add to it. Shave the head, and trim the beard; and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death: you know the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father; it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the Duke, or to the deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the Duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet, since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor persuasion can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the Duke: you know the character, I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the Duke; you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure; where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not; for he this very day receives letters of strange tenour; perchance of the Duke's death; perchance of his entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is here writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd.[19] Put not yourself into amazement how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present shrift,[20] and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed; but this shall

[19] The star that bids the shepherd fold
Now the top of heaven doth hold. — COMUS.

[20] *Shrift* is the old word for *confession* and *absolution*.

absolutely resolve[21] you. Come away: it is almost clear dawn. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the Same.*

Enter POMPEY.

Pom. I am as well acquainted here as I was in our house of profession: one would think it were Mistress Overdone's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young Master Rash;[1] he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger,[2] nine-score and seventeen pounds; of which he made five marks, ready money: marry, then ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one Master Caper, at the suit of Master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-colour'd satin, which now peaches[3] him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizzy, and young Master Deep-

[21] *Resolve* is *assure* or *satisfy*. See page 187, note 26.

[1] This and the following names are all meant to be characteristic. *Rash* was a silken fabric formerly worn in coats.

[2] Lenders of money were wont to advance part of a given sum in cash, and the rest in goods of little value, such as they could hardly get rid of otherwise. It appears that *brown paper* and *ginger* were often among the articles so put off upon borrowers. So in *Greene's Defence of Coney-catching*, 1592: "If he borrow a hundred pound, he shall have forty in silver, and threescore in wares; as lute-strings, hobby-horses, or *brown paper*." Also in Greene's *Quip for an Upstart Courtier*: "For the merchant delivered the iron, tin, lead, hops, sugars, spices, oils, *brown paper*, or whatsoever else, from six months to six months; which when the poor gentleman came to sell again, he could not make threescore and ten in the hundred besides the usury." Staunton notes upon the matter thus: "The practice, no doubt, originated in a desire to evade the penalties for usury, and must have reached an alarming height, as the old writers make it a perpetual mark for satire."

[3] To *peach* is to *accuse*, *inform against*, or *impeach*. So, when Falstaff says, "I'll *peach* for this," he means "I'll turn State's evidence"; that is, testify against his accomplices.

vow, and Master Copper-spur, and Master Starve-lacquey the rapier-and-dagger-man, and young Drop-heir that kill'd lusty Pudding, and Master Forthright the tilter, and brave Master Shoe-tie the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabb'd Pots, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now *for the Lord's sake*.[4]

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Pom. Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hang'd, Master Barnardine!

Abhor. What, ho, Barnardine!

Bar. [*Within*.] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

Pom. Your friend, sir; the hangman. You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Bar. [*Within*.] Away, you rogue, away! I am sleepy.

Abhor. Tell him he must awake, and that quickly too.

Pom. Pray, Master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Pom. He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

Pom. Very ready, sir.

Enter BARNARDINE.

Bar. How now, Abhorson! what's the news with you?

[4] This appears to have been the language in which prisoners confined for debt addressed passers-by. So in Nash's *Pierce Penniless*, 1593: "At that time that thy joys were in the *fleeting*, and thus crying *for the Lord's sake* out of an iron window." And in Davies' *Epigrams*, 1611: "Good gentle writers, *for the Lord's sake, for the Lord's sake*, like *Ludgate prisoners*, lo, I, begging, make my mone."—*Fleeting* refers to the *Fleet prison*.

Abhor. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

Bar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night; I am not fitted for't.

Pom. O, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Abhor. Look you, sir; here comes your ghostly father: do we jest now, think you?

Enter the DUKE *disguised as before.*

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Bar. Friar, not I: I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets: I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. O, sir, you must: and therefore I beseech you
Look forward on the journey you shall go.

Bar. I swear I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you,—

Bar. Not a word: if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day. [*Exit.*

Duke. Unfit to live or die: O gravel heart!—
After him, fellows; bring him to the block.
[*Exeunt* ABHORSON *and* POMPEY.

Re-enter the Provost.

Prov. Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepared, unmeet for death;
And to transport him in the mind he is
Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father,
There died this morning of a cruel fever
One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,
A man of Claudio's years; his beard and head
Just of his colour. What if we omit
This reprobate till he were well inclined;
And satisfy the deputy with the visage
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O, 'tis an accident that Heaven provides!
Dispatch it presently; the hour draws on
Prefix'd by Angelo: see this be done,
And sent according to command; whiles I
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently.
But Barnardine must die this afternoon:
And how shall we continue Claudio,
To save me from the danger that might come
If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done,—put them in secret holds,
Both Barnardine and Claudio:
Ere twice the Sun hath made his journal greeting
To th' under generation,[5] you shall find
Your safety manifested.

Prov. I am your free dependant.

Duke. Quick, dispatch,
And send the head to Angelo.— [*Exit* Provost.
Now will I write letters to Angelo,—
The Provost, he shall bear them,—whose contènts
Shall witness to him I am near at home,
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound

[5] "Th' *under* generation" means the generation living on the earth beneath; those inhabiting what the Poet describes in *King Lear* as "this *under* globe," and in *The Tempest* as "this *lower* world." — *Journal* is used in its proper literal sense, *daily*.

To enter publicly: him I'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount,
A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and well-balanced form,
We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter the Provost *with* RAGOZINE's *head.*

Prov. Here is the head; I'll carry it myself.
Duke. Convenient is it. Make a swift return;
For I would cómmune with you of such things
That want no ear but yours.
Prov. I'll make all speed. [*Exit.*
Isab. [*Within.*] Peace, ho, be here!
Duke. The tongue of Isabel. She's come to know
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither:
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comfort of despair,
When it is least expected.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. Ho, by your leave!
Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.
Isab. The better, given me by so holy a man.
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?
Duke. He hath released him, Isabel, from the world:
His head is off, and sent to Angelo.
Isab. Nay, but it is not so.
Duke. It is no other: show your wisdom, daughter,
In your close patience.
Isab. O, I will to him and pluck out his eyes!
Duke. You shall[6] not be admitted to his sight.
Isab. Unhappy Claudio! wretched Isabel!

[6] *Shall* for *will*, in accordance with the usage of the time. So, a little after, "you *shall* find"; and several times before in this scene.

Injurious world! most damnèd Angelo!
Duke. This nor hurts him nor profits you a jot;
Forbear it therefore; give your cause to Heaven.
Mark what I say to you, which you shall find
By every syllable a faithful verity:
The Duke comes home to-morrow:—nay, dry your eyes:—
One of our convent, and his cónfessor,
Gives me this instance:[7] Already he hath carried
Notice to Escalus and Angelo;
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their power. If you can pace your wisdom
In that good path that I would wish it go,
Then you shall have your bosom[8] on this wretch,
Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart,
And general honour.
Isab. I'm directed by you.
Duke. This letter, then, to Friar Peter give;
'Tis that he sent me of the Duke's return:
Say, by this token, I desire his company
At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause and yours
I'll perfect him withal; and he shall bring you
Before the Duke; and to the head of Angelo
Accuse him home and home.[9] For my poor self,
I am combinèd[10] by a sacred vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter:
Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart; trust not my holy order,
If I pervert your course.—Who's here?

[7] *Instance* is *assurance*, or *circumstance in proof.*

[8] *Bosom* for *wish* or *desire*, of which it is the seat.

[9] *Home* is much used by the Poet for *thoroughly, to the uttermost*, or *to the quick.* The repetition here gives a very strong sense. See vol. iv. page 112, note 2.

[10] *Bound* or *pledged;* like *combinate* before. See page 188, note 27.

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. Good even, friar: where's the Provost?

Duke. Not within, sir.

Lucio. O pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart to see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient. I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly; one fruitful meal would set me to't. But they say the Duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, Isabel, I loved thy brother: if the old fantastical Duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived. [*Exit* ISABELLA.

Duke. Sir, the Duke is marvellous little beholding to your reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the Duke so well as I do: he's a better woodman[11] than thou takest him for.

Duke. Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee: I can tell thee pretty tales of the Duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I: but I was fain to forswear it; they would else have married me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest. Rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end: if bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it. Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr; I shall stick. [*Exeunt.*

[11] A *woodman* is a *hunter;* here the word is used for one who hunts female game; the usage having perhaps sprung from the consonance of *dear* and *deer*. See page 101, note 6.

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* ANGELO'S *House.*

Enter ANGELO *and* ESCALUS.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouch'd other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness: pray Heaven his wisdom be not tainted! And why meet him at the gates, and redeliver our authorities there?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Escal. He shows his reason for that; — to have a dispatch of complaints, and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaim'd:
Betimes i' the morn I'll call you at your house:
Give notice to such men of sort and suit[1]
As are to meet him.

Escal. I shall, sir. Fare you well.

Ang. Good night. — [*Exit* ESCALUS.
This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,[2]
And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid!
And by an eminent body that enforced
The law against it! But that her tender shame
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,

[1] *Sort*, here, is *rank;* a sense in which Shakespeare uses the word repeatedly. — In the feudal times all vassals were bound to be always ready to attend and serve their superior lord, when summoned either to his courts or to his standard. This was called suit-service; and such appears to be the intention of *suit* in the text.

[2] *Unpregnant* here is the opposite of *pregnant* as explained, page 132, note 4; *unprepared* or *at a loss.*

How might she tongue me! Yet reason dares her no;[3]
For my authority bears so credent bulk,[4]
That no particular scandal once can touch
But it confounds the breather. He should have lived,
Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,
Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge,
By so receiving a dishonour'd life
With ransom of such shame. Would yet he had lived!
Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right, — we would, and we would not! [*Exit.*

SCENE V. — *Fields without the Town.*

Enter the DUKE *in his own habit, and Friar* PETER.

Duke. These letters at fit time deliver me: [*Giving letters.*
The Provost knows our purpose and our plot.
The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,
And hold you ever to our special drift;
Though sometimes you do blench[1] from this to that,
As cause doth minister. Go call at Flavius' house,
And tell him where I stay: give the like notice
To Valentinus, Rowland, and to Crassus,
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate;
But send me Flavius first.

Fri. P. It shall be speeded well. [*Exit.*

[3] Reason *warns* or *challenges* her not to do it, cries *no* to her whenever she is moved to do it. The phrase is somewhat strange; but the Poet elsewhere uses *dare* in a similar way, and a like use of *no* is not uncommon. So Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The Chances*, iii. 4: "I wear a sword to satisfy the world *no;*" that is, to satisfy the world *'tis not so.* And in *A Wife for a Month:* "I'm sure he did not, for I charg'd him *no;*" that is, plainly, charged him *not to do it.*

[4] My authority carries such a *strength of credibility*, or a force so great for inspiring belief or confidence. A very peculiar use of *credent.* — *Particular*, in the next line, means *private.*

[1] To *blench* is to *start* or *fly off.*

Enter VARRIUS.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made good haste:
Come, we will walk. There's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. — *Street near the City-gate.*

Enter ISABELLA *and* MARIANA.

Isab. To speak so indirectly[2] I am loth:
I'd say the truth; but to accuse him so,
That is your part: yet I'm advised to do it;
He says, to 'vailful purpose.
Mari. Be ruled by him.
Isab. Besides, he tells me that, if peradventure
He speak against me on the adverse side,
I should not think it strange; for 'tis a physic
That's bitter to sweet end.
Mari. I would Friar Peter —
Isab. O, peace! the friar is come.

Enter Friar PETER.

Fri. P. Come, I have found you out a stand most fit,
Where you may have such vantage on the Duke,
He shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets sounded;
The generous and gravest[3] citizens
Have hent[4] the gates, and very near upon
The Duke is entering: therefore, hence, away! [*Exeunt.*

[2] To speak *indirectly* here means to speak *falsely* or *untruly*. *Indirection* bears the same sense in *Hamlet*, ii. 1: "And thus do we by indirections find directions out."

[3] The force of the superlative in *gravest* here is meant to retroact on *generous*, which is used withal in its Latin sense, *well-born: noblest* and *gravest*. The Poet has many instances of like construction. So in *The Merchant*, iii. 2: "The best condition'd and unwearied spirit." Here the superlative in *best* is continued over *unwearied* in the sense of *most*.

[4] To *hent* is to *seize* or *take possession of*.

ACT V.

SCENE I. — *A public Place near the City-gate.*

MARIANA *veiled*, ISABELLA, *and Friar* PETER, *behind.* *Enter, from one side, the* DUKE *in his own habit*, VARRIUS, Lords; *from the other*, ANGELO, ESCALUS, LUCIO, *the* Provost, Officers, *and* Citizens.

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met: —
Our old and faithful friend, we're glad to see you.

Ang.
Escal. } Happy return be to your royal Grace!

Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both.
We've made inquiry of you; and we hear
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul
Cannot but yield forth to you public thanks,
Forerunning more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds[1] still greater.

Duke. O, your desert speaks loud; and I should wrong it,
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
When it deserves, with characters of brass,
A forted residence 'gainst the tooth of time
And razure of oblivion. Give me your hand,
And let the subject see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within. — Come, Escalus;
You must walk by us on our other hand: —
And good supporters are you.

[1] *Bonds* in the sense of *obligations.* Shakespeare repeatedly uses it thus.

Friar PETER *and* ISABELLA *come forward.*

Fri. P. Now is your time: speak loud, and kneel before him.

Isab. Justice, O royal Duke! Vail[2] your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I'd fain have said, a maid!
O worthy Prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice!

Duke. Relate your wrongs; in what? by whom? be brief.
Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice:
Reveal yourself to him.

Isab. O worthy Duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the Devil:
Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believed,
Or wring redress from you: hear me, O, hear me!

Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother
Cut off by course of justice, —

Isab. By course of justice!

Ang. — And she will speak most bitterly and strange.

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak:
That Angelo's forsworn; is it not strange?
That Angelo's a murderer; is't not strange?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin-violater;
Is it not strange and strange?

Duke. Nay, ten times strange.

Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo
Than this is all as true as it is strange:

[2] *Vail* is *cast down* or *let fall.* A common use of the word in the Poet's time.

Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To th' end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her!— Poor soul,
She speaks this in th' infirmity of sense.

Isab. O Prince, I cónjure[3] thee, as thou believest
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness! Make not impossible
That which but seems unlike: 'tis not impossible
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute
As Angelo; even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings, characts,[4] titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain; believe it, royal Prince:
If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,
Had I more name for badness.

Duke. By mine honesty,
If she be mad, — as I believe no other, —
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As ne'er I heard in madness.

Isab. O gracious Duke,
Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason
For inequality;[5] but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear where it seems hid,
Not hide the false seems true.[6]

[3] *Conjure* had the accent indifferently on the first or second syllable, whether used in the sense of *earnestly entreat* or of practising magic. See vol. i. page 196, note 1.

[4] *Characts* is merely a shortened form of *characters;* here meaning *badges* or *marks of honour*.

[5] Here *for* has the force of *because* or *on account* of. See page 150, note 6. — *Inequality* refers, I think, to the *different rank*, or *condition*, of the persons concerned; though it is commonly explained otherwise, — *apparent inconsistency* of speech.

[6] That is, the *falsehood which* seems true.

Duke. Many that are not mad
Have, sure, more lack of reason. — What would you say?
Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication
To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo:
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother; one Lucio
As then the messenger, —
Lucio. That's I, an't like[7] your Grace:
I came to her from Claudio, and desired her
To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo
For her poor brother's pardon.
Isab. That's he indeed.
Duke. You were not bid to speak.
Lucio. No, my good lord;
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.
Duke. I wish you now, then;
Pray you, take note of it: and when you have
A business for yourself, pray Heaven you then
Be perfect.
Lucio. I warrant your Honour.
Duke. The warrant's for yourself; take heed to it.
Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale,—
Lucio. Right.
Duke. It may be right; but you are in the wrong
To speak before your time.—Proceed.
Isab. I went
To this pernicious caitiff deputy, —
Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.
Isab. Pardon it;
The phrase is to the matter.
Duke. Mended again. The matter;—proceed.

[7] *Like* for *please;* a frequent usage. See vol. i. page 222, note 3.

Isab. In brief,—to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
How he refell'd me, and how I replied,—
For this was of much length,—the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter:
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible intemperate lust,
Release my brother; and, after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse confutes[8] mine honour,
And I did yield to him: but the next morn betimes,
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is most like!

Isab. O, that it were as like as it is true!

Duke. By Heaven, fond[9] wretch, thou know'st not what thou speak'st,
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour
In hateful practice.[10] First, his integrity
Stands without blemish. Next, it imports no reason
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,
And not have cut him off. Some one hath set you on:
Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou camest here to complain.

Isab. And is this all?
Then, O you blessèd ministers above,
Keep me in patience, and with ripen'd time
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up

[8] *Remorse* is *pity* or *compassion.* See page 163, note 3.—*Confutes* is *overcomes.*—*Concupiscible*, second line before, is an instance of the passive form with the active sense; *concupiscent.* See vol. v. page 223, note 3.

[9] *Fond* is *foolish* or *silly;* generally used so in the Poet's time.

[10] *Practice* here means *stratagem* or *conspiracy.* So again a little after: "This needs must be *practice.*"

In countenance ![11]—Heaven shield your Grace from woe,
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelievèd go!

Duke. I know you'd fain be gone.—An officer!
To prison with her!—Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be practice.—
Who knew of your intent and coming hither?

Isab. One that I would were here, Friar Lodowick.

Duke. A ghostly father, belike.—Who knows that Lodowick?

Lucio. My lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling friar;
I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your Grace
In your retirement, I had swinged him soundly.

Duke. Words against me! 'tis a good friar, belike!
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute!—Let this friar be found.

Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar,
I saw them at the prison: a saucy friar,
A very scurvy fellow.

Fri. P. Bless'd be your royal Grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abused. First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accused your substitute,
Who is as free from touch or soil with her
As she from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe no less.
Know you that Friar Lodowick that she speaks of?

Fri. P. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,[12]

[11] *Countenance* for *specious appearance, well-acted hypocrisy.*

[12] *Temporary meddler* probably means one prone to meddle with *temporal affairs;* as some monks were said to be, notwithstanding their solemn renunciation of the world.

As he's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your Grace.

Lucio. My lord, most villainously; believe it.

Fri. P. Well, he in time may come to clear himself;
But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever. Upon his mere request,—
Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst Lord Angelo,—came I hither,
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true and false; and what he, with his oath
And all probation, will make up full clear,
Whensoever he's convented.[13] First, for this woman,—
To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly[14] and personally accused,—
Her shall you hear disprovèd to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.

Duke. Good friar, let's hear it.—

[ISABELLA *is carried off guarded; and* MARIANA *comes forward.*

Do you not smile at this, Lord Angelo?—
O Heaven, the vanity of wretched fools!—
Give us some seats.—Come, cousin Angelo;
In this I'll be impartial;[15] be you judge
Of your own cause.—Is this the witness, friar?
First, let her show her face, and after speak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord; I will not show my face
Until my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you married?

[13] *Convented* is *summoned* or *called to account;* brought face to face with his accusers.

[14] *Vulgarly* here means *publicly;* a classical use of the word.

[15] *Impartial* in the etymological sense of *taking no part; neutral.* See vol. i. page 79, note 1.

Mari. No, my lord.
Duke. Are you a maid?
Mari. No, my lord.
Duke. A widow, then?
Mari. Neither, my lord.
Duke. Why, you
Are nothing, then: neither maid, widow, nor wife?

Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk; for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow: I would he had some cause
To prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married;
And I confess, besides, I am no maid:
I've known my husband; yet my husband knows not
That ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk, then, my lord: it can be no better.

Duke. For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so too!

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witness for Lord Angelo.

Mari. Now I come to't, my lord:
She that accuses him of fornication,
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband;
And charges him, my lord, with such a time
When I'll depose I had him in mine arms
With all th' effect of love.

Ang. Charges she more than me?
Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No? you say your husband.

Mari. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my body,
But knows he thinks that he knew Isabel's.

Ang. This is a strange abuse.[16] — Let's see thy face.
Mari. My husband bids me; now I will unmask. —
[*Unveiling.*
This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which once thou sworest was worth the looking on;
This is the hand which, with a vow'd contráct,
Was fast belock'd in thine; this is the body
That took away the match from Isabel,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house[17]
In her imagined person.
Duke. Know you this woman?
Lucio. Carnally, she says.
Duke. Sirrah, no more!
Lucio. Enough, my lord.
Ang. My lord, I must confess I know this woman:
And five years since there was some speech of marriage
Betwixt myself and her; which was broke off,
Partly for that her promisèd proportions[18]
Came short of composition; but in chief
For that her reputation was disvalued
In levity: since which time of five years
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.
Mari. Noble Prince,
As there comes light from heaven and words from breath,
As there is sense in truth and truth in virtue,
I am affianced this man's wife as strongly
As words could make up vows: and, my good lord,

[16] *Abuse* for *deception* or *imposture;* the more common meaning of the word in Shakespeare's time.

[17] A *garden-house* is much the same as what we call a *summer-house.* Such houses were common in the suburban gardens of London, and were often used as places of intrigue and clandestine meeting.

[18] Probably meaning, her fortune which was promised to be proportionable to his own. — Composition is *agreement, contract.*

But Tuesday night last gone in's garden-house
He knew me as a wife. As this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my knees;
Or else for ever be confixèd here,
A marble monument!

Ang. I did but smile till now:
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice;
My patience here is touch'd. I do perceive
These poor informal [19] women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member
That sets them on: let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart;
And punish them unto your height of pleasure.—
Thou foolish friar; and thou pernicious woman,
Compáct with her that's gone, think'st thou thy oaths,
Though they would swear down each particular saint,
Were testimonies 'gainst his worth and credit,
That's seal'd in approbation? [20]—You, Lord Escalus,
Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis derived.—
There is another friar that set them on;
Let him be sent for.

Fri. P. Would he were here, my lord! for he, indeed,
Hath set the women on to this complaint:
Your Provost knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go do it instantly.—[*Exit* Provost.

[19] *Informal* was used of *crazy* persons; that is, persons whose minds were *out of form*. See vol. i. page 137, note 7; also vol. v. page 184, note 19.

[20] *Seal'd in approbation* is the same in sense as having *a ratified approval* or *a certified attestation;* or as *being proved beyond question*. The sealing of a bond or contract is that which *finishes* it, or gives it full force and validity.

And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,[21]
Do with your injuries as seems you best,
In any chastisement: I for a while will leave you;
But stir not you till you have well determined
Upon these slanderers.

Escal. My lord, we'll do it throughly. — [*Exit* DUKE. Signior Lucio, did not you say you knew that Friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person?

Lucio. *Cucullus non facit monachum:*[22] honest in nothing but in his clothes; and one that hath spoke most villainous speeches of the Duke.

Escal. We shall entreat you to abide here till he come, and enforce them against him: we shall find this friar a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escal. Call that same Isabel here once again: I would speak with her. [*Exit an* Attendant.] — Pray you, my lord, give me leave to question; you shall see how I'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Escal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her privately, she would sooner confess: perchance, publicly, she'll be ashamed.

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way; for women are light at midnight.[23]

21 "To hear this matter *out*," or *to the end*. A frequent use of *forth*.

22 A cowl does not make a monk." A proverbial saying, used again in *Twelfth Night*, i. 5, where the application of it is, "wearing a Fool's dress does not make the wearer a fool."

23 This is well explained in *The Merchant*, v. 1, where Portia says, "Let me give light, but let me not be light; for a *light wife doth make a heavy husband*."

Re-enter Officers *with* ISABELLA.

Escal. [*To* ISAB.] Come on, mistress: here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of; here with the Provost.

Escal. In very good time: — speak not you to him till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Re-enter the DUKE *disguised as a Friar, and the* Provost.

Escal. Come, sir: did you set these women on to slander Lord Angelo? they have confess'd you did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Escal. How! know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place! and let the Devil
Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne![24] —
Where is the Duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

Escal. The Duke's in us; and we will hear you speak:
Look you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least. — But, O, poor souls,
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?
Good night to your redress! Is the Duke gone?
Then is your cause gone too. The Duke's unjust,
Thus to retort your manifest appeal,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth
Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the rascal; this is he I spoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd friar,
Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women

[24] I am not quite clear whether the meaning here is, that the Devil *should*, or that he *should not*, be sometimes honoured for the sake of his regal fiery seat. What follows seems to infer the latter: if so, then "Respect to your great place!" is spoken with a tone of contempt, such as implies a strong negative.

T' accuse this worthy man, but, in foul mouth,
And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain? and then to glance from him
To th' Duke himself, to tax him with injustice?—
Take him hence; to th' rack with him!—We'll touse[25] you
Joint by joint, but we will know your purpose.
What, he unjust!

Duke. Be not so hot; the Duke
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine than he
Dare rack his own: his subject am I not,
Nor here provincial.[26] My business in this State
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble
Till it o'er-run the stew;[27] laws for all faults,
But faults so countenanced, that the strong statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.[28]

25 To *touse* is to *pull, pluck,* or *tear to pieces.* Kindred in sense, and probably in origin, to *tease;* used of carding wool.—In "joint by joint," the first *joint* is a dissyllable; as often *fire, hour,* &c., and sometimes *hear, year,* &c.

26 Not subject to the ecclesiastical authorities of this *province.* The word was thus applied to a given circuit of spiritual jurisdiction.

27 A *stew,* as the word is here used, is, properly, a brothel or house of prostitution. And there is a comparison implied between such a house and a cauldron, like that of the Weird Sisters in *Macbeth,* in which the hell-broth or devil-soup of corruption bubbles and foams, till the cauldron *boils over,* and floods the surroundings.

28 Barbers' shops were much resorted to as places for lounging and loafing. To keep some sort of order, and perhaps to promote drinking, (for barbers often kept drinks on sale,) a list of petty *fines* or *forfeits* was hung up for such and such disorders. These forfeits would naturally cause more mirth than fear, or be more *mocked* than *marked,* inasmuch as the barbers had no power to enforce them, and the incurring of them was apt to occasion sport.—Kenrick, in his review of Johnson's *Shakespeare,* gave sundry specimens of these forfeits from memory, as he claimed to have seen them in a barber's shop in Yorkshire. I subjoin two of them:

Escal. Slander to the State!—Away with him to prison!

Ang. What can you vouch against him, Signior Lucio? Is this the man that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord.—Come hither, goodman baldpate: do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, sir, by the sound of your voice: I met you at the prison, in the absence of the Duke.

Lucio. O, did you so? And do you remember what you said of the Duke?

Duke. Most notedly, sir.

Lucio. Do you so, sir? And was the Duke a fleshmonger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of him; and much more, much worse.

Lucio. O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest I love the Duke as I love myself.

Ang. Hark, how the villain would gloze[29] now, after his treasonable abuses!

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal.—Away with him to prison!—Where is the Provost?—Away with him to prison! lay bolts enough upon him: let him speak no more. Away with those giglets[30] too, and with the other confederate companion! [*The* Provost *lays hands on the* DUKE.

Who checks the barber in his tale
Must pay for each his pot of ale.
And he who can, or will, not pay,
Shall hence be sent half-trimm'd away;
And, will-he, nill-he, if in fault,
He forfeit must, in meal or malt.

29 To *gloze*, or to *gloss*, is, properly, to *explain*, hence to *gloss over*, *palliate*, or *explain away*: here it carries the further sense of to *cajole*, to *flatter*, or to *fawn*. *Glossary* is from the same root.

30 *Giglets* or *giglots* is *jades* or *wantons*. So in Cole's *Dictionary*: "A Giglet, *fœmina petulans*." Also in Cotgrave: "A Giggle or Gigglet, *Gadrouillette*."—"Gadrouillette, a *minx*, *giggle*, *flirt*, *callet*."

Duke. Stay, sir; stay awhile.

Ang. What, resists he?—Help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; foh, sir! Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal, you must be hooded, must you? Show your knave's visage, with a pox to you! show your sheep-biting[31] face, and be hang'd an hour![32] Will't not off? [*Pulls off the friar's-hood and discovers the* DUKE.

Duke. Thou art the first knave that e'er made a duke.—
First, Provost, let me bail these gentle three.—
[*To* LUCIO.] Sneak not away, sir; for the friar and you
Must have a word anon.—Lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. [*To* ESCALUS.] What you have spoke I pardon: sit you down:
We'll borrow place of him.—[*To* ANGELO.] Sir, by your leave.
Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office?[33] If thou hast,
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernible,
When I perceive your Grace, like power Divine,
Hath look'd upon my passes.[34] Then, good Prince,

31 *Sheep-biting* is an old term of abuse or reproach, probably meaning *slanderous*, *censorious*, or *back-biting*. See vol. v. page 179, note 2.

32 "Be hang'd an hour," and "be curst awhile," were petty imprecations; *an hour* and *awhile* being mainly expletive. See vol. v. page 9, note 8.

33 That is, *serve thy cause*, or do thee *service*. *Office* in the Latin sense. The Poet has it repeatedly so. Also the verb to *office*.

34 *Passes* is probably put for *trespasses;* though sometimes explained *artful devices*, *deceitful contrivances*, and *courses*. Shakespeare has, I think, no other like instance of the word. Perhaps we should take it as meaning, simply, "what I have done," or "the things of my past."

No longer session hold upon my shame,
But let my trial be mine own confession:[35]
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana.—
Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.—
Do you the office, friar; which consummate,[36]
Return him here again.—Go with him, Provost.

[*Exeunt* ANGELO, MARIANA, *Friar* PETER, *and* Provost.

Escal. My lord, I'm more amazed at his dishonour
Than at the strangeness of it.[37]

Duke. Come hither, Isabel.
Your friar is now your prince: as I was then
Advértising[38] and holy to your business,
Not changing heart with habit, I am still
Attorney'd at your service.

Isab. O, give me pardon,
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown Sovereignty!

Duke. You're pardon'd, Isabel:
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart;
And you may marvel why I obscured myself,

35 That is, "let my own confession give me up to punishment without a trial." The Poet has many similar inversions.

36 Which (the marriage) *being consummated*. The Poet has many such shortened preterites; as *situate*, *consecrate*, *suffocate*, &c.

37 The meaning seems to be, "the strangeness of his dishonour is not, to me, the most amazing part of it"; alluding, perhaps, to the stranger methods by which Angelo's exposure has been effected.

38 *Advertising* here means, no doubt, *instructing* or *counselling;* much the same as *attorney'd*, second line after. A like use of the word occurs in the first scene of this play: "I do bend my speech to one that can my part in him *advertise*." See page 134, note 9.

Labouring to save his life, and would not rather
Make rash remonstrance[39] of my hidden power
Than let him so be lost. O most kind maid,
It was the swift celerity of his death,
Which I did think with slower foot came on,
That brain'd[40] my purpose: but, God's peace be with him!
That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort,
So happy is your brother.

Isab. I do, my lord.

Re-enter ANGELO, MARIANA, *Friar* PETER, *and the* PROVOST.

Duke. For this new-married man, approaching here,
Whose salt[41] imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended honour, you must pardon
For Mariana's sake: but as he adjudged your brother,—
Being criminal in double violation
Of sacred chastity and in promise-breach
Thereon dependent, for your brother's life,[42]—
The very mercy of the law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue,[43]

39 *Remonstrance* for *demonstration, display,* or *exhibition;* a common usage of the Poet's time. So in Hooker, iii. 7, 8: "Heresy prevaileth only by a counterfeit show of reason; whereby notwithstanding it becometh invincible, unless it be convicted of fraud by manifest *remonstrance* clearly true and unable to be withstood."

40 To *brain* for to *kill* or to *knock out the brains.* So in *The Tempest,* iii. 2: "Then thou mayst *brain* him." And in *1 Henry IV.,* ii. 3: "Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could *brain* him with his lady's fan."

41 *Salt,* here, is *lustful* or *lecherous.* So in *Othello,* ii. 1: "For the better compassing of his *salt* and most hidden-loose affection." Also in *Timon of Athens,* iv. 3: "Make use of thy *salt* hours: season the slaves for tubs."

42 The language is somewhat obscure. The meaning is, "in breaking the promise of pardon to your brother, which promise was conditioned or made dependent upon his violation of your honour." "Being criminal *in double*" means "being *doubly* criminal in." Many like inversions.

43 That is, the language of his *own* mouth, or the utterance of his *own*

An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;
Like doth quit like, and MEASURE still FOR MEASURE.—
Then, Angelo, thy fault, thus manifested,
Which though thou wouldst[44] deny, denies thee vantage:
We do condemn thee to the very block
Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste.—
Away with him!

Mari. O my most gracious lord,
I hope you will not mock me with a husband.

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband.
Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choke your good to come: for his possessions,
Although by confiscation they are ours,
We do instate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better husband.

Mari. O my dear lord,
I crave no other nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle my liege,— [*Kneeling.*

Duke. You do but lose your labour.—
Away with him to death!—[*To* LUCIO.] Now, sir, to you.

Mari. O my good lord!—Sweet Isabel, take my part;
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I'll lend you all my life to do you service.

Duke. Against all sense you do impórtune her:

tongue. *Proper* used in its right classical sense. So before in this scene: "And in the witness of his *proper* ear." The Poet has many instances of such use.

44 *Wouldst* for *shouldst.* The auxiliaries *could, should,* and *would* were continually used as equivalents in the Poet's time.— *Quit,* second line before, is *requite, repay,* or *return.* Shakespeare often has it so.

Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his pavèd bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.

Mari. Isabel,
Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me;
Hold up your hands, say nothing,—I'll speak all.
They say, best men are moulded out of faults;
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad:[45] so may my husband.
O Isabel, will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.

Isab. [*Kneeling.*] Mòst bounteous sir,
Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother lived: I partly think
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
Till he did look on me: since it is so,
Let him not die. My brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he died:
For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent;
And must be buried but as an intent
That perish'd by the way:[46] thoughts are no subjects,

[45] On the principle, perhaps, that Nature or Providence often uses men's vices to scourge down their pride. So in *All's Well*, iv. 3: "Our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipp'd them not." Hooker has a like thought in one of his sermons: "What is virtue but a medicine, and vice but a wound? Yet we have so often deeply wounded ourselves with medicines, that God hath been fain to make wounds medicinal; to cure by vice where virtue hath stricken. I am not afraid to affirm it boldly, with St. Augustine, that men puffed up through a proud opinion of their own sanctity and holiness, receive a benefit at the hands of God, and are assisted with His grace, when with His grace they are not assisted, but permitted, and that grievously, to transgress; whereby, as they were in over-great liking of themselves supplanted, so the dislike of that which did supplant them may establish them afterwards the surer."

[46] Like the traveller who dies on his journey, is obscurely buried by strangers, and is thought of no more.

Intents but merely thoughts.
Mari. Merely, my lord.
Duke. Your suit's unprofitable; stand up, I say.—
I have bethought me of another fault.—
Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour?
Prov. It was commanded so.
Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed?
Prov. No, my good lord; it was by private message.
Duke. For which I do discharge you of your office:
Give up your keys.
Prov. Pardon me, noble lord:
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;
Yet did repent me, after more advice:[47]
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,
That should by private order else have died,
I have reserved alive.
Duke. What's he?
Prov. His name is Barnardine.
Duke. I would thou hadst done so by Claudio.
Go fetch him hither; let me look upon him. [*Exit* Provost.
Escal. I'm sorry, one so learnèd and so wise
As you, Lord Angelo, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly, both in th' heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.
Ang. I'm sorry that such sorrow I procure:
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy;
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

[47] "After more advice" is on *further consideration.* The Poet uses *advice* repeatedly in this way. See vol. iii. page 208, note 1.

Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his pavèd bed would break,
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That I crave death more willingly than mercy;
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

[47] "After more advice" is on *further consideration.* The Poet uses *advice* repeatedly in this way. See vol. iii. page 208, note 1.

Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's:
Th' offence pardons itself. — Dear Isabel,
I have a motion much imports your good;
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine. —
So, bring us to our palace; where we'll show
What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know.

[*Exeunt.*

CRITICAL NOTES.

ACT I., SCENE I.

Page 132. *Then no more remains*
But t' add *sufficiency, as your worth is able,*
And let them work.— The original reads "then no more remains But that, to your sufficiency," &c. All the modern editors, I believe, except Mr. White, agree that there is some textual corruption here; and several have supposed two half-lines to have dropped out in the transcribing or the printing. Various attempts have been made, to supply the missing words; but no two are of the same mind as to what they should be; and, as Dyce remarks, "it would require no great effort of conjecture to produce half-a-dozen 'fire-new' restorations of the passage quite as satisfactory as any yet proposed." Mr. White not only thinks the text perfectly sound, but that, if we put a comma after *that,* and a dash on each side of "as your worth is able," and take *that* as a demonstrative pronoun, and as referring to what precedes, the meaning becomes abundantly clear; yet I have to confess that his explanation made the passage darker to me than it was before. Reasons of logic, of grammar, and of prosody, have concurred in pressing upon me the reading given in the text. The construction, I think, naturally requires a verb after *But;* and the context seems also to require that *sufficiency* be taken in the sense of *authority,* that is, *legal* sufficiency; otherwise it is plainly tautological with *worth* and *able.* It would be quite in the Poet's manner to omit *to* altogether, instead of eliding it,— "But add," &c. So I suspect that *t' add* or *add* was mistaken for *that,* and then the rest of the line sophisticated into some sort of verbal conformity, without much attention to the sense of the whole. It is hardly needful to observe how much the verse is redressed by thus getting two syllables out of it.— *Able* used as an epithet or predicate of *worth* seems hardly English. I more than suspect it should be *ample;* but, as a possible sense may be got from it, I do not venture to disturb it. See foot-note 3.

P. 133. *Thyself and thy belongings*
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, them *on thee.* — The original has *they* instead of *them.* Corrected by Hanmer.

P. 134. *To th' hopeful execution do I leave you*
Of your commission. — So the second folio. The first has *commissions.* As the Duke seems to have finished his discourse to Escalus before Angelo came in, and as this speech seems wholly addressed to the latter, I think the singular is fairly required.

ACT I., SCENE 2.

P. 137. *I have purchased as many diseases under her roof as come to* —. — The original runs this speech in with the preceding. Corrected by Pope.

P. 137. 1 Gent. *Judge.* — Assigned to Lucio in the original. Corrected by Dyce.

P. 138. *Within these three days his* head's *to be chopp'd off.* — So Capell. The old text has *head* instead of *head's.*

P. 140. Enter the *Provost,* CLAUDIO, and *Officers.* — The original brings in *Juliet* among the others, and keeps her on the stage, apparently, to the end of the scene. I cannot persuade myself that Juliet was meant to be present during what follows. It is true, as Dyce urges, that Pompey has just said, "*Here* comes Signior Claudio; and *there's* Madam Juliet"; but still I think the difference of *here* and *there* may be fairly taken as reason enough for leaving Juliet off the stage. Pompey may be supposed to see her just as the others are entering and she is parting from them. Collier's second folio strikes out the name. — The original also begins a new scene here, "*Scena Tertia*"; though there is really no change of place, but only a change of persons.

P. 140. *The* sword *of Heaven, — on whom it will, it will.* — The old copies read "The *words* of Heaven." The correction is by Roberts, Provost of Eton, and is approved by Walker, and adopted by Dyce and Staunton.

P. 140. *I had as lief have the foppery of freedom as the* morality *of imprisonment.* — The original has *mortality* instead of *morality.* Corrected by Davenant in his *Law against Lovers.*

P. 141. *This we came not to,*
Only for propagation *of a dower*
Remaining in the coffer of her friends. — It has been much doubted whether *propagation* could have been the Poet's word in this place. Mr. Grant White substitutes *preservation.* Others have proposed *procuration, prorogation,* and *propugnation.* But none of these changes, it seems to me, gives the proper meaning so well as *propagation;* which is that of *increase* or *continuance.* We may suppose that Julietta's dower was on interest in the keeping of her friends till an authorized marriage should give her a legal right to the use of it; or that the continuance or the increase of it was left dependent on the good-will of her relatives. Staunton suggests that, in the case of unmarried women, such guardianship may have been a great protection of their property against the feudal claims of wardship. See foot-note 17.

P. 143. *As well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition, as for the enjoying of thy life,* which *I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost.* — The old copies read "*who* I would be sorry," &c. Hanmer made the change, and is followed by White; the latter remarking, "Shakespeare would not write 'the like *which*' and 'the life *who*' in the same sentence."

Act I., Scene 3.

P. 144. *Where youth and cost* and *witless bravery keep.* — The last *and* is wanting in the first folio. Supplied in the second.

P. 144. *We have strict statutes and most biting laws,* —
The needful bits and curbs to headstrong steeds, —
Which for this fourteen *years we have let* sleep. — The old copies have *weedes* instead of *steeds,* and *slip* instead of *sleep. Steeds* is Theobald's correction. Walker would read "headstrong *wills.*" Theobald also substituted *nineteen* for *fourteen;* so as to make the passage accord with the "nineteen zodiacs" mentioned before. The

change of *slip* to *sleep* was made by Sir William Davenant in his *Law against Lovers*, which was composed partly from this play and partly from *Much Ado about Nothing*. Davenant, in his boyhood, had known Shakespeare, and was very prominent in dramatic business and workmanship after the Restoration. We shall meet with him in connection with other of the Poet's plays.

P. 144. *Now, as fond fathers,*
Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight
For terror, not to use, do find *in time*
The rod more mock'd than fear'd; &c. — I here adopt, substantially, a reading proposed by Dr. Badham in *Cambridge Essays*, 1856. Instead of the words *do find*, Pope supplied *Becomes* at the beginning of the next line, and his reading has been commonly adopted. So Dr. Badham proposes to insert *will find* where I read *do find.* And he justly observes that Pope's reading "introduces the awkwardness of a nominative without any verb."

P. 145. *When evil deeds have their permissive pass,*
And not their *punishment.* — So Dyce. The old text has "And not *the* punishment."

P. 145. *Who may, in th' ambush of my name, strike home,*
And yet my nature never in the fight,
To do in *slander.* — So the old copies. Pope changed *fight* to *sight*, and Hanmer reads "do *it* slander." Dyce, who, with some others, accepts both changes, pronounces the old reading "manifestly corrupt." But I can by no means see it so; and whatever difficulties the original text may have, they do not seem to me at all removed by the changes. And though, as Dyce says, "strictly speaking, no fight is in question," still I cannot quite put off the feeling, that the words *ambush* and *strike home* do smack somewhat in favour of *fight*, as marking a certain sympathy and harmony of language and imagery. For the rest, see foot-note 5.

P. 145. *How I may formally in person bear* me
Like a true friar. — The old copies omit *me*. Added by Capell, and plainly needful to the sense.

Act I., Scene 4.

P. 147. *Sir, make me not your* scorn. — So Davenant and Collier's second folio. The original has *storie* instead of *scorn.*

P. 147. *As blossoming-time,*
That from the seedness *the bare fallow brings*
To teeming foison. — I do not, myself, see any great difficulty here, though, to be sure, *seedness* is used in a manner somewhat peculiar. Several changes have been made or proposed; among them, the following by Dr. Wagner: "As blossoming-time, That *forms* the *seed, next* the bare," &c. See foot-note 3.

Act II., Scene 1.

P. 150. *Or that the resolute acting of* your *blood.* — The original has *our* instead of *your.* Corrected by Rowe.

P. 150. *Whether you had not sometime in your life*
Err'd in this point where *now you censure him.* — So White. Instead of *where,* the old text has *which;* a reading defensible perhaps, but hardly, while such misprints are frequent.

P. 151. *Well, Heaven forgive him! and forgive us all!*
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall;
Some run from brakes of vice, *and answer none;*
And some condemnèd for a fault alone. — This is, to me, one of the most perplexing passages in Shakespeare; and I am quite unable to work my mind out of suspense concerning it. I strongly suspect the two couplets to be an interpolation, or at least the work of some other hand than Shakespeare's. The original prints the second line in Italic type, as if to mark it either as a quotation or as a proverbial saying. The original also reads "brakes of *Ice,*" and here lies the *crux.* "Brakes of *vice*" is Rowe's correction, and is commonly received: though I feel constrained to let it stand as a sort of provisional reading, still I have not found, nor can I give, any clear and conclusive explanation of it. The best I have been able to do in this line is set forth in foot-note 8. The old reading has been generally held to be altogether out of court, until, recently, Dr. C. M. Ingleby adduced

some apparently just and probable reason for thinking it may be right, after all. He quotes from Chapman two instances of the word *brake* used certainly in a very peculiar way, and where the meaning *appears* to be such as may cohere with *ice* so as to yield a fitting and intelligible sense. The two plays from which he quotes were published, respectively, in 1607 and 1608. In *Bussy D'Ambois*, i. 1, we have the following:

> Or, like a strumpet, learn to set my looks
> In an eternal *brake*, or practise juggling,
> To keep my face still fast, my heart still loose.

Dr. Ingleby regards the two phrases, "set my looks in an eternal brake," and "keep my face still fast," as equivalent, or as meaning the same thing; so that "to set any thing in a *brake* is to keep it fast and fixed." In other words, "brake is here a *fixed form*." Again, in *Byron's Tragedy*, iv. 1, we have Byron and his friend D'Auvergne commenting as follows on the estranged and averted looks of the courtiers, after he (Byron) has incurred the displeasure of the King:

> *D'Au.* See, see, not one of them will cast a glance
> At our eclipsèd faces.
> *Byron.* They keep all
> To cast in admiration on the King;
> For *from his face are all their faces moulded.*
> *D'Au.* But, when a change comes, we shall see them all
> *Changed into water*, that will instantly
> Give look for look, as if they watch'd to greet us;
> Or else for one they'll give us twenty faces.
> *Byron.* Is't not an easy loss to lose their looks
> Whose *hearts so soon are melted?*
> *D'Au.* But, methinks,
> Being courtiers, they should cast best looks on men
> When they thought worst of them.
> *Byron.* O no, my lord,
> They ne'er dissemble but for some advantage;
> They sell their looks and shadows, which they rate
> After their markets kept beneath the State:
> Lord, what foul weather their aspécts do threaten!
> See in how *grave a brake he sets his visage:*
> Passion of nothing, see, an excellent gesture!
> Now courtship goes a-ditching in their foreheads,
> And we are fall'n into those dismal ditches.

Upon this, Dr. Ingleby comments thus: "Here we have the people's faces set in *brakes*, which, as soon as their hearts are *melted*, thaw too, and *change into water*. What are these but 'brakes of ice'? What

do such faces but 'run from brakes of ice,' and turn to water, which can take any shape?" — Chapman's words and metaphors often seem thrown off rather loosely, and sometimes almost at random; but here we have *brake* in a sense that draws in apparent harmony with *ice*. And as the general meaning of the text is, that some get off with impunity from a long course of crime, while others are severely punished for a single fault; so *brakes of ice* may possibly mean *fixed*, *confirmed*, and, so to speak, *chrystallized* or *congealed forms of sin*, or criminal propensities *consolidated into character*. And if *brake* was thus used to signify a thing that might consist of solidified water, it is intelligible that, when the time of melting came, the ice should *run off* as *water*, in which form its identity would elude perception; so that the water could not be held to answer for what was done by the *cakes* of ice. Yet, with all this explanation, the metaphor seems to me so harsh and strained, that I still hold back from affirming the genuineness of the old text; this, too, notwithstanding the difficulties that beset the reading commonly received.

P. 159. *If this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it after three-pence a* bay. — Pope and Collier's second folio substitute *day* for *bay*. The change is plausible: but, if the Poet had written *day*, would he not have used *at* instead of *after?* Dyce supports the old reading by quoting from Parker's *Concise Glossary of Architecture:* "*Bay*, a principal compartment or division in the architectural arrangement of a building, marked either by the buttresses or pilasters on the walls, by the disposition of the main ribs of the vaulting of the interior, by the main arches and pillars, the principals of the roof, or by any other leading features that separate it into corresponding portions." See, also, foot-note 24.

P. 159. *I thought, by* your *readiness in the office*, &c. — "By *the* readiness" in the old copies. Pope's correction.

ACT II., SCENE 2.

P. 161. Prov. God *save your Honour!* [Offering to retire.
Ang. *Stay a little while.* —
[*To* ISAB.] *You're welcome: what's your will?* — I here adopt the reading and arrangement proposed by Walker. The original omits *God* at the beginning of the Provost's speech. As the name

is fairly required both by the sense and the verse, Walker justly sets this down among the instances where it was stricken out in pursuance of the well-known statute against profaneness.

P. 162. *To fine the* fault, *whose fine stands in record.* — The old copies having *faults* instead of *fault.* The context amply justifies the change; and Walker abundantly shows that no misprint is more frequent in the old copies than that of singulars and plurals for each other.

P. 163. *But* you might *do't, and do the world no wrong.* — The original transposes, thus, "But *might you* do't." Corrected by Walker, so as to accord with Isabella's second speech before.

P. 163. *Too late! why, no; I, that do speak a word,*
May call it back *again.* — *Back,* wanting in the first folio, was added in the second.

P. 164. *If* that *the first that did th' edict infringe*
Had answer'd for his deed. — So Walker; the old copies, "If the first that did," &c. As a syllable is here wanting to the metre, Pope reads "If the first *man*"; White, "If *but* the first." I prefer Walker's reading, as more in the Poet's manner.

P. 164. *That shows what future evils,* —
Either new, *or by remissness new-conceived,*
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born, —
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But, ere *they live, to end.* — The old copies have *now* instead of *new,* and *here* instead of *ere.* The first change was made by Pope; the second by Hanmer, and also in Collier's second folio. Both changes are approved by Walker. Instead of *ere,* Lettsom prefers Malone's *where.*

P. 165. *O,* 'tis *excellent*
To have a giant's strength, but tyrannous
To use it like a giant. — So, Dyce says, "most probably Shakespeare wrote." The original reads "O, *it is* excellent," and "but *it is* tyrannous"; thus defacing the verse in both lines, without helping the sense. The reading *'tis* is Pope's; the omission of the second *it is,* Hanmer's.

P. 165. *Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt*
Splitt'st the unwedgeable and gnarlèd oak
Than the soft myrtle: but man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority, &c. — In the third of these lines we have a defect of metre where I can hardly think any defect was meant. To fill up the verse, the second folio printed "*O*, but man"; which does not indeed sound right; yet my ear will have it that something has dropped out. Perhaps "but *a* man." Or would this make the speech too pointed?

P. 166. *We cannot weigh our brother with* yourself:
Great men may jest with saints. — So Warburton and Collier's second folio. Instead of *yourself*, the original has *ourself*, which I can hardly strain to any congruent sense. See foot-note 12.

P. 167. Ang. *At any time 'fore noon.*
Isab. God *save your Honour!* —
Here, again, the original omits *God*, probably for the same reason as that mentioned in the first of the Critical Notes on this scene. Yet, in Isabella's second speech above, we have "*Heaven* keep your Honour safe!" By comparing the quartos of such plays as were printed in that form with the folio copies, we learn that sometimes *God* was simply erased, and sometimes *Heaven* substituted.

Act II., Scene 3.

P. 169. *Who, falling in the* flames *of her own youth,*
Hath blister'd her report. — The original has *flawes* instead of *flames*. Corrected from Davenant. We have many instances of *m* and *w* misprinted for each other.

P. 170. *Showing we would not* spare *Heaven as we love it,*
But as we stand in fear. — Collier's second folio substitutes *serve* for *spare*. The change is at least plausible, as, in the preceding scene, we have "shall we *serve* Heaven with less respect," &c. Pope reads "would not *seek* Heaven." It seems not unlikely that the text is corrupt: see, however, foot-note 3.

P. 170. God's *grace go with you!* — So Walker. Another instance of the same thing mentioned in the third note above. — The original

runs this speech in with the one that precedes and the one that follows, assigning all to the Duke, from "There rest" down to "*Benedicite*," inclusive. Ritson has the merit of the correction.

P. 170. *O injurious* law,
That respites me a life. — So Hanmer. The original has *love* instead of *law*. A correction so obvious and so necessary as hardly to deserve mention.

ACT II., SCENE 4.

P. 171. *Heaven hath my empty words;*
Whilst my intention, *hearing not my tongue,*
Anchors on Isabel. — So Pope. The old text has *invention*; which is retained by some, on the ground that Shakespeare elsewhere uses *invention* for *imagination*. But that reason, I think, will hardly hold in this case. Angelo is referring, apparently, to the direction of his mind, and not to the working of any particular faculty.

P. 171. *Grown* sere *and tedious.* — Most copies of the first folio have *feard*, while one, it appears, has *seard*. A curious fact, if such it be, as showing that some corrections were made while the sheets were going through the press. I print as proposed by Heath, who comments on the passage thus: "*Sear'd*, which Mr. Warburton hath substituted in the place of the old corrupt reading, *fear'd*, signifies *scorched*, not *old*, as he is pleased to interpret it. He should have carried his correction a little further, and given us *sear* or *sere*, which indeed signifies *dry*, and, by a metaphor, *old*." — The Poet probably wrote *seare*; and *seard* or *feard* is no doubt one of the frequent instances of final *d* and final *e* confounded.

P. 171. *Blood, thou* still *art blood.* — So Malone. The old text lacks *still*. Pope reads "Blood, thou art *but* blood"; and Walker proposes "Blood, *blood*, thou art blood." But I prefer Malone's reading altogether.

P. 173. Ay, *say you so? then I shall pose you quickly.* — The original lacks *Ay* at the beginning of this line. Pope reads "*And* say you so?" — "rightly perhaps," says Dyce. But my ear, or some other organ, rebels against *and* here.

P. 173. *Which had you rather, that the most just law*
Now took your brother's life; or, *to redeem him,* &c. — The original has *and* instead of *or*. Corrected from Davenant.

P. 174. *Either you're ignorant,*
Or seem so, craftily; *and that's not good.* — The original has *crafty*. Corrected from Davenant.

P. 174. *As these black masks*
Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could display'd. But mark you *me;* &c. — The old text reads "But mark me." Hanmer, to fill out the verse, printed "mark me *well*." This jars on my ear; it completes the verse indeed, but *well* seems put there for that purpose: *you* completes the verse equally well without so seeming.

P. 175. *Could fetch your brother from the manacles*
Of the all-binding *law.* — The original has *all-building*, which is surely wrong. Johnson has *all-binding*, and ascribes the reading to Theobald. Rowe reads *all-holding*, which gives the same sense.

P. 175. *You must lay down the treasures of your body*
To this supposèd, or else let him suffer. — So the original, except that it has *to* before *let*. This both overfills the verse and upsets the grammar. Yet both Dyce and Mr. White, to my surprise, read "To this *suppos'd*, or else *to* let him suffer."

P. 175. *And strip myself to death, as to a bed,*
That long I had *been sick for.* — The original reads "That *longing have* bin sick for." The more common reading is, "That longing *I've* been sick for." Lettsom notes upon the passage as follows: "I cannot think that any writer, in any stage of our language, would have written 'I longing,' or 'longing I have been sick for a thing.' I would read 'That long I had been sick for.'" Dyce prints as in the text.

P. 175. *Lawful mercy* is
Nothing akin *to foul redemption.* — Here the original ends the first line with *mercie*, sets *is* at the beginning of the next line, and has *kin* instead of *akin*. Steevens reads as in the text, and the reading and arrangement are strongly approved by Walker. Dyce adopts it.

P. 176. *If not a fedary but only he*
Owe and succeed this *weakness.* — The original reads "succeed *thy* weakness"; which is to me utterly unintelligible. The correction is Malone's, and is also made in a copy of the first folio belonging to Lord Ellesmere. It puts the matter right. See foot-note 12.

P. 177. *Or with an outstretch'd throat I'll tell the world*
What man thou art.
Ang. *Who will believe thee, Isabel?* — The original has *aloud* at the end of the first line. Dyce notes as follows: "None of the editors, I believe, have thrown out this word: but is it not an interpolation?" I am satisfied that it is, for both sense and metre cry out aloud against it.

P. 178. *Did I tell this,*
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue. — Theobald printed "O *most* perilous mouths." Walker approves "O *pernicious* mouths," which he seems to have either found or imagined in some edition.

ACT III., SCENE I.

P. 179. *A breath thou art,*
Servile to all the skyey influences
That do *this habitation, where thou keep'st,*
Hourly afflict. — The old copies read "That *dost* this habitation," &c. There has been no little controversy as to whether *breath* or *influences* should be taken as the subject of *afflict;* the former requiring *dost,* the latter *do.* I can but say, that taking *breath* as the subject of *afflict* seems to me to make the passage stark nonsense: for what else is it to say that the breath afflicts the body of which it is the life?

P. 180. *For thy complexion shifts to strange* affects,
After the Moon. — The original has *effects* instead of *affects,* which is Johnson's correction. *Effects* gives, I think, a wrong sense, if indeed it gives any sense at all. Shakespeare repeatedly uses *affects* in the sense here required; and the old editions misprint *effects* for *affects* in several other places. See foot-note 4.

P. 180. *Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,*
And death unloadeth *thee.*—So Pope. The old copies read "And death *unloads* thee." Is it likely that the Poet here intended a halt in the metre, or what some one calls "an elegant retardation"?

P. 180. *For all thy blessèd youth*
Becomes as aged, *and doth beg the alms*
Of palsied eld.—The word *aged* is, to say the least, suspicious, as having no apparent relation to the context. Various changes have been proposed, but none of them seems to fit the place any better. Perhaps it should be *gaged;* a word which the Poet uses repeatedly, both noun and verb, in the sense of to *pledge*, or to *put in pawn;* and we all know how apt the young are to pawn their youth to hoary avarice for the means of present indulgence. See, however, foot-note 6.

P. 180. *What's in this*
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths: yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.—The original, and, I believe, all other editions till Dyce's, read "What's *yet* in this," &c. The *yet* there overfills the verse, rather mars than helps the sense, and no doubt crept in by mistake, from the same word occurring in the two following lines.

P. 181. Duke. *Dear* son, *ere long I'll visit you again.*
Claud. *Most holy sir, I thank you.*—Instead of "Dear *son*," the original has "Deere *sir*"; *sir* having doubtless got repeated from the next speech. *Son* was proposed by Mason, who justly remarks that elsewhere the Duke always addresses Claudio and Isabella as *son* and *daughter*.

P. 181. *Bring* me *to hear* them *speak, where I may be*
Conceal'd.—The original makes an absurd transposition here, thus: "Bring *them* to heare *me* speak, where I may be conceal'd." The correction is due to Steevens.

P. 181. Claud. *Now, sister, what's the comfort?*
Isab. *Why, as all comforts are; most good, most good indeed.*
—Such is the common reading and arrangement here; making the

second line an Alexandrine, to be sure; but the Poet has such repeatedly in this play. Dyce prints thus:

Isab. Why,
As all comforts are; most good, most good indeed.

This, without really helping the metre of the first line, quite upsets that of the second, turning all the feet into Trochees, except the last, which is an Amphimacer. I suspect we ought to read and arrange:

Claud. Now, sister, what's the comfort?
Isab. Why, as all
Our comforts are; most good, most good indeed.

P. 183. *This outward-sainted deputy —*
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth enew
As falcon doth the fowl — is yet a devil. — Instead of *enew*, the old copies have *emmew*. This was indeed much used as a term in falconry, the custom being to *mew up* or *emmew* hawks, and take special care of them, during the critical period of casting their feathers or *moulting*. But it does not appear that a falcon was ever said to *mew up* or *emmew* the fowl; and indeed to speak of a hawk as putting its prey in a *mew*, would be very strange. So that *emmew* appears unsuited to the context, and in fact can hardly be made to yield a sense coherent with the words, "as falcon doth the fowl." The reading *enew* was proposed by Keightley, in his *Shakespeare Expositor*, who, however, left the word unexplained; which defect has been amply supplied by a writer in *The Edinburgh Review*, October, 1872. It is there shown conclusively that the word, variously spelt *enew*, *ineaw*, and *eneaw*, was in common use as a technical term in aquatic falconry, to denote the act of a hawk in driving the fowl back to the water, and forcing it to take refuge in diving. The learned writer quotes abundantly from Drayton, Turberville, and other old books, and indeed leaves nothing to be desired touching either the use or the meaning of the word. I can do no sort of justice to his quotations without filling too much space. See foot-note 14.

P. 184. Claud. *The* priestly *Angelo?*
Isab. *O, 'tis the cunning livery of Hell,*
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In priestly *guards.* — So Hanmer, fully approved by Walker. Instead of *priestly*, the first folio has *prenzie* in both places, which was

changed to *princely* in the second. *Prenzie* is no word at all, and never was; and *princely* does not fit the context; while *priestly* stands in right keeping all round. Of other readings proposed, Tieck's *precise* untunes the verse. Singer reads *primzie*. I must add that *priestly* is found also in Collier's second folio.

P. 185. *In thrilling* regions *of thick-ribbed ice.* — So Rowe. The old copies have *region* instead of *regions*. The occurrence of *floods* just before, and of *winds* just after, both in the same construction, seems fairly to require the plural. I have before noted that singulars and plurals were very often misprinted for each other. So, further on in the same speech, the original has "incertain *thought*," where *thoughts* is plainly required.

P. 186. *Die, perish! might but my bending down.* — A gap in the metre, after *perish;* unpleasant, and apparently misplaced. Pope read "might my *only* bending down"; which is worse. Would it do to read "Die, perish *thou!* might but," &c.?

P. 187. *Do not* qualify *your resolution with hopes that are fallible.* — The original has *satisfy* instead of *qualify*. It does not appear that the former was ever used in a sense at all suited to the occasion. Hanmer substituted *falsify;* but that, I think, expresses too much. The meaning apparently wanted is *dilute, reduce, relax*, or *weaken;* and the Poet has *qualify* repeatedly in this sense. So in *The Merchant*, iv. 1: "Your Grace hath ta'en great pains to *qualify* his rigorous course." Also in *Hamlet*, iv. 4: "Time *qualifies* the spark and fire of it." Also in *King Lear*, i. 2: "Till some little time hath *qualified* the heat of his displeasure." And in *Othello*, ii. 3: "I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily *qualified* too."

P. 188. Her *should this Angelo have married; was affianced to her* by *oath.* — The original has *She* instead of *Her*, and omits *by*. *Her* is Pope's correction, and *by* was supplied in the second folio.

P. 189. *This being granted, in course now follows all.* — So Pope. The original thrusts *and* in before *now*. Such a use of *and* is not English, and, I think, never was.

P. 189. *The poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy* foiled. — Instead of *foiled*, the old text has *scaled*, which has been

badly tormented in quest of sense. The very happy correction is Mr. White's.

P. 189. *The maid will I frame and make fit for* this *attempt.* — The original reads "fit for *his* attempt"; at which Walker exclaims "Papæ! *this.*" The old copies have many clear instances of *this* misprinted *his.*

ACT III., SCENE 2.

P. 190. *And furr'd with fox* on *lamb-skins too.* — The original has "fox *and* lamb-skins." The correction is Mason's.

P. 191. *Fie, sirrah,* fie! *a bawd, a wicked bawd!* — The old text lacks the second *fie.* Proposed by Dyce. It not only completes the verse, but betters the sense.

P. 191. *That we were all, as some would seem to be,*
Free *from our faults, as* from faults *seeming free!* — The original has the second line thus: "From our faults, as *faults from* seeming free." The second folio supplied *Free* at the beginning of the line; the other correction is Hanmer's.

P. 192. *For putting the hand in the pocket and extracting* it *clutch'd?* — The original omits *it.* Supplied by Pope.

P. 192. *What say'st thou to this tune, matter, and method? Is't not drown'd i' the last rain, ha? What say'st thou* to't? — The old text has "What say'st thou *Trot?* The correction is Grey's. Comment is needless.

P. 193. *Then, Pompey?* no, *nor now.* — So Walker. The old text reads "Then Pompey, nor now."

P. 193. *They say this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after* the *downright way of creation.* — So Pope, and modern editions generally. The original has "*this* downright way." Hardly worth noting, but that the Cambridge edition reverts to the old reading.

P. 194. *He is a motion* ungenerative; *that's infallible.* — So Theobald; a very happy correction of "motion *generative.*" Collier's second folio has *ingenerative,* which means the same.

P. 194. *A* sly *fellow was the Duke.* — The old text has *shy.* Hanmer's happy correction.

P. 196. *He's* not *past it yet; and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar.* — So Hanmer. The original, "He's *now* past it, yet (and I say to thee) he would," &c.

P. 197. *Novelty is only in request: and,* as *it is dangerous to be aged in any kind of course; as it is virtuous to be* inconstant *in any undertaking; there is scarce truth enough alive,* &c. — The original reads "and *as* it is *as* dangerous," has *constant* instead of *inconstant,* and puts a full stop after *undertaking*"; all which totally defeats the logic of the passage, and fairly knocks it into nonsense. Modern editions generally read "and it is *as* dangerous," thus erasing *as* in the wrong place, and making *as* — *as* correlative; while, in truth, "as it is dangerous," &c., and "as it is virtuous," &c., are *cumulative* clauses, and run in the same construction. Staunton saw that *constant* was wrong. "Is it not plain," says he, "the Poet wrote *inconstant?* What possible sense can be extracted from the passage as it stands?" But he does not appear to have seen that the wrong *as* had been retained.

P. 199. *He who the sword of Heaven will bear,* &c. — This and the twenty-one lines following are most certainly none of Shakespeare's work. Mr. White puts the argument so snugly and so pointedly, that it seems but right to quote him: "They are not interwoven with the scene or evolved from it, but appended to it, 'tacked on': they are entirely superfluous, having no dramatic purpose, and uttering no moral truth that has not had an infinitely better utterance before: their rhythmical expression is inconsistent with their sentiment and with the diction of the serious parts of this play: it was not in Shakespeare to stop the Duke, and set him off in this octosyllabic canter upon the same road which he had paced before with such severe and stately dignity."

P. 199. *How may likeness* work, *in crimes,* —
Making practice on the times, —
To draw with idle spiders' strings, &c. — Instead of *work,* the old text has *made,* which I believe all agree in thinking to be corrupt. Malone proposed *wade,* which has been adopted by several editors.

Heath conjectured *trade*, which seems to me decidedly better than *wade*, as being more in lingual harmony with the plural, *crimes;* for we should say, properly, "wade in *crime*." Dr. Badham saw that some word was wanted, upon which the infinitive *To draw* might be rightly dependent, as I think it may upon *work*. — For *Making*, also, Malone conjectured *Mocking*, and Collier's second folio substitutes *Masking;* both of course turning the next word into a verb. As printed in the text, "Making practice on the times" is parenthetical. See foot-note 27.

P. 199. *So disguise shall*, to th' *disguised*,
Pay with falsehood false exacting. — "Shall *by th'* disguised," is the old text, which Johnson explains, "So disguise shall, *by means of a person* disguised, return an injurious demand with a counterfeit person." Here *disguise* must refer to Isabella, and *disguised* to Mariana; whereas it seems that the former ought to refer to Mariana, who is to counterfeit the person of Isabella, and the latter to Angelo, who is all along disguised with hypocrisy. In order to give this latter sense, we have but to read "So disguise shall, *to th'* disguised, pay," &c.; and such, I have no doubt, is the right text. Upon the old reading as explained by Johnson, Dr. Badham remarks as follows: "There can be no doubt that the false exacting is Angelo, which was paid with falsehood, or by the substitution of Mariana for Isabella. But to say that disguise does this by means of a person disguised, is one of the strangest inversions of ordinary thought and language. The laws of antithesis require that, as disguise is the disguise of Mariana, the disguised shall be the hypocrite Angelo." Dr. Badham, therefore, would read "So disguise shall *buy* th' disguised." But I cannot see that this really helps the passage, or takes any of the darkness out of it.

ACT IV., SCENE I.

P. 203. Duke. *Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?*
Mari. *Good friar, I know you do, and* oft *have found it.* — Here *oft*, so needful to the verse, is wanting in the old text. It was proposed by Staunton, and is adopted as according with what Mariana says earlier in this scene, referring to the Duke:

> Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
> Hath *often* still'd my brawling discontent.

P. 203. *O place and greatness, millions of false eyes*
Are stuck upon thee! volumes of report
Run with their *false and most contrarious* quests
Upon thy doings. — The original has *these* instead of *their*, and *Quest* instead of *quests*. The latter was corrected in the second folio; the other correction is Hanmer's. Of course *their* refers to *eyes*, and so it evidently should be.

P. 203. *Thousand* 'scapes *of wit*
Make thee the father of their idle dreams. — So Pope. The original has *escapes* and *dreame*. The former correction is, of course, for metre's sake.

P. 204. *Come, let us go:*
Our corn's to reap, for yet our tilth's *to sow.* — The original has *Tithes* instead of *tilth's*, which was proposed by Warburton, and adopted by Hanmer. The correction is right undoubtedly, though the Cambridge Editors retain the old reading.

ACT IV., SCENE 2.

P. 205. Abhor. *Every true man's apparel fits your thief: if it be too little for your thief*, &c. — The original assigns all this speech, after "apparel fits your thief," to Pompey, who is there called *Clown*. That obviously cuts Abhorson off from the "proof," or argument, which he begins to spin. Hence some of the best editors, Dyce among them, vary from the original so far as to assign the whole speech to Abhorson; though Dyce queries whether "something has not dropt out." Still Abhorson's argument, supposing it to be his, does not seem very relevant to the point of proving the hangman's occupation to be "a mystery," that is, an *art*. The best solution of the difficulty that I have met with is Heath's. See foot-note 2.

P. 207. *That wounds the* unsisting *postern.* — It is curious to note how many substitutes have been proposed for *unsisting; unresisting, unresting, unshifting, unlistening, resisting, unlisting, unfeeling*, and *unwisting;* all which leaves us no alternative but to fall back upon the original word, with Blackstone's explanation. See foot-note 10.

P. 208. Pro. *This is his* lordship's *man.*
Duke. *And here comes Claudio's pardon.* — The original, in manifest error, assigns what is here said by the Provost to the Duke,

and the Duke's speech to the Provost. Corrected by Tyrwhitt. The old copies also have "his *lords* man." But *Lo.* was often written for *Lord*, and *Lord* for *Lordship*; hence the erratum, probably. Corrected by Pope.

P. 211. *Shave the head, and* trim *the beard; and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death.* — The old copies read "and *tie* the beard." Simpson proposed *dye*, which is adopted by White; and Mr. Swynfen Jervis, *trim*, which is adopted by Dyce as better according with *bared.* Dyce aptly quotes "the *baring* of my *beard*" from *All's Well that Ends Well*, iv. 1.

P. 211. *Letters of strange tenour; perchance of the Duke's death; perchance* of his *entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is* here *writ.* — The original lacks *of his* before *entering*, and also *here* before *writ.* Dyce says that "'perchance entering' most probably should be 'perchance *of his* entering'"; and Hanmer supplied *here.*

ACT IV., SCENE 3.

P. 215. *A man of Claudio's years; his beard and head*
Just of his colour. What if we omit
This reprobate till he were well inclined. — The original reads "What if we *do* omit"; *do* being no doubt an interpolation. Omitted by Pope.

P. 215. *Ere twice the Sun hath made his journal greeting*
To th' under *generation.* — So Hanmer; the original text being "To *yond* generation": a correction made, says Johnson, "with true judgment." See foot-note 5.

P. 216. *By cold gradation and* well-balanced *form.* — The original has *weale-ballanc'd*; an erratum too palpable, perhaps, to deserve notice. Corrected by Rowe.

P. 217. *Mark what I say* to you, *which you shall find*
By every syllable a faithful verity. — So Collier's second folio. The original lacks *to you.* Pope filled out the verse by printing "you shall *surely* find." Much inferior.

P. 217. *If you can pace your wisdom*
In that good path that I would wish it go,
Then *you shall have your bosom*, &c. — The old copies read "*And* you shall have" instead of "*Then* you shall have." Modern editions generally set a (,) after "If you can," thus turning *pace* into an imperative verb; but that, it seems to me, makes the construction very awkward and un-English. Walker "believes that a line is lost after *go*." Perhaps so; but the loss, if such it be, is irreparable. The change of *And* to *Then* removes, I think, all difficulties of sense and language. Is it a greater change, after all, than the substituting of an imperative for the original *can pace?* The Cambridge Editors propose still another reading, which may be right, and is certainly better than the common one:

> If you can pace your wisdom
> In that good path that I would wish it, go,
> And you shall have your bosom, &c.

ACT IV., SCENE 4.

P. 220. *For my authority bears* so *credent bulk,*
That no particular scandal once can touch, &c. — So Dyce. The original reads "beares *of a* credent bulke"; which surely cannot be right. Various other changes have been made or proposed; but I think that in the text is the simplest in itself, and gives the clearest sense.

ACT IV., SCENE 5.

P. 220. *To* Valentinus, *Rowland, and to Crassus.* — The original has *Valentius*, which leaves one syllable wanting to the verse. *Valentinus* is Capell's reading. Pope printed "*Unto* Valentius."

ACT IV., SCENE 6.

P. 221. *Yet I'm advised to do it;*
He says, to 'vailful *purpose.* — Hanmer's correction of *vaile full*, the original reading. Collier's second folio makes the same change. Theobald has *t' availful.*

ACT V., SCENE 1.

P. 222. ACT V. SCENE I. — *A public Place near the City-gate.* — I am all but certain that the fifth Act ought not to begin here, but with

the fifth scene of the preceding Act. Surely there is, in this place, no such pause in the action as to call for, or to justify, so marked a division as that between Act and Act. The business of this scene follows immediately upon that of the preceding scene: at any rate, there is no more than the ordinary pause, or lapse of time, between scene and scene. Near the close of iv. 3, the Duke makes his last appointments and gives his last directions for the final proceedings, the catastrophe, of the play. Then, in the scene following, iv. 4, Angelo and Escalus also make their final arrangements for meeting the Duke "at the gates" the next morning. Thereupon follows a pause of a whole night. In the next scene, iv. 5, the Duke is in "the fields without the town," and all the other parties are in their places; and thenceforward the action proceeds without any pause whatever, save for the requisite changes of scene. So that the Act-division clearly ought to be made there. — I do not know whether any one has remarked this; but I think it can hardly have escaped all the editors.

P. 222. *Cannot but yield* forth to you *public thanks.* — The old copies read "yield *you forth to* public thanks"; which, to say the least, is very strange English, as the Duke's meaning evidently is, to thank Angelo and Escalus *publicly.* White made the transposition.

P. 223. *For that which I must speak*
Must either punish me, not being believed,
Or wring redress from you: hear me, O, hear me! — The original adds *heere*, after "O, hear me"; an interpolation, no doubt, and probably thrust in by some one, to make the line end with an Iamb.

P. 223. *Is it not strange and strange?*
Duke. *Nay, ten times strange.* — The original reads "Nay *it is* ten times strange." Dyce notes *it is* as "an interpolation, in all probability."

P. 224. *Such a dependency of thing on thing,*
As ne'er *I heard in madness.* — The old copies read "As *ere* I heard," which is commonly printed "As *e'er* I heard." Singer explains *As* by *that*, and makes the preceding line parenthetical. Capell's happy change of *ere* to *ne'er* removes all difficulty.

P. 224. *To make the truth appear where it seems hid,*
Not *hide the false seems true.* — So Warburton and Mason. The old text has *And* instead of *Not.* I do not see how the former

can possibly be tormented into yielding a fitting sense: it gives just the opposite of the sense plainly required.

P. 226. Duke. *This is most* like!

Isab. *O, that it were as like as it is true!* — The original has "This is most *likely*." The change is Lettsom's; of course suggested by *like* in the next line.

P. 227. *This needs must be practice.* — So Dyce; the original, "be *a* practice," to the damage alike of sense and metre. The omission of *a* is further justified by "In hateful practice," which occurs a little before. See foot-note 10.

P. 227. *Words against me! 'tis a good friar, belike!* — "*This*' a good friar" is the reading of the original. Many like instances occur, in some of which I believe no editor scruples the changing of *this*' into *'tis*.

P. 234. *And then to glance from him*
To th' Duke himself, to tax him with injustice? —
Take him hence; to th' rack with him! — *We'll touse you*
Joint by joint, but we will know your *purpose.*
What, he *unjust!*
Duke. *Be not so hot; the Duke*
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine, &c. — In the fourth of these lines, the old text reads "know *his* purpose," which runs quite at odds with "We'll touse *you*." The correction is from Collier's second folio. To make the language coherent, some would read "We'll touse *him*." — In the fifth line, again, the old text lacks *he*. The sense obviously wants it, and the verse cannot go without it. — In the third line, the metre is all out of joint, so that the line cannot be read rhythmically. It might be redressed by reading "*Go* take him hence"; and so perhaps it should be.

P. 235. *How the villain would* gloze *now, after his treasonable abuses!* — The old copies have "would *close* now," which can hardly be made to yield any intelligible meaning. It is something uncertain to whom the credit of the happy correction belongs; as Dyce, White, and Collier's second folio seem each to have made it independently.

P. 238. *But,* God's *peace be with him!* — Here again the original omits the name of *God;* for the same reason, no doubt, as in the cases

already noted. To finish the metre, Hanmer inserted *now.* Walker proposed the reading in the text.

P. 238. *Being criminal in double violation*
Of sacred chastity and in *promise-breach.* — So Hanmer. The old copies, "and *of* promise-breach"; the *of* having probably been repeated by mistake.

P. 242. *If he be like your brother, for his sake*
Then *is he pardon'd; and, for your lovely sake,* &c. — So Dyce; the original wanting *Then* at the beginning of the second line. Hanmer and Capell made other changes, but, on the whole, not so good, I think, as this by Dyce.

P. 242. *Her worth* work *yours!* — So Walker would read. The original, "Her worth *worth* yours." See foot-note 50.

P. 243. *Wherein have I* deservèd so *of you*
That you extol me thus? — The original reads "have I *so deserv'd* of you," which is evidently wrong. Collier's second folio, "so *well* deserv'd of you"; Walker, "have I so *undeserv'd* of you." Both these heal the breach in the verse; but Pope's reading, as in the text, does this equally well, and involves less of change withal.

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